

PULPIT·AND·PLATFORM
SERMONS·AND·ADDRESSES

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PULPIT AND PLATFORM

SERMONS AND ADDRESSES

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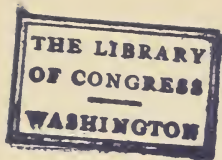
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REV. O. H. TIFFANY, D.D., LL.D.



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To the Churches

IN WHOSE SERVICE MY HUSBAND SPENT SO MANY DELIGHTFUL YEARS,
AND TO WHOM HE MINISTERED IN

"THE GOSPEL OF THE GRACE OF GOD,"

I GRATEFULLY

DEDICATE THIS VOLUME.

ELIZA B. TIFFANY.

Brooklyn, N. Y., 1893.

EDITOR'S NOTE.

THE honor and responsibility of selecting for publication and conducting through the press a few of Dr. Tiffany's sermons and lectures have been conferred on me, and I am grateful for the privilege of being thus identified with one whose name and ministry are known throughout Methodism.

It was my purpose to arrange the sermons in the order of the church year, an arrangement that would have been in harmony with Dr. Tiffany's general plan of preaching, but as many of his special discourses were not written out in full I had to adopt another course.

Concerning the selections made, it is but just to say that my thought has been to present something of the variety and character of Dr. Tiffany's ministry. I fervently hope that in some degree, at least, this result has been secured.

J. WESLEY JOHNSTON.

St. John's Parsonage, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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INTRODUCTION.

WHO that has heard the voice of the noble Tiffany, or beheld his movement in the pulpit and on the platform, or felt the throbbing of his great heart will not be glad that a volume of his spoken words is to become the world's treasure? In his coronation the American pulpit parted with one of its best workers. He belonged to the front rank of men to whose heart and lips was confided the Great Message. Now that he is translated his name and fame are an inheritance both rich and permanent. In manner he was royal. He came to his dignity alike by ancestry and training. Then, what he said proved his lofty conception of his holy office and the majesty of Him who had commissioned the messenger. He kept loyally within the lines of his greatest fitness. What he did, therefore, was the achievement of a master.

This marvelous man I came to know when he was a young and brilliant professor in Dickinson College. His uniform kindness, his tenderness and sacrifice during the long and dangerous illness of a boy without claim upon him, and the sweetness with which his goodness was always manifested have lived on through the years. The world is still stubbornly lonely without him. One wonders why the grasp of his hand comes not again.

This volume of Sermons and Addresses, strong and noble as they are, convey but a faint idea of the luxuriance of the man's genius and the rich harvest of his life. He was superb in all his ways. As to his voice, where shall we go to hear

its equal? Of the grandeur of the preacher's mission he was fully conscious. In measuring his own powers he was modest beyond words. Once, being asked to deliver a course of lectures on the Delivery of Sermons, he outrightly declined, saying that he had not the capacity to teach the art. I reminded him of himself, but received no assuring answer. In substance he said, "That may be as you say, but I do not know how to teach what would be expected of me."

These Sermons and Addresses have been gathered from the large accumulations of a brilliant and useful ministerial career. They are worthy of the man, of his Church, of his many friends, and of a place on the table of all, laymen and preachers. They who read will say, Why is the volume not double its present size? But no volume can convey the charm of the preacher's wonderful presence or superb manner. Yet this does bear to us on every page the clear proof of the tropical splendor of his genius, the breadth of his great heart, and the real depth of his spiritual life.

JOHN F. HURST.

Washington, D. C., June 17, 1893.

SERMONS.

ORATORY.

Then Agrippa said unto Paul, Thou art permitted to speak for thyself. Then Paul stretched forth the hand, and answered for himself.—Acts xxvi, 1.

I HAVE always esteemed the address which Paul made on this occasion as a masterpiece of oratory. The man, the subject, the occasion all conspired to make it so.

THE MAN.

Paul has occupied no mean position, but been conspicuous in the heated controversies, both religious and political, which have agitated the nation and are yet to convulse the world.

Though of logical habit he was of a fiery and impetuous temperament. Naturally proceeding from argument to blows, condemning the new religion he persecuted those who held it. Convinced of error he endured persecution for the truth's sake, and his life had been full of calamitous adventure, marvelous enterprise, and heroic endurance. In the midst of it all he bore himself courageously, and with a sublime self-abnegation which never forsook him, and always made him master of the situation. In his youth he had borne himself impetuously as against opponents, humbly as against those who doubted his sincerity.

He was now well advanced in years, but had lost none of the vigor of intellect, or clearness of utterance, or force of character which had heretofore made him a formidable antagonist to caviling Jew and skeptical

philosopher. True, he is in bonds, a prisoner, yet he does not hesitate to "stretch forth" the fettered hand, for he realizes that "he is a freeman whom the truth makes free." "These bonds," to which he so feelingly alludes, are but the harmless and impotent expression of erring human authority and power, unlawfully placed upon his person, for he is a Roman citizen; yet he is conscious of a higher patent of nobility, for he is the authorized herald and ambassador of the Sovereign of the universe, empowered to arraign even kings and direct their submission in all loyalty to his Sovereign. As he warms in his discourse he even exalts himself (though he does it in all meekness) above his judge, and says, "I would to God, that not only thou, but also all that hear me this day, were both almost, and altogether such as I am, except these bonds," and he implies with a conscious certainty of conviction that the king may soar from his throne to the dignity of the accused man speaking before him.

THE SUBJECT.

He is on his defense against an accusation by his own nation. He must attempt the delicate and difficult task of personal vindication, and though he feels perfectly conscious of rectitude, and knows the charge to be both frivolous and unjust, he must make this to appear without offense to the magistrate by whom he has been held in durance. He must detail his personal history and experiences, but must not allow himself to indulge in garrulous and self-complacent boasting, that pitfall for egotistical assumption. He and his convictions, his cherished religious hopes, his deep-seated theological opinions, are the subject of investigation and inquiry; he is accused and speaks in his own defense. He stands before royalty

as a criminal, undaunted and brave. Neither the anathemas of his own countrymen nor the scowl of the world could crush that spirit of his, which rose in triumph over all. He was in chains, and yet no man more free than he; his spirit exulted in a liberty which no despot could injure, no time destroy. An outcast in the world was he, and yet its rulers trembled at the majesty of his looks and the power of his words.

THE AUDIENCE.

The assembly is a notable one. There is Festus, who has entertained his appeal to Cæsar; there is Herod, the grandson of Herod the Great, who by the favor of Claudius Cæsar has been made King of Chalcis, a man who was at one time a zealous Jew, but who was neither loved nor respected, because of his heathen education and his incestuous habits; beside him sits Bernice, at once wife and sister, previously married to her uncle, now the mistress of her own brother, and subsequently married to Polemon, King of Cilicia.

There are, moreover, "the chief captains and principal men of the city;" a most notable assembly, comprising the financial wealth, the social influence, the political power of the day. They are met for a purpose; a religious zealot (for so men regard him) is to be examined for his heretical opinions; a bold man is to speak in his own defense; novel ideas may be uttered. The man is entitled to a hearing, for his appeal to Rome has been entertained. He will be brought in fettered; how will he bear himself? Will he blanch and quail before the royal presence, prove himself a braggart, or meet the issue with calmness and dignity, defy the impotency of human courts, and assert the dignity of manhood and

the right of free speech and of free and unfettered thought?

These thoughts are in the minds of those who compose the assembly. They little dream of the historic importance of the event; they have no idea that while the Roman record of the day's proceedings will perish and disappear the world will learn of all that happens only through the friends of the accused. How they would have been startled had they known that a day was not far distant when the world would have forgotten Herod and ask inquiringly "Who was he?" while the noblest literature would embalm to immortality the name of Paul, and the swelling civilization of nineteen centuries prolong his praise!

Now they are intent only on the momentary consideration of being present at a trial and listening to an oration.

THE DEFENSE.

Paul begins courteously but clearly, refers to the manner of his life from his youth, as exhibiting Jewish scruples and devotion. He asserts that he is accused for the "hope of Israel," which once in ignorance he denounced, but being made wise by means of a heavenly vision he accepts, and now holds to be the true intent and meaning of the prophets. This is the occasion of criticism and difference, out of which have come the pending accusations.

He proceeds forcibly and honestly to arraign the king before the tribunal of his conscience, "King Agrippa, believest thou the prophets?" He has not been diverted from the main issue by the interruption of Festus, who has declared him "beside himself," crazed by the reading of many manuscripts. He earnestly and per-

sistently asserts that he knows that the king believes the truth of what he says: "The king knoweth," if Festus does not, "of these things, . . . for I am persuaded that none of these things are hidden from him." This extorts the admission, "Almost thou persuadest me." To persuade is "to influence by argument, advice, entreaty, or expostulation." Agrippa yields, the difficult task of convincing anyone has been accomplished, the bigot Jew, the incestuous king, has admitted the force of truth so urged, and in such a presence. No greater triumph, under the circumstances, was possible.

Paul spoke as one who had something to say instead of as one who "had to say something." And here we find the basal distinction between elocution and oratory.

Elocution concerns itself with how to speak, with what graces of person and of manner, with what tones of voice and modulations of utterance, with what appropriateness of position and gesticulation, "to say something," and to say it appropriately; whether it be the recitation of a poem or a descriptive narrative in prose, to suit the expression to the sentiment, so that the very naturalness of the rendering shall disarm all criticism of artificialness and meretriciousness. That is elocution.

Oratory is "wisdom speaking." It is the utilization of the characteristic endowment of our human nature in directions worthy of it. Its influence is everywhere felt and universally acknowledged, but not easily explained. It may in part be accounted for by the influence of the power of sound.

Sound reaches more than vision; nothing presented to the eye tingles the blood as do things presented to the ear. Sound thrills in the woods at night; in the loneli-

ness and darkness, the fall of leaves, the stir of living creatures in the grass, a thousand nameless sounds stir within us the feeling of mystic awe. Sight is finite, and felt to be so; the imagination plays more freely among sounds, whose impressions are unshaped, and whose power, therefore, is more abiding.

Memory and attention seem to take a deeper hold upon things presented by sound than by sight. Light and heat are but differing modes of the same natural fact; vibration and radiation are one; radiation is silent vibration. There is a difference of speed in the lower form of heat; in the rush of the red flame, radiation is palpable; but as the heat vanishes the red passes to orange, green, purple, blue, violet; from the "rocket's red glare" to the azure of the sky and the deep green of the sea. In the quieter radiation we reach the essential life. It is because the sky is blue that our earth is not a barren, homeless wilderness, where heat consumes the day and cold congeals the night. This gives to us the atmosphere, absorbing, modifying the solar rays, and therefore plants grow, and flowers bloom, fruits mature, and men breathe in happiness, and toil in hope, and rest in security and peace. This quiet vibration is higher radiation, and illustrates how added beauty and power may be given to nature's store of blessings; because of it we have the ever varying seasons, with the snow of winter, the greenness of spring, the golden glory of summer, the purpling beauty of autumn. The quieter vibration approaches silence, and prepares the mind to be influenced more powerfully by the concussion of sound.

And sound also influences as it is formulated and directed. Sound addressed to the intellect sheds light over truth, over processes of argument, over means and

methods of conviction. Intensify the action of sound by addressing it to the conscience, and it calls up the soul from slumber, makes it restless and unquiet. Sound addressed to the experience bears wisdom and refreshment, cools and calms the fever of the spirit, consoles and comforts the heart. And, therefore, the Rev. Mr. Hood was wise when, in addressing the students of Mr. Spurgeon's training school, he spoke of speech as illustrated by the "lamps, pitchers, and trumpets" which made way for the "sword of the Lord and of Gideon."

Sound, of whatever quality; utterance, of whatever grade, must after all be only the vehicle for something worthy of expression. Words which have a meaning must be marshaled in such order as to convey the exact impression which it is desired that they shall produce. Language should be nothing more than the garment in which ideas are dressed; if the clothes are awkward and ungainly the person is hampered and not aided by them, and the more of such trumpery we place about us the more we are disfigured and encumbered. Sound may be mere noise and indicate hollowness; in such a case speech will accomplish little but the exposure of our ignorance and folly; for the plumage of the peacock can never give sweetness to the hoarse screech of the bird.

Words with a sword behind them or a soul within them are the most blessed means of intercourse and most potent elements of war, for, as Max Müller has well said, "There can be no reason without speech, even as also it is true there can be no speech without reason." And it will be well to remember that Schelling has said, "Language transcends in depth the most conscious production of it. It is with language as with all organized

beings, we imagine they spring into being blindly, and yet we cannot deny the intentional wisdom in the formation of every one of them."

Therefore he whose profession it is to use language in public address, should surely attempt to use it with all due consideration of its awful depths and powers. In an age given to much frivolity and looseness of thought and expression we should attempt to obtain a better spirit and acquire dominion over mind by an earnest dealing with the rights and obligations, privileges and hopes, involved in human speech. To do this there should be not merely the study of words and of their meanings, but of their uses and of the varied methods of using them.

The orator, however thorough a student, must above all things be a man! It is the man, and not any manner or information he may acquire, which lays the foundation for successful public speaking. When a man rises to speak he soon makes the impression of his mind upon us; he shows his mental qualifications as an orator. By this he succeeds or fails in making us feel that he is eloquent, and he will succeed in spite of what the elocutionists call a bad manner, or he will fail though he speaks all the parts of his discourse as he has been taught in the schools.

Every hearer knows that a public speaker soon convinces him of the speaker's power or weakness by what he says, independently of the manner in which he says it. He may do with his hands whatever he will; the hearer may not know that he has any hands; he may shut any number of fingers, even all of them; project one of them with such an arrowy or dirk-like motion as to suggest the inquiry, "Is this a dagger which I see before me?" thrust his hand into his bosom, or plunge it into his

pocket, or place it on his side like Punshon. The afflatus of inspiration may appear to be on him by his pushing back his sleeves or other ungainly sign; his voice may be set on a gamut of three notes with no chromatic interval; but that man may have power to interest and sway an audience as much as human oratory can do it, and he who does not feel that the speaker is an eloquent man has no true susceptibility to eloquence. It is the manhood that does it.

There are some preachers whose manner is devoid of all attractiveness; their reading of the Holy Scriptures and of hymns is simply execrable; as to any kind of knowledge of the rules of speaking, "fair science smiled not on their humble birth;" yet so great and so good a man and accomplished an orator as Dr. Nehemiah Adams said, "If I were to choose the preacher under whose instruction I should prefer to sit year after year it would be one of those men. They subdue me; they lead me captive; they make me weep; they makeme glad, as no other men do. I remember their wise sentiments as I should the words of an oracle. Compared with them, a man who assails my senses with his elocution, and is always thrusting upon my notice his motions, his tones of voice, making me always think of him as a good speaker, is a man from whom I wish to flee, and of whom I think as I do of a man whom, with all his pious tones, I conceive to be a hypocrite."

On the other hand, a man may speak before you accomplished in all the rules of art; while he recites or declaims an eloquent composition he may make you feel that he is a powerful speaker; but if he lacks manhood he shows this lack in his own address, and not all his external accomplishments can make you feel that he is

eloquent. If he is a preacher he may resemble a friend of mine, who "says nothing" more eloquently than any other man I know, but his hearers will soon be weary of him; they will feel, justly enough, that he tires them and does not feed them. If he is a lawyer and thinks his oratory will win his cases, he will find himself the butt of bench and bar, the laughing-stock of the jury box. A young man who thinks that because he has learned positions and gestures, and can trill his "r's," and has subdued his voice far down into the bass clef, he will therefore be counted eloquent, will soon find himself brought to grief and put to shame. Men know what is eloquence and what is pretense, though nine tenths of them can quote no rule to show the difference. The man, independent of his manner, will convince them that he has power over their hearts and minds; or, on the other hand, the manner, however orderly and elegant, will fail to convince them that there is much in the man besides his manner.

By manner, I mean that which a man has learned and put on; that is, how to stand, how to make gestures, how to modulate his voice. Manner in speech is to be distinguished from the "manners of a man," which are always the true expression and exponent of the inmost self. In "the manners" the inward sentiment of deference, love, kindness, or contempt, selfishness, and pride, involuntarily appear. Now, as a man shows his secret feelings in his manner, no matter what artificial disguise he may assume, so a public speaker will involuntarily show his heart and mind to the public discernment, let him put on what manner of behaving or expressing himself before them he may.

In helping to make orators by culture we must do as Nature does when she makes eloquent men. She makes

the man first, and his manners are the consequence or result of what the man is. The first thing necessary is to cultivate or to possess the ability to discern and to express truth with strength, beauty, fitness, and taste; the power of discerning and distinguishing what is right and suitable in discourse—this is the fundamental qualification.

To be an orator the master of speech must not only be a scholar, with the manners which accompany and imply manhood, he must also have an artist's gift. Indeed, his success will largely depend upon his artistic power. All preparation, all method in fact, presupposes this. A man may have all the natural qualifications and acquired graces for oratory, but he will still need the care and knowledge and study and the reverent spirit of the artist to qualify him for his work. The arrangement of a discourse, the arguments to be employed, the illustrations to be used, even the feelings to be touched and the words to express them, are to be as carefully selected as are the colors on an artist's palette. The prudence and wisdom which genius uses upon its masterpieces are to be exercised by the orator, and it savors only of the inferior minds to disdain or to decry it.

Quintilian says: "*Hæc præcepta eloquentiæ cogitationi sunt necessaria*"—the rules of eloquence apply to the way of thinking as well as to the way of expression. To assume the manner of an orator without possessing the manners which the mental qualities of the orator necessitate is to expose one's self to ridicule. Thus pretentious men have brought contempt and odium upon a useful as well as ornamental branch of study, and by assuming to possess that which they conspicuously lack have made deficiency more apparent as "they

pronounced their long-tailed words with a sonorous wabble of voice, calculated to produce a feeling of respectful awe in the minds of their hearers." There is also danger of exciting the criticism of an audience by too close attention to the manner of delivery, and this can only be avoided by being the man instead of assuming to be thoroughly furnished and fully equipped.

Observation and reflection show us that those who overcome the prejudices of their hearers, arising from some untoward manner, by the immediate force of what they say, are few; they are the geniuses of the profession, always limited in numbers, whose success is not to be expected without labor and art. Indeed, in the case of some to whom we attribute native genius as the cause of their eminent success, we shall find that they have either made art a second nature by intense study or by their ready and quick perception and versatility of talent have applied the rules of art intuitively, as some children have a natural aptitude in speaking good grammar before they have studied the science or even know that there is one. If we will only remember that as art is a handmaid to nature so oratory is an exponent of culture; and there are no limits to the extent which art may have in our manner of speaking, nor can we practice upon the rules of oratory without success.

Well would it be for all who are called upon to address their fellow-men, to act on the grand principles laid down by America's greatest orator, who said: "When public bodies are to be addressed on momentous occasions, when great interests are at stake and strong passion excited, nothing is valuable in speech further than it is connected with high intellectual and moral endowments. Clearness, force, and earnestness are the qualities which

produce conviction. True eloquence, indeed, does not consist in speech; it cannot be brought from far. Labor and learning may toil for it, but they will toil in vain. Words and phrases may be marshaled in every way; they cannot compass it. It must exist in the man, in the subject, and in the occasion.

“Affected passion, intense expression, the pomp of declamation—all may aspire after it; they cannot reach it. It comes, if it comes at all, like the outbreking of a fountain from the earth or the bursting forth of volcanic fires with spontaneous, original, native force. The graces taught in the schools, the costly ornaments and studied contrivances of speech shock and disgust men, when their lives and the fate of their wives and their children and their country hang on the decision of the hour. Then words have lost their power, rhetoric is vain, and all elaborate oratory contemptible. Then patriotism is eloquent; then self-devotion is eloquent. The clear conception, outrunning the deductions of logic, the high purpose, the firm resolve, the dauntless spirit, speaking on the tongue, beaming from the eye, informing every feature, and urging the whole man onward, right onward, to his object—this is eloquence, or rather it is something greater and higher than all eloquence; it is action, noble, sublime, Godlike action.”

Instruments of music, perfectly constructed, may attain the highest perfection of musical sound, and an organ in which the “*vox humana*” stops were perfect might turn the fable of Orpheus into a fulfilled prophecy, and the imagination might almost rearrange the stars in the constellation Lyra. Yet in such an instrument, however perfect, there would be still wanting the immediate connection of the soul of man with its sources of

harmony; the operations of that ever varying and inimitable control which the feelings have over the human voice itself, the best of all the beautiful products of God's benevolence and skill. No beast, however great its joy, no bird, however rapturous its song, can articulate its utterance so as to rival man. His words are instruments of music, his voice the call that wakes them into harmony. An ignorant man uses them to confuse thought, as was done at Babel; a master touches them to give them life and soul. Some words sound like drums, others breathe memories sweet as flutes; some call like clarions; some shout a charge like trumpets; some are as sweet as the talk of children, others as rich as a mother's answering love. The words which have universal power are those that have been keyed and chorded in the great orchestral chamber of the human heart. Some words touch as many notes at a stroke as when an organist puts ten fingers on the keyboard. There are single words which contain life histories, and to hear them spoken is like hearing "church bells beyond the stars." "He who successfully knows how to touch and handle the home words of his mother tongue need ask no higher gift!"

Study of words, a relish for them; study of men, a sympathy with them; purity of thought, a mental cleanliness, associated delicacy of perception, and appropriateness of speech will help to such experiences as alone summon "thoughts that breathe and words that burn." Then be men, students, artists, true men, looking upward for inspiration, looking inward for power. Love that which is good, associate with that which is elevating, dwell in an atmosphere of pure affections and ennobling thoughts, and you will find yourself more capable of commanding proper utterance. Then will come at call,

“Not such words as flashed
From the fierce demagogue’s unthinking rage,
To madden for a moment and expire,
But words which bear the impress of great deeds,
Winged for the future ’neath the eagle’s home,
Or in the sea caves, where old Ocean roars,
Till some heroic leader bids them forth
To thrill the world with echoes.”

Instead of standing, as he does, a model of all persuasive oratory, Paul might have declaimed a piece and set forth a doctrine; but no matter with what excellence of diction and what elegance of style, though his posture might have been grace itself, his gesture all appropriateness, his voice modulated to all niceties of expression, he would simply have been a declaimer, a renderer of words and sentiments which might be beautiful indeed, but would be valueless for all purposes of influence and control of men and destinies. But the man was too great to seek for elocutionary effects, too grand to be dependent on the niceties of technical art; he spoke, as every man so situated must always speak, “the words of truth and soberness.”

And these words rang, not only in the ears of Festus, Agrippa, and Bernice, not only overwhelmed the chief captains and the principal men of the city, but have been heard along the ages and have their echo in our hearts to-night.

“O God, who through the preaching of the blessed Apostle St. Paul, hast caused the light of the Gospel to shine throughout the world, grant, we beseech thee, that we, having his wonderful conversion in remembrance, may show forth our thankfulness unto thee for the same by following the holy doctrine which he taught; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*”

THE PREPARATION IN STUDY.

So they read in the book in the law of God distinctly, and gave the sense, and caused them to understand the reading.—Neh. viii, 8.

WE may, indeed, wish that God had so ordered our minds that no difficulties had ever arisen ; that the very sight of his word had caused a conviction of the truth and divine authority of every part of it to flash on every mind ; that it had been written in some universal language, which required no aid of translation to be intelligible in every land and age ; that no paragraph of it had been difficult in structure or obscure in meaning, requiring to be illustrated from the human author's habitual mode of expression or the circumstances of his age, education, or nationality. But, whatever our wish may be, this has not been God's plan. He has given his word in such form as to tax our powers to make much of it plain, and has, indeed, so ordered that the modes in which we obtain insight of his will shall be to very many a trial of our faith.

1. The critical study of the Bible is not only indispensable, but it is a work of great labor, because, as John Milton long ago wrote, "All its truths, though recorded centuries ago, have an application to each succeeding age, find their interpretations in histories and lives as widely differing in character from those to whom they were first addressed as their periods of action are remote." "Not a few of them being of the nature of their Author, with whom a thousand years are as a day, are

not fulfilled punctually and at once, but have springing and germinant accomplishment throughout many ages, though the height or fullness of them may refer to some one age." When God closed the written revelation of his will he endowed the books in which it was recorded with a fruitfulness (in some sort supernatural) which speaks of their divine origin, causing them to unfold new stores of riches to the praying student every time he opens them, and giving them a power far above every contrivance of man's wisdom to adapt their never-failing instruction to every new exigency in the history of the world.

Inspiration, though it be plenary and direct from the Almighty, removes none of the local, individual, and national influences which attach to the writers of the sacred books. It lies back of them all, it sets them all in motion, but does not obliterate, scarcely fades, even, any of the peculiarities arising from them. Thus and thence has arisen the necessity which exists for the close investigation and prolonged research in language, history, and art by which alone we are able to comprehend the true intent and real meaning of the sacred oracles.

However vast this field, it is but a part of the work, a mere section of the labor on which each man appointed of God must spend his time and energies. He thus may "give the sense," but this will not always enable him to "cause the people to understand the meaning."

2. For this he must know God's works as well, otherwise he could not present God in his own mode, for these works "declare his glory and show his handiwork;" and the presentation would not be after God's pattern, who clothed the earth with beauty and spread over it its azure roof. His Son spoke often of the lilies

and the sparrows, loved to walk on the shores of Genesaret and to climb the heights of Tabor and Hermon, made all nature contribute to his teaching, and overlaid Palestine with a beauty of parable drawn from its scenery but more lasting than its hills. And there must be not only that contemplative familiarity which develops sentiment and tones the mind into awe and sublimity, but that close scrutiny and scientific knowledge which will enable him to gather the facts of discovery and disarm them of antagonism and make them tributary to devoutness. He must be able to speak when the astronomer, bewildered by his theories, is dumb, or when "geology sits mute amid her excavations."

3. He must also know man, man in himself, man in his relations, man in his historic development. He who would deal with men must know them, know the secret springs of motive and how they impinge upon each other, and be able to comprehend how slight variations and differences in beginnings can result in such widely differing paths and destinies; must know men in their relations and the duties which grow out of them; must be able to trace back to their incipient stages in the individual the great processions which have revolutionized the world and changed the tenor of its history; must understand the thoughts of men and be able at least to classify them in their logical order, so as to suggest the line of argument which will effectually impale error.

4. And besides this he must know theology, the noblest study for man, since it leads to the contemplation of the divine mind in its creating, sustaining, redeeming, and sanctifying acts; penetrates also the deep recesses and secrets of the human heart, and is, besides, indissolubly connected with both the outward and inward his-

tory of the Church, which, being the selected depository of heavenly truth, has, both in its faithfulness to this trust and its neglect of it, so deeply affected the destinies of the race.

The preacher, perhaps more than all other men, needs the widest range of knowledge and culture in a day when the records of the past and the developments of the present are attempted to be used against Christianity; men in the Church asserting the sufficiency of reason, and men out of the Church denying the sufficiency of revelation. The preacher owes it to himself, and to his hearers, and to God, to be prepared against all error. He must be ready not merely to declaim the proposition but to exhibit the fact that truth is never antagonistic to religion; and if he have not time nor skill to refute in detail each passing error as it flies, he ought to know the category in which it lies and be ready and able to point out the class of weapons which would annihilate, even if he be not practiced in their use. For since his chief business is soul-saving he can only look on art and science and philosophy and literature as subordinate, and may not spend the hours necessary to master their details; but their principles and theories he must know, that he may use them in the elucidation of truth or expose their tendencies to evil. And all this because the preacher is to talk to men, and he will find his chief difficulty not in their cultivation but in their lack of it. Of most congregations it may be said to-day, as it was said by Paul of the Hebrews, "For when for the time ye ought to be teachers, ye have need that one teach you again which be the first principles of the oracles of God; and are become such as have need of milk, and not of strong meat."

There is great difficulty in so presenting the truth that it shall be comprehended by the masses of men. Many good men err in their attempt to do this; they dilute and attenuate the doctrine of God, until it ceases to be the sincere milk of the word by reason of excessive skimming.

It requires no little learning to be correct, no little study to be simple, and a great command of language to be plain. It is your uneducated, or at best your half-educated men who confound their audiences with great puffings of vanity and exhibitions of bombast. Such men make religion appear contemptible and themselves ridiculous in the eye of the more thoughtful by their imperfect definitions, their unfairness in the statement of objections and the constant intrusion of antagonisms and attacks, which they neither comprehend nor possess the power to refute; keeping thus their congregations informed about the existence of heresies which they never otherwise would have heard of, and really arming them against the truth. Imagine the feeling of disgust with which a devout scientist, attending a metropolitan service to hear an advertised reply to Tyndall's "prayer-test," would be seized, when he realized from the first remark of the preacher that he had neither knowledge of Tyndall's proposition nor ability to state it fairly. One of old thus satirizes such pretenders: "First of all they seize upon some text from which they draw something which they call doctrine, and it may well be said to 'be drawn' from the words, forasmuch as it seldom naturally flows or results from them. In the next place they branch it into several heads; whereupon, for the prosecution of these, they repair to some trusty concordance, which never fails them, and by the help of that they

range six or seven Scriptures under each head, which Scriptures they prosecute one by one, first amplifying and enlarging upon one until they have spoiled it; then, that being done, they pass to another, which each in its turn suffers accordingly; and these impertinent and unpremeditated enlargements they look upon as the motions, effects, and breathings of the Spirit, and therefore much beyond those carnal ordinances of sense and reason supported by industry and study."

The thoroughly educated preacher alone is lucid, simple, and intelligible, because his words are well chosen, his plan all defined, his logic exact. He brings no "unbeaten oil" to fill the lamps of the sanctuary. He makes no parade of technicalities, no flourish of his tools, but, using them in the study, leaves them there. But little do the people who hear him know how many years of toil in profane literature have been spent to qualify him for his sacred office; little do the people know how many hours have been spent in preparing to present the truth so plainly that a child can carry away the sermon to his home and think he could have preached it himself!

There is no just cause to fear that true culture will lead to pride or carelessness in the regular duties of the sacred office. Nothing is better calculated to keep a man humble in his own esteem, nor more likely to make him sensible of the measure of his responsibility, than an introduction to those fields of thought which lie open before the intelligent student; fields upon whose margin he may stand in wonder; fields not to be exhausted by one man or one generation, but fields whose full and complete investigation may employ the ages of eternity. A man feels his own littleness in such a presence, and prayer and humility are more probable and appropriate than

pride. Happily for us the examples of preeminent culture in the history of our own Church are equally prominent for works of practical efficiency. Fisk, Olin, Emery, Bangs, Dempster, Durbin, McClintock, Whedon, and Curry were superior intellects and also superior workers, some of them against fearful bodily infirmities. Culture and success were not meant to be divorced; God joined them together, as in the case of Moses, skilled in all the learning of Egypt, and in Paul, the foremost scholar of his age.

I must speak of the peculiar responsibility under which the preacher lives and labors. Any man who can estimate this aright knows that, while at times it stimulates, at other times and often it almost crushes him. No man who feels that he has been called of God to labor, who knows that the accuracy of his investigation, the honesty of his interpretations, and the faithfulness of his toil involves the destinies of others besides himself; no man who finds how much of faithful reverence and persevering toil it requires to enable him, while he probes, examines, and tests, still to worship with humble adoration whatever is shown to be divine; no man who comprehends these things will dare, as he values his soul, to enter on theological study or on pastoral duty without anxious prayer. When he looks around him, surveys the extent of the field and estimates his own feebleness, hope and courage may almost desert him. He may well cry out with the apostle, "Who is sufficient for these things?" Yet in this very crushing there may be a development of strength; the man may be obscured the better to disclose the cross which he upholds. He shall reap his reward as he looks abroad over nature, and backward upon history, and upward through philos-

ophy, and sees throughout one mind supreme, subordinating every detail to one governing purpose. The whole creation will appear to him like a sphere of crystal lighted from within; he will be able to gather illustrations from all sides to elucidate special truths, and he will feel his vigor refreshed, his spirit toned to a higher beauty, his mental force made far more quickening as he marshals the harmonies of all these around him and gathers their secret influence upon him. Above him all the while is God; within him all the while is the Holy Ghost; around him all the while are those who will meet him at God's bar; open to him always are the avenues of blessing through which God strengthens and anoints his servants. These, realized, will give us a ministry which shall be a living power, full of beauty and of achieved results, which, like Aaron's mystic rod, shall bud, bear blossoms, and bring forth fruit.

The preacher was a Christian before his culture began. He was a child of God; God had called him; the eye of the Church was on him. Culture was not intended to make him a Christian nor to keep him a Christian, but to qualify him, already a Christian, for the Christian ministry. We may sometimes overlook this, though we know well that all the colleges and schools in the world cannot make a Christian or a minister of Christ, while any one of them may help a Christian to become a useful minister if God calls him. To fulfill the work of the ministry successfully we need all of preparation, all of culture; but we need something more. The apostles knew all the facts of the gospels, all the doctrines of Christ when their Lord ascended; but they were not qualified to preach, did not preach, dared not preach, were forbidden to preach, until the Spirit gave them

utterance. Saul's culture did not make him a minister, but after God made him a Christian his culture made his ministry effective. John Wesley, though a fellow of Lincoln College, was not thereby made a minister; but when by experience he knew "the fellowship of Christ's sufferings" his labor was more successful by reason of his culture. We need all treasures of knowledge, all achievements of art, all the power of literature, all the gathered research of science and philosophy; but every thought must be "brought into captivity to the obedience of Christ;" all learning and all scholarship must be brought to the font and baptized into Christianity. We must gather all gifts of knowledge, wisdom, eloquence, and power and lay them on the altar, and not dare to use them for the ministry until God has sent down fire from heaven. For preaching was divinely instituted, and the office of the preacher is a holy work; it can be filled only by one in whom God has wrought his own work; and a consistent Christian life will do more to make preaching effective than the knowledge of a library full of evidences. God has not promised his Church an educated ministry nor an eloquent ministry, probably because learning and eloquence may be acquired by personal effort, but he has promised that without which all learning and eloquence is vain, saying, "I will clothe her priests with salvation." How sad, how hopeless, would be our condition but for this assurance! If we be not men of pure and holy aspirations no class of men are more easily led astray, and no power but that of God can make and keep us pure and efficient; for we must lead the people. The day has long gone by, if indeed it ever existed, when men might stand by the wayside and say "Go;" now we must press forward and say, "Come!"

The true minister must march, like "Great-heart," by the side of his people or at their head, guiding them through "sloughs of despond," and "conflicts with Giant Evils," and "valleys of humiliation," and "enchanted grounds," and "shadows of death," to the "Beulahs," and "delectable mountains," and "celestial gates" of the Christian life. This no man can do who has not himself experienced the truth he preaches. But when the Gospel has been comprehended by the judgment, and the Christ of the gospels been apprehended by the spirit; when with the prophet he has seen the Lord sitting on a throne, surrounded by seraphim whose cries move the posts of the doors; when conscious of human infirmity he has cried out, "Woe is me, for I am a man of unclean lips," then, when the seraph touches his lips with a live coal from off the altar and he feels clothed with salvation, he will cry out, "Here am I; send me;" and as he goes he will speak words which will be sound in philosophy because true in experience.

For the Christian ministry we need the most imperial type of intellect, and we need to have the brightest intellect trained to the highest point of effectiveness for the sublime work of saving souls; but the supreme qualification, after all, is sympathy with God and souls. Where this is not fundamental no superstructure can be satisfactory. And this cannot be acquired, it must be bestowed. God alone bestows it, and he gives it in response to prayer. The preacher for whom his people pray, and who prays for it himself, may receive it, and when he does he possesses a mightier power than that of the mystic rod of Moses, and wears a holier garment than Elijah's falling mantle. He lives near the heart of God; he must also live near the heart of the world. He

dwells amid the dying ; he should also be near the mercy seat. He is up at the headsprings whence issue the waters of life ; he may tinge or turn the gushing stream. His hand is on the helm of the bark of many destinies ; failure in duty or in prayer may blind his eye to danger or dull his ear to warnings and the bark be wrecked amid the breakers. God give him light and keep him faithful !

THE CROSS.

But God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.—Gal. vi, 14.

THE apostle uses the expression “cross of our Lord ” to indicate that which is peculiar to the system of salvation through Christ. He seized upon a salient and leading feature in the plan of redemption as descriptive of the whole ; and the term has been generally adopted as a laconic but appropriate phrase to express the essence of the Gospel. He gloried in the cross because he believed it to be “the power of God unto salvation,” meaning thereby that it was a divine plan to regenerate and renew mankind.

On the same grounds we may also glory in it, for it has lost none of its efficacy, none of its spiritual and moral power. But in the years that have intervened since his day, while the number of its adherents has been increasing from the original one hundred and twenty until they are counted by hundreds of millions, there have been developed added reasons for glorying in this soul-saving power.

Many men do not feel the effects in their own spiritual natures of the doctrines of Christianity. I propose to speak to them of the indirect influences of these doctrines. Do not, however, mistake me and suppose, as some do, that such results as I shall mention are anything but secondary and subordinate. I call them indirect, not because they are not legitimate, but because

they are not chief; for, however powerful Christianity has proved itself to be to soften the harder features of the human character, to restrain the ferocious passions of the human breast, to elevate the tone of moral feeling, to induce sobriety and good order into social life in communities where in any measure of its native purity it is professed and practiced, these are but its subordinate and subsidiary effects, the leaves and blossoms which are scattered round the stem of the tree of life, whose fruit is only ripened in the renewed heart and gathered only in eternity.

It is a well-known fact in the constitution of the natural world that one great and pervading principle, while it accomplishes the highest purposes, is made subservient to the minutest results. A more impressive evidence or illustration of this idea can scarcely be conceived—of the combined magnificence and simplicity in the arrangement of the universe—than that the operation of the same law of gravitation keeps the earth in its orbit, and balances the crystal dewdrop on the petals of the tenderest flower. A similar principle prevails in the moral world, though not having been so much studied it has not been so fully developed. We cannot doubt that when the intelligent mind, according to the original law of its nature, revolves around the center of its light and happiness, all its subordinate relations and interests are, at the same time, in conformity with the will of infinite wisdom and benevolence. By whatever means, therefore, man is restored to his true place in reference to God, those are the means by which he is also restored to the enjoyment of all the blessings of his intellectual and social, as well as of his moral nature. Whatever restores him to God restores him to himself.

No one can doubt that God designed the human family to exist in a high state of civilization, by which I mean in a state of at once external comfort and of social happiness. The indications of such a purpose are seen in the visible results of creation. By supplying the ample and varied resources within our reach, by endowing us with sagacity to discover them and their uses, we have the clearest expression of God's intention that we should employ and use them. It would be folly to suppose that men discovered by happy accident the uses of wood and iron and stone, the adaptation of the mechanical powers to lighten labor, and not acknowledge that these materials were made and placed where they are for the very purpose of being used. The affections, too, viewed in connection with their objects, seem to evince benevolent design as to the social condition of the race; love of country, of offspring, of kindred, the tender and endearing ties of which the heart is susceptible, exhibit our capability of happiness.

It might, therefore, naturally be expected that a revelation from the same Being, who has provided the material for the physical comfort and the capacity for social enjoyment, would have a direct tendency to improve and elevate his social condition. And this we find to be the case. Wherever the truth has been known it has exercised great influence upon the social welfare of men, and Christianity is identified with the progress of science, of art, of domestic happiness, and of national prosperity.

Of course a variety of elements must combine to raise a state to political power and ascendancy; but all modern history has demonstrated that the possession of a religion is among the chiefest of them. No heathen nation since the introduction of Christianity into the world has

ever achieved the measure of refinement and social power reached by the ancient states. And even of those remote times, to which we habitually refer as proofs of early grandeur and enlarged prosperity, proof is wanting that they attained any very high degree of social comfort, at least among any large proportion of the people.

Pagan antiquity has left behind prodigies of labor and of art, and the great remains of human works, such as the columns of Palmyra, broken in the desert, the temples of Pæstum, beautiful in the decay of twenty centuries, or the mutilated fragments of Greek sculpture in the Acropolis of Athens, present evidences of flourishing genius and accumulated wealth; but they do not tell of social life blessed by this genius or this wealth. On the contrary, the colossal monuments of early times show the concentration of national power and lead to the thought of rigid despotism—are evidences of cruelty rather than of comfort and content. We cannot think of the pyramids of Egypt without recalling the unwilling bondsmen and their oppressive labors and hardships. Unenlightened nations have attained that kind of greatness which arises from subjugating others to the yoke of oppression, but how dark and revolting the contrast in the view of those who know of civil liberty! How sad and forbidding the contrast presented by comparing this lordship of the few and serfdom of the many, with the equality of rights and the personal freedom enjoyed by all in the lands where Christianity has flourished! For facts demonstrate that where Christianity has been purest and most powerful there have been found the highest grade of personal worth, the purest benevolence, the wisest legislation, the most enlarged knowledge, the

most general distribution of comfort. Where Christianity has become corrupt and its light obscured by superstition civilization has been retarded or has stood still. Where it has emerged from its partial obscuration society has sprung up in immediate improvements. Where it has ceased to shine upon a land the glory of that land has departed. Of these facts the history of modern Europe is full of proofs. Not that the whole world has advanced beyond the civilization of antiquity, for there are still to be found lands reeking with cruelty and crime, others where little or no advance has been realized for centuries, others still where the arts of peace and the materials for human happiness have diminished, and a retrograde movement of society has obtained. In some lands the race has advanced, in others stood still, in others fallen away, but the one fact of Christianity explains all these apparently diverse situations and problems. The same blue sky hangs in its azure beauty over the *Ægean* and the *Adriatic* that gilded the glory of Augustus and the splendor of Pericles; the same hoary *Lebanon* lifts its giant brow to heaven that shadowed the queenly *Palmyra* and the gorgeous *Heliopolis*. The same bright sun is mirrored forth from the flashing *Euphrates* that crowned with its coronal of glory the lofty turrets of *Nineveh* and the glittering battlements of *Babylon*. The same old *Nile* that carried the barges of *Cleopatra* and the galleys of *Sesostris* pours its fertilizing tide in grandeur and mystery. But all that remains of the glory that once encircled these storied spots is the crumbling arch, the broken column, the mournful signature of time in the handwriting of death. *Turkey*, *Persia*, *Syria*, and the sunny climes of the East, with the finest harbors, the richest soils, the balmiest

climates, and the most varied products in the world, have been left to widespread barrenness and desolation ; while the cold and misty island of Britain and the ice-clad and granite-bound land of the Pilgrims have fostered and produced the greenest and palmiest growth of civilization that has ever blessed the world. The old lands had their heroes and their histories, stars of benignant fortune smiled on their birth and progress ; but they had no light from the star of Bethlehem, no voices praising God in the highest while they published peace and good will to men.

The many agencies at work to produce the great and complex result of modern progress were largely reinforced by some mighty impulse. The springs that swelled and filled the wide and rolling stream of life flowed from Egypt, Phœnicia, Babylon, Greece, Rome, Arabia, Scythia, and Scandinavia ; but from the time that the fountain was unsealed on Calvary (whose pure gushings are yet to cleanse the world) the troubled tide of European civilization has had mingled with it the healing waters from that hallowed source.

When Christianity dawned on the world the Roman Empire had reached the acme of its splendor and greatness. It had risen from the great sea, the fourth form in the prophet's vision, dark, mysterious, iron-toothed, terrible ; stamping under foot the rights of the weak and helpless ; absorbing with insatiate greed and startling rapidity provinces, states, and empires, until its bannered eagles saluted the sun as he wheeled up over the flashing waters of the great Euphrates, and only bade him a lingering farewell as he sank behind the cold and stormy cliffs of Albion.

The world was prostrate at the feet of this haughty

and giant power, and no arm was deemed strong enough to grapple with its Titanic strength. Rome was made the focus of the world, and all the riches, elegance, refinement, and splendor of the earth were poured into this august and mighty metropolis. The brilliancy of intellect, literature, and art that marked this period has made its very name descriptive of the most polished era of subsequent nations, and the Augustan age to stand by universal consent as the magnificent type of all succeeding national splendor.

Into this golden age of wealth and luxury Christianity was precipitated, to permeate and influence it, or to be swept away and destroyed by it. There was ample scope for the exercise of its peculiar influences; its whole spirit and temper were directly antagonistic to the causes which ultimately produced the downfall of this mighty power—a power which passed from the budding vigor of its wolf-nursed youth, through the crowned and imperial strength of an iron maturity, to the driveling dotage of an effete and corrupt old age. Christianity might retard but could not avert the day of doom; it possessed no elixir of immortality to bring the vigor of youth back to its tottering frame.

During the early years of the first century, while it was acquiring its first five hundred converts, the influence of Christianity was continuously retarded by wasting and bloody persecutions, and soon after these persecutions ceased, by the civil recognition of Christianity, the imperial form of government was broken to pieces. But its influences were gradually though silently diffusing themselves through society, so that in the time of Trajan we know, from official documents, that non-Christians were recognized to be pagans, that is, vil-

lagers. And in the later part of the second century Tertullian could say, "We are but of yesterday, yet we have filled your islands, towns, burghs, the camp, the senate, and the forum; and every age, sex, and rank are converts." Writers of this period build triumphant arguments in its favor on the manifest influence it had in purifying society.

It also exerted a very decided influence in modifying Roman jurisprudence. It abolished theatrical and gladiatorial representations, ameliorated the condition of slaves and prisoners, limited the power of fathers over their children, invested woman with new rights, and caused more ample protection to be extended to widows and orphans.

Between the close of the first century and the beginning of the fifth its adherents grew from five hundred thousand to fifteen million. During this period the fierce and fiery swarms of barbarians, roused from the dark forests of the North, assailed their former invaders. From being despised and conquered they were first feared, then deprecated, then bribed, until at last, tempted by the rich and sunny fields of Italy, and emboldened by the cowering weakness of luxurious and enfeebled Rome, they burst forth in a torrent of fire and steel, and swept from the feeble hands of degenerate Rome the trembling scepter of the Western world. When the barbarian had broken down the outer walls of Roman greatness he was confronted by a mightier power, before which he quailed, and to whose high and unearthly authority his proud spirit succumbed. It put irksome restraints upon his conduct; yet such was the secret might resident in this embodied form of a divine life, that the stern and lion-hearted children of the forest meekly bowed down at its

feet. Hostile and immiscible tribes felt the influence of bonds of sympathy and union. Men were taught the majesty of law and the habit of absolute submission to an authority higher than brute strength. They learned the first law of all civilization, "obedience to a moral power by virtue of a moral force," and at the same time the great basis-truth of liberty of conscience, "that physical power has no right to coerce the honest convictions of the soul."

From these rude and chaotic conditions there emerged a new form of social life, which was, perhaps, the only possible form into which these heterogeneous materials could be molded. Yet during the existence of the feudal system Christianity increased from fifteen millions to fifty millions. Society was in a state of chaotic confusion, and despite the tyranny of barons and the absence of fixed systems of law it afforded a scope and gave opportunity for the influence of a true religion. Then first were its teachings as to the social position of women properly established; shut up in his isolated castle the solitary baron was forced to depend on his wife and children for sympathy and companionship. So that it is in this era that we begin to find the family and the home of modern society. The influence of the priest, mediating between the haughty lordling and his dependent serfs, softened the pride of the one and refined the barbarism of the other, and prepared both for the grand events that were to produce new social combinations, and extend from the tenth or twelfth to the sixteenth century, during which time the number of converts increased to one hundred millions. These centuries were marked by great and influential social upheavals, in which Christianity was a conspicuous factor.

One of these, and the first in influence, was the Crusades. The enthusiastic response to the call for the deliverance of the holy sepulcher created a social convulsion. This mighty and ocean-like movement broke up the vast and silent surface of frozen Europe, precipitated its shivering and massive fragments on the shores of the strange and storied East; but in its reflex tide bore back a rich freight of blessing which enlarged national conceptions and strengthened national bonds, which checked the enormous tyranny of the feudal system, breaking up the overgrown fiefs, and bringing up from the serfs that mighty middle class soon to ascend the throne of the world. It permitted the creation of free cities that served as nurseries for the ideas of liberty, that were one day to bring forth fruit more terrible to tyrants than the fabled dragon's teeth of Cadmus. It cherished into existence a commercial spirit in Southern Europe, and evoked with its wand of magic power the opulence of Genoa, Florence, Pisa, Venice; for we owe all these to the Crusades, and without Christianity no such vast earthquake movements of society could have been possible.

When the spirit of romantic adventure aroused by the Crusades could find no other scope in purging the holy soil of the sacrilegious Paynim, it demanded some other field of extension, either in the cause of virtue or of vice. Fortunately for the world it assumed a form which, although stilted, pompous, and extravagant, yet conferred no small blessing on society. The spirit of chivalry breathed sentiments of high honor and delicate courtesy into men's hearts, inspired a disgust and horror of perfidy and falsehood, cherished an uncompromising hostility to injustice, elevated woman in society, made

her oppression and maltreatment to be regarded as brutality and cowardice, and introduced refinement into the intercourse of peace, and humanity and generosity into the contests of war. Chivalry allied itself to Christianity, drew its laws and sanctions from the precepts of the Gospel, hallowed its knightly investitures and tournaments with religious ceremonies, and thus aided in infusing the principles of religion into the heart of society.

During this period Christianity was gradually infusing more justice and humanity into the jurisprudence of Europe. In the barbarian and feudal period, law in civil courts was either a chance medley or a hideous mockery, according to the caprice of its dispensers. In ecclesiastical courts, however, a regular system of judicial procedure, under the name of canon law, extracted partly from the Roman law and partly from the Gospel, was gradually introduced and extended to all who were called "*clerici*." So that the phrase, "benefit of clergy," now so unmeaning, had then a deep significance, since to be tried in an ecclesiastical court was to be tried by at least forms of law, with the power of appeal to a higher tribunal.

Christianity also used its influence for the gradual extinction of slavery. The first voice against the system was raised in the Church, and the strongest motives impelling to its final overthrow were drawn from the free and equalizing spirit of the Bible. Most of the deeds of manumission granted prior to the time of Louis X and Philip the Long, when slavery was abolished in France, were given in express terms, "*pro amore dei*," "*pro remedio animæ*," and "*pro mercede animæ*."

Christianity also lent its aid in the extinction of the barbarous custom of private war, which the genius and

power of Charlemagne were found inadequate to suppress.

Whatever of learning existed during this long period was found in the Christian Church. In the monasteries and holy places were kept safe from the sweeping ravages of barbarism and ignorance the relics of classic lore, which in less sacred depositories were sacrificed to a ferocious and indiscriminate thirst for destruction. Scholastic philosophy was solely employed on the facts and doctrines of revelation, and Christianity gradually procured the creation of universities and colleges, and thus began the great work of training the universal mind, which has since resulted in the magnificent apparatus of modern education. For there is not a college or university of any note in Europe—nor, indeed, are the exceptions many anywhere—that was not founded directly by Christianity, founded as an eleemosynary institution and directly from religious motives.

Hence when the race began to awaken to a new activity and was quickened by the discovery of printing, by the change of national and social relations produced by the use of gunpowder and cannon in warfare, by the terrible irruption of the fierce and turbaned hordes of Tartary, by the fall of Constantinople and the consequent dispersion of the treasures of Grecian lore there collected, by the discovery of a new continent and of a new passage to an old one; and when, as the result of this general resurrection of the intellect of Europe, learning began to flourish, most of its protectors and patrons prized it mainly as a handmaid to religion. Darkness had, indeed, covered the earth, and gross darkness the people, a slumber of centuries had enveloped the world; but trains that had been silently preparing in the deep

and slumbering night of the past now flamed out in a conflagration that proved to be a beacon-fire to the world.

At this sacred flame science, literature, and art, in all their forms, have lit their ten thousand torches, the light of which now blazes around us, to the four hundred and ten million nine hundred thousand Christians who now occupy three fifths of the territorial area of the globe, and rejoice in its highest and purest civilization. For these possess the physical power of the race; these nations protect their humblest citizens by the authority of their flags; these control the commerce, the growing wealth, the productive capital of the world; these make the only improvements and discoveries in machinery, art, manufactures; these establish universities, endow colleges, and enjoy common schools; these possess the profoundest philosophy, the loftiest science, the finest literature, the most active intellects; these maintain hospitals and asylums for the relief of the wretched and unfortunate; these dwell under constitutional governments, where life, property, and reputation are inviolate, where rights are defined, liberty enjoyed, laws wisely enacted and administered. These make the earth to rejoice and blossom as the rose, and constitute it a fit home for immortals on the way to heaven.

Such are some of the indirect influences which Christianity exerts. Sent to the world to bless and to enlighten it with reference to eternal things and issues, it has brought all temporal blessings and gifts, and carries in its train, as it moves heavenward, all charities and gifts which adorn and bless the earth. As a river rolling to the ocean bears not only its own current to the sea, but spreads on all its banks freshness and verdure, so

does Christianity, in bringing rebellious man to God, spread life and light and blessing everywhere.

There is not an element of social prosperity which it does not directly or indirectly foster; there is not a single bane of national, social, or individual weal which it does not discourage; it brings to the work of fostering the one and destroying the other an influence mightier than the shifting expedients of politicians or the blustering bravado of warriors; it enforces its salutary commands and restrictions with the most tremendous sanctions, and with motives which loom up in their trenchant and terrible might from the dark abyss of eternity.

Its influence has been eminently salutary and conservative during the different periods of modern civilization. As was said of Ceres, the grass has grown greener under its footsteps, until now the nations which enjoy its influence in anything like fullness are as the land of Goshen, mantled with light, while others are shrouded in darkness; or, like Gideon's fleece, are visited with the dew of prosperity, while others are cursed with aridity and death.

As there is no other cause which adequately explains these marked distinctions we are at liberty to conclude, nay, we are forced to believe, that Christianity is the one grand agency appointed for the renovation of the world, in time as well as in eternity. The world may be able to do without our science and our art and our literatures; it may invent or discover others adapted to its use; it may outgrow our forms of government and modify our laws; it may adjust itself to other social forms and usages; all this is possible, but it cannot do without our religion; that must be its abiding as it is its only hope.

The broad ocean of time is covered with the wrecks

of human hopes. Century after century has witnessed tides of upheaval, decade after decade has known storm and tempest. One after another imaginations and high things which have exalted themselves against the knowledge of God have gone down, until progress guides its way amid the floating failures of the past. Fair fabrics freighted with anticipated security have been shattered and have fallen ; they are known to us only as their fragments are cast up upon the sands. Out of this ocean there rises a great rock, whose foundations are in God's eternal purpose, and whose towering crags are God's achieved plans. Storms have beaten upon it, floods have dashed themselves to harmless spray around its base, but no wave has damaged, no flood has made it insecure. Midway upon its giant breast, planted in its great cleft, is the Cross, over which the bending heavens come down in loving tenderness. It is secure. Hell's terrors have wasted their impotent wrath against it, earth's trials have all failed to move its steadfastness. It has borne the weight of the world's sin ; it has upheld the dying Son of God. "At its base time must molder, around its brow eternity must play."

JOHN'S QUESTION AND CHRIST'S ANSWER.

Now when John had heard in the prison the works of Christ, he sent two of his disciples, and said unto him, Art thou he that should come, or do we look for another? Jesus answered and said unto them, Go and show John again those things which ye do hear and see.—Matt. xi, 2-4.

WE have here John's question and Christ's answer. To rightly comprehend either we must understand the circumstances in which they were placed. At Machærus, in the castle known as the "diadem," from its crown-like seat on the lofty rocks overlooking the Dead Sea and the Jordan, lay as prisoner the man whose burning words had stirred the whole kingdom, and whose brief but aggressive ministry had roused the intensest expectation of the people. He had appeared as a prophet, inflaming the people by his zeal, and, being "much more than a prophet," had lifted up his voice as the immediate messenger before the face of God's Anointed, to prepare his way.

What we learn of his appearance is sufficient to arrest attention. His spare form, attenuated by meager food and austerity; his bright Jewish eyes, full of the living energy that burned within; his long hair, uncut for thirty years, the mark of Nazarite consecration; his rough hair-cloth garment and his coarse leathern girdle, made him the picture of one of the ancient prophets. The Scriptures describe the greatest of the prophets, Elijah the Tishbite, whom all expected to reappear before the Messiah, in exactly such a guise as John presented (2 Kings

i, 8); he is described as "a hairy man, and girt with a girdle of leather about his loins."

A second Elijah in spirit as well as in appearance, and, like him, witnessing in evil times, his message was one of wrath; his call was to repentance, a voice of preparation. The truth which he came to proclaim was higher than man; his sentences strike swift and glittering, like lightning flashes amid the roll of judgment-day thunders. Each sentence is vivid with bold pictures drawn from nature and life. He compares Israel to a barren fruit tree. The next moment Israel is a great threshing-floor, and the winnowing fan is at hand to cleanse it thoroughly. He points all away from himself to one mightier, yet at hand. The terrors of the day of wrath rolled over his hearers as his foremost thought, sounds of hope broke in like soft music only at intervals to keep the contrite from despair.

This "greatest born of women" had incurred a woman's hate, and was now a prisoner, and his life was to be forfeited to her hellish plots. This man from his prison sends his disciples to Christ with the question, "Art thou he that should come, or do we look for another?"

Various theories have been suggested as explanations of this course. Prominent among these is the idea that strong, bold, and fervid as he had proved to be in his active ministry, his spirit had been broken by his misfortunes, and that he had become depressed by his imprisonment, and doubt had seized him in a moment of temporary despondency. But however much we may look to the weakening effect of confinement upon ordinary characters I cannot believe that this man was subject to this infirmity. He had not been very long in confinement,

and, moreover, he had witnessed the most marked confirmation of things divine and human in the case of Christ. He could not have been weakened into doubt concerning one of whom he had spoken as "greater than himself;" as one for whom he was ready to perform the slave-boy's office of unloosing his sandal latches; of one to whom he had applied the sublime Messianic picture of Isaiah as "Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world;" and of one to whom he had administered the formal consecration which marked his entrance on his new office, which consecration had been attested by the vision of the descending dove and the voice from heaven saying, "This is my beloved Son." No, I cannot believe that after all this John doubted for an instant whether this was he that was to come, or for a moment fancied that he was yet to look for another.

Think of the character of the man. Edward Irving, in his eloquent lecture on the Baptist, asks, "What to him was a scowling Pharisee, or a mocking Sadducee, or a fawning publican, or a rough soldier, or a riotous mob? These were jocund, cheerful sights to one who had roamed amongst the wild beasts of the desert, and in the midst of them laid down his head under no canopy, and with no defense but the canopy of the heavens and the defense of the providence of the Most High. Around a man who can despise accommodations and conveniences, and deal with nature in ancient simplicity and independence, and move amongst her social and religious institutions like a traveler from another world, free to judge and censure and approve, as having himself nothing at stake—around such a man there is a moral grandeur and authority to which none but the narrowest and most bigoted minds will refuse a certain awe and rever-

ence." Such a man, with such historic proofs behind him, did not bend like a reed "shaken in the wind" before the blast of adversity, nor quail into doubt as "men clothed in soft raiment" might have done.

A more likely supposition is that he may have felt impatient at the delay of Christ's manifestation of himself as the promised Messiah, and have sent the message as though to spur him to endeavor and to urge him to precipitancy.

If there is any justice in supposing that the embassy was sent with any personal reference to John himself, this seems to me the most probable. For here was a bold enthusiast, who had been seized with a prophetic consciousness of the nearness of the Messiah; who had looked and longed for and recognized him, who had been the appointed instrument of inducting him to his high and holy work. He might in his prison have become impatient for the splendid realization which he knew was just before the world, and have longed to take part in it. For it is the especial greatness of John that he not only rose to the level of so great an enterprise as the spiritual regeneration of his country, and devoted himself to it with gigantic energy, and that he was a man of spotless truth and dauntless courage; but that, with all this, he was filled with a splendid enthusiasm and unfaltering faith in the nearness of the Messiah. This alone could have supported him under the burden of his work. No one till then had stood, as he did, between the dead past and the dimly rising future in hopeful and confident expectation. He had led the people from the corruption, wickedness, and confusion of their decayed religiousness, and stood calmly and grandly at their head, in the firm belief that the Messiah, who only could realize the prom-

ises he had made them of divine help toward a higher life, would emerge from the darkness before him. In such an attitude of intensest expectancy he must have longed for the full demonstration of all he believed to be coming, and have felt in his bonds the shackling of a world's hope. He may have been impatient of the seeming delay. He was not at liberty to follow the footsteps of Jesus, hear his words, see his miracles, and point to them as convincing proofs of his own unerring discernment. He may have heard but little there in Machærus of what was passing in Judea; he had heard, probably, of the healing of the centurion's servant and of the young man raised from the bier at Nain; but there was no word of any open assumption of the office of Messiah, nor any signs of the approaching erection of a purified theocracy. There were no preparations for the triumph of Israel, and no symptoms of the wrath of God breaking out on their oppressors. He who had prophesied these things as proofs that the kingdom of God was at hand was a helpless prisoner. Did he send his disciples to quicken the activity and hasten the assumption of authority on the part of Christ?

I confess that it would not lower my high estimate of the man if this were true; and yet I think a third suggestion much more probable, namely, that this man, in the nobility of his self-renunciation, found that his disciples needed weaning from himself; that their personal attachment was warping their judgment, causing them to enter into captious criticisms concerning the conduct of Christ's disciples in the matter of ceremonial observances, and thus dwarfing their conceptions of the real glory and power of Christ. It was probably to enable them, by personal contact with Christ, through

his introduction, and as his messengers, to see the greater glory of Christ, who was "to increase, while he was to decrease:" to put them in the way of recognizing him who was "not to baptize with water," but "with the Holy Ghost, and with fire," so that they might realize the "one in the midst" "greater than" their leader, and be attracted to him with stronger ties than they had felt uniting them to their now imprisoned leader. For there was danger that the disciples of John, in their blind partisanship, would be absorbed by the herald, and not see the greater dignity of him whom, as herald, he proclaimed—should be so charmed by the "voice of one crying in the wilderness" as to neglect preparing "the way of the Lord," whose speedy coming he announced. And so, when they came with their message, "in that same hour he cured many of their infirmities and plagues, and of evil spirits; and unto many that were blind he gave sight." And then he said, "Go and show John those things which ye do hear and see: the blind receive their sight, and the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear, the dead are raised up, and the poor have the gospel preached to them;" and he added, as if to warn them not to look away to another, "Blessed is he, whosoever shall not be offended in me," the whole answer showing a fulfillment of the words of Isaiah respecting the Messiah, which must have sunk deep into the heart of one to whom that great prophet was an anticipatory gospel. John would remember and would not fail to impress on his disciples that in one place (Isa. xxxv, 4, 5, 6), "Your God will come . . . and save you. Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped. Then shall the lame man leap as a hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing;" and

that in another place Isaiah had said (Isa. lxi, 1, 2), "The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me; because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek; . . . to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound; to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord." Jesus could have given John no better text from which to demonstrate to his disciples, his faltering followers, that he was indeed the Messiah.

Let us now consider Christ's answer in reference to some lessons it may have for us. We have seen what it was for the disciples of John. But it was not for them alone.

It is to be noted that Christ gave a practical and not a theoretical answer. He did not appeal to the ancient prophetic record and show how literally it was being fulfilled by him. But he did the works anticipated by the record and let the facts speak for themselves. His answer was in effect, and almost in words, "Go and show John what I have done, believe me for the very works' sake." These works or facts were twofold: First, there were the miraculous cures he performed; and, secondly, there was that marvelous new principle which he was introducing.

Of the miracles, we too may speak as outward confirmation of his divine authority, such as we might in advance believe would attest the dignity of a divine visitant. If God should come to the world we should expect him to do such wonders as were beyond human power and skill. And expectation in this direction had been roused, and men were looking to just such acts as credentials in the case of whoever might be sent. Miracles had attended previous communications by messen-

gers. Moses had been installed in the confidence of the Hebrew serfs by the wonders wrought with his shepherd's crook, which on one occasion became a serpent, on another evoked from heaven at the same time fire and ice, which pointed the way to the desert, opened the path through the sea, and brought water out of the dry rock. Elijah had done wonders of healing, and, as we have seen, the prophets had authorized the belief that Messiah, when he should come, would do mightier deeds than these. If we looked to see the Creator among his creatures we should feel no wonder when the processes of nature were condensed from a vintage season to the hour of a marriage feast, and wine, instead of maturing through grape and press and vat, blushed in the water-pots standing for purification. The miracles were supernatural, in that the ordinary processes of nature were instantaneously made to result without the delay of action required by the working of the laws impressed on nature as her usual methods. So sight came to the blind by touch or word or by anointing, instead of by surgical skill, as proving that he who formed the eye could pour vision into the orb he had fitted for its use.

All of Christ's credential miracles were, however, as merciful in their kind as they were supernatural in their character. They were wrought on an afflicted class, on the sufferers of our humanity, the blind, the lame, the deaf, the diseased, the dead. He, in this sense, wonderfully "bore our griefs and carried our sorrows," and he made use of his power only to relieve human suffering and alleviate human sorrow. Thus all his works have an adaptation to our spiritual needs as well. Sin's leprosy is removable as surely as bodily disease is curable. Intellectual blindness may be removed so that with the

falling scales of prejudice we may see rightly. Moral insensibility to the calls of duty and distress may be removed by the power which makes the deaf ear stir in its convoluted chambers to the call of sound. The immobility of death may be shaken from souls so that, starting into new life, they may serve God, who quickens and renews the life-giving spirit.

Beautifully does the reliever of physical infirmity adapt his credential-proving works to such lines of disability as pertain alike to spiritual and bodily privations and afflictions, so that when we see and believe him as accredited we find that we have laid hold on "One mighty to save, strong to deliver," from every form of evil.

But not less interesting than these marvelous works was the new principle he was introducing, and to which he called special attention, "The poor have the gospel preached to them." It had not been so before; the haughty Pharisees and the bigoted scribes had despised the poor, and even pointed their self-laudatory prayers by thanking God "they were not as the publicans." But while all classes of men slighted them, and all, even of the religionists of the day, looked down on them, Christ saw in them their value as men, as heirs of immortality. And so he identified himself with their interests, associated himself with them in companionship, and made the toiling masses feel that he understood them and was their friend and benefactor. He selected this class as illustration of his claim to be "heir of all things," "him that should come;" for it linked him in at once with the universal sympathy of the race; it was, on his part, a declaration of a new principle of human power. Here was the recognition of the dignity and responsibility of man as man, apart from the fictitious distinctions of

wealth or lineage; of man, the individual, however previously neglected, however degraded or fallen, however ignorant and unskilled; of man, because originally made in the image of God, and still capable of restoration to his favor and of becoming an heir of his throne.

It was a new and bold assertion of a deep spiritual and social truth that the masses, who had been regarded by monarchs and philosophers alike as only burden-bearers and toilers, were of personal worth and dignity, and, as constituting the greater part of humanity, were to be looked to as the conservers of society, the strength of nations, the working force in God's earthly plan and purpose. So he touched the toil-worn hand and raised the owner to the dignity of citizenship in the kingdom of God. He did not avoid contact with rags and wretchedness, but wherever he met them he changed them into garments of praise. He took away the ignominy of labor, and at the voice of his Gospel serfs, bondsmen, and all laborers looked up and smiled; gladness came where he taught that in each man was the germ of an infinite possibility, and that the chances of earthly lots and positions were no basis for discrimination as against souls; that time's distinctions all faded into nothingness when viewed in the light of eternity. The poor had this Gospel, this good news, preached to them, and thereby were made aspirants to, and heirs of, heaven.

The Gospel was not an outward carnal form, but an inward spiritual power; and the Christian life for us, as well as for John's disciples, must be grounded on facts, which are of record, as the basis for credence, and are to be received as attestations of the Messiahship of him who wrought them. They must not be causes of offense, for the blessing is to him "who is not offended in him."

True, his poverty of life offends the pride of many, even as his doctrines aroused their prejudices and his pure life condemned their selfishness, their lust, their worldliness; but we must have such insight into his history, such living faith in his principles, such thorough sympathy with his spirit, such vital identification with his doctrines, doings, and destiny as not to be offended in him.

When we see undoubted spiritual facts which we cannot explain—such as the instantaneous conversion of sinners, the enlargement of the believer's experience into clear spiritual perception of light and rest—we are not to be offended, but to accept as facts what demonstrate themselves to be facts, and not allow our prejudices of education, or personal antipathy, or narrow individual experience to lead us to doubt, but that he who healed all manner of sicknesses, in all kinds of people, can exceed our expectations when he saves from sin.

The embassy of John's disciples was an event of great import both to them and to us, for we may learn from it the true method of answering and dispelling doubt. There are many phases which doubting minds assume. There are honest skeptics as well as indifferent rejecters of the truth, and there are false methods of struggling with honest doubt. One of these false methods is the resort to abstract reasoning. We forget that the truths of salvation are spiritual truths, and as such are to be spiritually discerned. They are not human discoveries, but revelations. As human discoveries they would lie in the plane of the reason and be susceptible of philosophic and scientific tests. But they are not the results of human speculation, they are objects of faith; and faith is the spiritual faculty which corresponds to reason among the intellectual faculties. Reason enables us to

conceive truth, faith enables us to perceive it. It is an intuitive perception of existing spiritual facts, or experiences, which appeals directly to the personal consciousness without the intervention of the reasoning faculty, and therefore argument, though it may illustrate and confirm this testimony, never can be a substitute for it. Hence to argue about an unknown and unrealized experience would be folly, because the facts on which it would rest could not be appreciated as a basis for an argument. They are apprehended by the spiritual intuition which we call faith; and only one who can reach the spirit in us, without *media* of approach, could so influence our state as to change our consciousness. God, who is a spirit, alone can thus touch those whom he has endowed with spirit, and give them "the witness in themselves." Argument will not solve other than intellectual doubt. It is not on the plane of spiritual things, which must be spiritually discerned.

Another false method of treating honest doubt is to consult theological opinions. This is flying to human instead of to divine help and authority. Our theological systems are valuable as compilations and digests of what men have thought of religion; they are not religion any more than the science of electricity is lightning, or the science of optics is light. They are human treatises concerning God. What men in doubt need is, not what other men think and believe about God, but what God is to them and to their condition. This is to be arrived at by asking God, not by inquiring of philosophers; and to be answered by God himself, and not by his human interpreters. John showed a true logical discernment of the needs of his followers when he sent them to Christ, and not to the scribes and the rabbis, learned as they

were, and bade them ask, not "What think ye of Christ?" but to put the direct question to the Master, "Art thou he that should come?"

While we thus learn how to deal with honest doubt, we also learn another lesson of equal importance, namely, how to avoid doubt. Christ suggested this when, after calling attention to his spiritual power in merciful relief of human suffering, he added, as a proof beyond question, the fact that he was preaching to the poor. This lets us into the secret that work for the poor leaves neither time nor room for the entrance of doubt. I speak not of that godless charity which merely distributes its superabundance, but of the charity which regards the highest interests of men as related to God. What insight into the value of a man as man Christ's words give!

And he has so arranged the laws of his spiritual kingdom that we derive our highest good, not from what we do for ourselves, but from what we do for others, making clear the enigmatic expression, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." We get by giving, we receive by imparting, and to the heart intent on helping others there is no fear of doubts. The busy hand, the preoccupied mind, intent on preaching by example, word, and gift, lives girt about with coat of mail, through which doubt may not enter, and the joints of whose harness distrust may not penetrate. If we would solve doubts, take them to Christ; if we would avoid doubts, work for Christ's poor.

THANKSGIVING.

He hath not dealt so with any nation : and as for his judgments, they have not known them. Praise ye the Lord.—Psalm cxlvii, 20.

ROMANCE records marvels. History registers facts. But romance narrates few marvels more wonderful than the facts recorded in history which order the celebration of this year. The discovery of the American continent resulted from an act of heroism and undaunted persistence. The settlement of the discovered continent was made by daring and determined men, impelled by ambitious hopes. The development of the continent thus discovered and settled has been worthy of the spirit and the principles which aided in its inception.

The inhabitants of all the colonies were impelled by an adventurous spirit which both fitted them for the subjugation of the wilds of the forest and sustained them in the trials to which they were exposed. They all early manifested that impatience of control, that spirit of independent thought and action which in their descendants shaped the destinies of the nation whose early foundations they laid. But the colonists of New England, who have largely influenced our destinies, were men whose aspirations for freedom drove them from their homes. As of all the colonists, so especially of the Puritans, there was much in their character that was unlovely, much in their history that requires apology, but they were sincere in their devotion, honest in their patriotism, and devout in their piety. The

principles they brought with them took root in the soil, and became incorporate in our national character and polity.

The continued exactions of the English government gave opportunity for the discussion of the most momentous political question ever decided. And when our fathers assembled a century ago for this purpose they were the representatives of the people, not only by selection but by fitness also. They came from every quarter and were characterized by every variety of genius. There were Hancock and Adams, Sherman and Livingston, Carroll and Jefferson, and their illustrious compeers, representatives from every latitude and longitude then embraced in our territories. In the debate that preceded the adoption of the Constitution the most abstract truths were uttered—truths which transcend reason and carry demonstration in their statement—and these men wrote down as the basis of their enterprise, to be read of all nations, and to descend to all posterity as fundamental truths, “Men are born free and equal.” “Governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed.”

The republics of antiquity furnished them with but few landmarks to guide their deliberations. Still they had done something. The Grecian states had demonstrated the possibility of that grand postulate of all democratic rule—that power might ascend from the people and be delegated for limited periods and specific purposes to a government whose officers should be the servants of the people. But the limited scale of the experiment, and its not altogether satisfactory results, warned against rather than encouraged its repetition. It had run its brief career and fulfilled the prophecy of its enemies by

ending in agrarianism, which divided all the property, and ostracism, which banished all the talent; in short, in a low leveling envy which would enrich every man who was superior to the masses, either by the splendor of his natural endowments or the extent of his possessions.

That grand republic which began its career on the banks of the Tiber, and preserved its integrity until it had mastered the civilized world, had shown that magistracy need not always rest in a hereditary caste, but that there is a sovereignty independent of a privileged order or a royal family. But the final winding up of the republic into a military despotism had involved the whole question of permanent freedom in perplexing doubt.

In the men of American independence these principles were born again, and uttered as an ultimate possibility for the race. But this might have been a mere flourish of words, a string of glittering generalities, had there been in that assembly only the jurists, philosophers, and orators of the age. There were present also men who had endured toil and hard experiences with adversities and practical duties; men whose hands were hard with labor, whose sinews had been strengthened by work, whose dress was plain and homely, but whose nerves knew not how to tremble. These gave robustness, compactness, and consolidated strength; made the grand theories practical, and all alike pledged life, fortune, and sacred honor on the issue. Knowing well the risks they ran, seeing clearly the glory in view, they girded themselves to the great task, and were ready to vindicate on the field what they had declared in the council chamber. They counted the cost, they measured their strength, they ventured to oppose to an old and powerful kingdom

bent on enforcing a wrong ; the untried energies of youth impelled by the imponderable forces of freedom. The struggle was firm and long, but the elasticity of freedom ever rose up under the mountains of difficulty heaped upon it, and in every emergency patriotism had some new sacrifice to offer. During the struggle the republic was born, and in the conflict "nursed her mighty youth." In the Constitution the personal rights of individuals were guaranteed, and the personal obligations of men were asserted, for the government was "of the people, by the people, for the people ;" it was purely elective and representative ; no provision was made for hereditary legislation ; no place was found for the absurd claims of legitimacy and divine rights which had been advanced in the Dark Ages. This was a new departure. Never before our own has there been an instance of a purely elective and representative system.

That Constitution, adopted in 1787, has worked well. As necessity has demanded, fifteen amendments only have been ratified by the several States ; ten of these were proposed at the first session of the first Congress, in 1789, one in 1794, another in 1803 ; these twelve became part of the national Constitution. The Thirteenth Amendment was adopted in 1865, and the Fourteenth in 1868, to give it efficiency, and the Fifteenth in 1870.

Meanwhile the nation has grown and developed beyond all precedent, and the wisdom and inspiration of the document appear in their adaptation to all the exigencies of a rapidly developing civilization. We then had less than three millions of people ; their homes, extending from New Hampshire to Georgia, were bounded on the west by the Allegheny Mountains. Beyond that range were only military or trading posts, chief among

which were Pittsburg and what is now Louisville. An English fort, called Sackville, stood on the banks of the Wabash, and the only settlement in Illinois was a French fort with an English governor. All the South which fronts on the Gulf of Mexico and all west of the Mississippi River belonged, by title, to European powers, but was in disputed possession of the aborigines. Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Charleston were scarcely more than villages. Albany, in New York, Carlisle, in Pennsylvania, Frederick, in Maryland, and Winchester, in Virginia, were mere frontier hamlets. Manufactories scarcely existed. The women whirled their spinning wheels or plied the shuttle in the loom in almost every house, while the ax and plow were the tools of nearly all of the men. Coasting smacks, with a few ships from Europe and the West Indies, carried the only commerce. New England had a few schools and four colleges.

With such a history and under such a Constitution we entered on our national life. From a feeble beginning we developed power and stability; our Constitution a compact of union; our history from Plymouth Rock to Jamestown a creditable history; our prosperity in art and manufactures the result of honest enterprise; our commerce visiting all seas and lands. Our prestige among the nations was that of a growing people, backed by wonderful resources. The promise of ultimate triumph was foretold in the swelling grandeur of our spreading civilization, which followed the rivers, dotted the prairies, and crowned the mountains of our hemisphere. The Old World was rousing from the sleep of ages to behold our quickening life, and embassies from distant lands were gazing on us with wonder. They

were told of our schools and churches, of our marts of trade, of rivers which bore the sustenance of nations on their sweeping currents, of our mines of precious metals, the richest in the world, which pour their streams into the currency of the world; for the images of all the monarchs of civilized nations and of the kings of barbaric nations are stamped upon gold and silver dug from our soil. They heard of our immense harvests, equal to the wants of the world, which we gathered from regions of the highest fertility, stretching through five and twenty degrees of latitude. They heard of the inventive skill of our countrymen in a thousand departments of industry. We were fast assuming a proud position. But the rapidity of our growth had blinded us to forgetfulness of our defects; our pride in the present had made us forgetful of the facts of our past. We spoke of heroic deeds, but referred them to a former time, and our heroes were those of a former generation, still living among us with prolonged lives. The deeds of other times needed to be repeated in our persons to bring us back to the dignity of our birth and destiny. We were becoming local and sectional instead of national; mutual respect for men of different nations had to be achieved upon the battlefield.

We had gone so far away from the doctrine of our Declaration of Independence as to make large investments in each other, and instead of rights inalienable had produced a class having no rights which others were bound to respect. By the inevitable laws of retribution we were to be chastened; the issues of prosperity met with a check; the prophecy of peace was not fulfilled. There came a crisis in our destiny, but even as moun-

tains are rock-ribbed and abiding because the earthquake has settled them on their foundations, as the pines which crest them like a coronet withstand the rudest storms because they have been rooted by the blasts which toss their giant branches, even so universal freedom was to be made sure by the passing turbulence of a rebellion, and a new possibility established in the rude blasts of war.

Ours is not the first nation in which slavery appears as an important and irritating factor. In the days of the Roman Empire the same policy of subjugation had been exercised, and similar results had followed. The proportion of slaves to freemen even in the palmy days of Rome was greater than it ever became among us; but after Rome armed her slaves in defense of her freemen, it became necessary to free her slaves to prevent the subjugation of her freemen. The consolidation of our government found slavery an existing institution, and without formally recognizing it by title the Constitution was interpreted so as to cover its results. Our fathers made no aggression upon its territory nor assaults upon its facts. Had they made no concessions for its protection slavery would have died out. But concessions had been made, slavery had increased, both in its proportions and in its demands. Not content with the position assigned it by the founders of the republic, as an existing but temporary evil, it claimed to be permanent as well as existent, a good instead of an evil.

By the insanity of its friends the moment had come for the readjustment of the great balance. In the one scale were the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution and freedom, with its compromises. In the other were slavery, aristocracy, secession, and rebellion,

and these were weighing down the beam. The opportunity came for final settlement, and the eyes of the world were watching the issue.

The large-hearted men of the world and the toiling masses were aghast with fear. But President Lincoln had the opportunity, and used it. Compelled to draw the sword, he first displaced from over the Constitution the concessions, stipulations, and compromises which misinterpreted it, and then filled up the scale with a million of armed men; the world had hope again, the heart of humanity beat free, and liberty was reassured.

It seemed like an inspiration to beholders, but it was the result of a long series of progressive movements that must move slowly that their results might be made sure. It was a work almost more than human, for the black man crouched upon the earth of whose dust he had been formed, and Abraham Lincoln breathed upon him the breath of liberty, and the slave rose up a free man with a living soul.

During the presidency of Abraham Lincoln we passed through great and severe trials, and in such a manner as to defeat the prophecy of our enemies and more than realize the hopes of our friends. A long and terrible civil war has been triumphantly terminated. It was long, because Americans fought on both sides; it was terrible, because of the blood and treasure it consumed. But it was worth all it cost, for it cast the apple of discord into hades and cemented union, and we have lived to hear the removal of slavery pronounced a blessing by the leaders of the rebellion. Our institutions did not fail in the testing, but have vindicated the wisdom of our fathers, and, like gold tried in the furnace, are brighter and purer than before.

The price of freedom has been paid afresh ; the ransom of a nation's life, offered with tears and blood and prayers, has been attended by such acts of heroism and self-sacrifices as belittle other wars, and proves that we draw our blood "from fathers of war proof." We are as travelers who have long been wrapt in mist and been battling with tempests. Storm after storm has launched its thunderbolts, flood after flood swept over the path ; on the one hand the sheer crag lifted itself beyond the eye's reach, and on the other yawned a terrible abyss. The night watches were counted by the agonizing throbs of a nation's heart ; it seemed as if doom had swallowed the dawn and the continent had been surrendered to Cimmerian darkness. But at last "the rack of envious vapors" rolled itself together and disappeared, the sun shone out once more, revealing to us that in the elemental strife we had gained immeasurably higher ground ; the plane of our old history was far below us. The vexing and tumultuous questions of the earlier days are shriveled into insignificance, and in the wider horizon and purer air there rises before the eye as from a lower level the future of our land ; it seems "a kingly spirit throned among the hills," the girth of his base the measure of earthly greatness, but so high the peak that the heavens seem his shrine—his crystal habitation. We look about us to see what now exists on which to found such prophecies, and we behold a young, vigorous nation, celebrating its centennial. 'Tis the nation that was born in a day, that practically has dispossessed Europe of a continent ; for from the St. Lawrence to the Rio Grande it is the abode of many peoples who speak one language, swear fealty to one political faith, and are sheltered under one flag.

The lessons it had taught were plainly to be read. The first lesson grew out of our necessities. The unexplored continent had to be subjugated and its resources developed.

Early driven by necessities to invent machinery to economize both toil and time, these triumphs of toil, one after another, gladdened the world, and the men who gave them formed a conscious nobility, sustained by self-respect and recognized as benefactors by the rest. Thus work has had its just meed of praise, and no man's hand is avoided because it is horny or his person avoided because his clothes are grimy with toil. If we have had much necessity, so we have displayed much genius for work. Labor has been rewarded, laborers are paid, their rights respected; their achievements are our crown. Of course there has been friction in adjusting the relations of labor to capital, but perhaps the reason why we have not realized the dread scenes of communistic revolt lies in the fact that the toilers of to-day are the capitalists of to-morrow. And so long as this respect for honest industry remains, and the possibilities for accumulation are so great, this must continue to be our defense. Our workingmen have worked intelligently. All possibilities have been open to each one of them; and so they have wrought skill and taste into the products of the loom, strength and beauty in among coarser materials, and have not put brain into literature only, but mixed it in mortar, beaten it into iron, woven it into textile fabrics; with it they have drained morasses, bridged rivers, tunneled mountains, and crowned the hills until the desert blossoms and the wilderness is glad.

The great rebellion was the adjudication of the vexed

question of the right of work to wages, which meant more than bare necessities, and included the personal choice of whom to work for, how long to toil, at what industry to be employed, and what remuneration to accept in settlement. While this respect for work and workingmen continues we shall be free from the enervation of idleness and the dissipation of luxurious ease; while the opportunities of honest industry are afforded to all men, pauperism will continue to be an exceptionable and temporary experience, and its persistent indulgence will constitute a crime.

But besides the respect awarded to labor and the wealth accumulated by workingmen, the uses to which riches have been put demand attention, and, while in no other land have the practical forces of life been so carefully developed, by no nation has physical comfort been so well provided for and life made so rich in beautiful embellishment and solid satisfaction. As workingmen we are neither serfs nor peasants, but free, intelligent, and happy; and our land to-day is the home of more happy people than the sun ever before shone on.

Another great lesson which we read in the annals of the past is the necessity and the strength of union.

The colonies conquered freedom by linking themselves into a confederation which, being adopted by the original States, was the basis of organic union. No such association as existed in early Greece could have answered the purposes of America. There must be more than sympathy and cooperation; there must be consolidation and identification of interests. Hence, our union is not a mere symbol of national comity and correspondence; it is the organized form for national life. It makes us one people, wherever born, however reared.

The State flag flies below the national emblem; the citizen of any State finds his rights protected and his liberties guarded in every portion of our broad domain. We are a nation, and we are a predestined unit; our mountain ranges stretch from north to south, our great rivers water the vales between. An attempt was made to sever the backbone of the Alleghenies and cut off the sources of the supply of the Mississippi, but it was found to be impossible. An attempt was also made to discriminate between men born on the soil and men who came from abroad to dwell upon it, but the attempt was futile. All the geographical structure of the continent, all the inspired utterances of the founders of freedom, all the progressive influences of a developing civilization unite in teaching that this land was made for the occupancy of a homogeneous people of mingled races. This home of aspirations is to achieve the choice hopes of all other lands by centering them amid the possibilities of their realization. Weaknesses are to be eliminated, virtues are to be consolidated. Rapid transit and instantaneous communication obviate the dangers of distance and delay. The great heart of the nation may be felt in every pulsation of the extremities. Sectional distinctions are to become obsolete. State rivalries are to be but competitions for pre-eminent success, and North and South are with Saxon and Celt to be obliterated from our vocabulary when we stand as American citizens discussing politics; we are one people the continent over, under one law, speaking one language, singing one song, and that law, that language, and that song is Union. The Union means something now for us and for all men. Germans may bring us their philosophy, Frenchmen their art, Italians their song, Englishmen their conservatism, and of all these

elements we will make a solvent for fusing our own sectional differences, and from the crucible there shall come forth

“ A union of lakes and a union of lands, -
A union of States none can sever ;
A union of hearts and a union of hands,
And the flag of our Union forever.”

Another lesson plainly taught in our history is the inflexibility of the laws of justice and of retribution. No individual, no nation may escape them. Suffering, as a sequence or consequence of wrong, so universally and invariably follows, that when calamities occur we do not, as did the heathen, suppose the fierce anger of the gods to be vindictively inflicted, but, admitting moral governance, we seek for explanation in antecedent events. The one foul blot on our history was slavery; wrong in every land, here, where we were building a government on the idea of individual equality before the law, the wrong was crime. The outrages which inevitably follow the denial of personal rights did not fail to follow. Women were degraded till they were rated as cattle upon stock farms in the ratio of productive ability; children were ruthlessly deprived of parental care; unrequited toil was wrung by the lash from unwilling bondsmen; a whole race was doomed to the ignorance which would endure outrage without revolt. Those who profited from these wrongs grew wanton, became imperious, and demanded not only permission but protection from the law. The issue at last was made, and war grew out of the experiment, not to free black men, but to make white men slaves.

The contest involved the whole nation, and shook it from its center to its circumference. Justice and Mercy

contended over our flag—Justice staining its stripes; Mercy, with tears from widows, orphans, and loved ones, bleaching them white. Justice had sworn that that flag should represent our shame as well as our glory, and blood must flow. The farm gave yeomen and the shops gave tradesmen; the manufactories laborers; commerce sent her seamen and her merchants; professions were vacated, and we thought surely we had given enough to cancel every wrong; but, though the nation was bleeding at every vein, Justice was not satisfied until in the halls of the White House there was mourning and the chiefest man of all was slain. Then, in that darkness, as in Egypt of old—when there was not a house in which there was not one dead, not a house, from the hut and the cabin to the President's home—in that hour we recalled the words of his second inaugural, when he said: "Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray that this mighty scourge of war may quickly pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondsmen's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid with another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago so still it must be said, 'The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.'"

The fourth great lesson is the need of culture for the masses to meet the exigencies of destiny. No nation can maintain law, order, and purity without knowledge. No republic depending upon the will of the people can exist except in anarchy unless law, which is the will of the people, is the expression of enlightened opinion. No argument is needed to show that virtue and knowledge are too closely wedded to admit the possibility of divorce.

Our government is founded on the postulate that there may be in the mass of the citizens sufficient intelligence and virtue to make wise laws and execute them faithfully. Without this intelligence and virtue the elective franchise is not the free spontaneous expression of the popular will; it is only the machinery by which designing men elevate themselves to power.

No substitute can be made for popular intelligence, and no apology or excuse should be received for those who, on any pretense, would deny it to the masses. Even a religion which could not flourish in the light of knowledge ought not to be valued as a substitute for knowledge. The State may not teach religion, but the State must educate its children in all that pertains to duty in the world, and it is a cheering thought that just as politicians are removing the Bible from the public schools the people everywhere are reading and studying God's word as they never did before; and the burden thus cast upon them is being fully met, so that the rising millions of our countrymen are receiving such an education as was never before bestowed on an equal number of the human race.

Are there no evils to offset this picture? Alas! yes; and yet it may charitably be hoped that such evils as we have already seen, and others that we fear may come, are not peculiar to our system, but incident to it, and such as must arise from the general imperfection of everything human. Yet it is not to be denied that some looking steadily upon these incidental defects have felt and expressed fears of the sufficiency of our republican institutions. They can only be justified by our continuing to imitate the style and adopt the theories of aristocratic governments. The greed of office and the lust for

wealth which were developed among us, especially since the conclusion of our civil war, are to be discouraged best by a return to the republican simplicity of a former day, when offices sought men, not men office, and when it was not necessary either to be rich or to be thought rich or to appear rich in order properly to discharge all the duties of the citizen.

In this broad land of ours there must be no repetition of the theories of lands where the rich are maintained in luxurious ease by the bayonet, which drives back the many; no toleration for the feeling that no permanent order among men is possible but that of paving stones, beaten down and fixed in the earth, over which rank and riches roll in triumphant mastery. Nor, on the other hand, must there be any assertion of the undemocratic pretense that men are not entitled to protection in the enjoyment and use of what they have acquired or hold in legal possession. The theories of aristocrats and communists must alike be set aside if we are to believe that men may be free and rise in moral dignity in proportion as they are free. The century has at least asserted this, and to discard it would be base ingratitude to the laws which maintain us and our children in rights never before possessed by any people on earth. To abandon the principles of our unequaled ancestry would show us to be unfit and unworthy to breathe the pure air, tread the free soil, strike hands with the free sons, or hear the Sabbath bells of a free country.

Let us be glad to-day that ours is a land so favored and so blessed. Let us dwell with patriotic pride on the achievements of the past, and look hopefully upon the possibilities of the future. Above all things let us remember in devout thanksgiving Him without whose

favor nothing is possible, who guided our fathers to these shores and established them; for, as was said by one of old, "They got not the land in possession by their own sword, neither did their own arm save them: but thy right hand, and thine arm," thou gavest them the victory. Let us praise Him who led our fathers through the "great destiny of labor, our long contest with unreclaimed nature and uncivilized man, our agony of glory the war of Independence, our great victory of peace, the formation of the Union, and the establishment of the Constitution;" who chastised us for our faults, but continued us in life so that to-day we are a spectacle to the world. Filled with high hopes, flushed with successes, we celebrate our annual Thanksgiving. In cities full, where the streets throb with the life of trade, in forest shades and prairies vast, where wave the golden harvests, and the "flocks and herds do overmultitude their lords;" on the margin of the seas, the haven of ships; on lonely mountain sides, where brawny toil reclaims all precious things; "earth hunched in her loins on the stormy coasts of the Atlantic and the serene shores of the Pacific;" on every towering hill and in every teeming valley, our voice of gladness rings.

The great grief brought to us by the assassination of our President modulates the expression of our joy, but the lessons of his life are graven by the horror of his death deep in all hearts. And while the loss of such a man to such a nation in such a period of its history was mysterious and unintelligible, it yet served, as no other event might have done, to unite all hearts at home, and to draw from the whole civilized world a sob of sympathy.

God "hath not dealt so with any nation: and as

for his judgments, they have not known them. Praise ye the Lord."

From this, our vantage ground of realization, we look out upon the coming future, when the mighty tide of population rolling eastward and westward shall, commingling, occupy the breadth of the continent; when, mindful of past blessings, they shall strive for peace and union; when, instead of the clangor of war and the gleaming of arms, there shall rise to heaven the busy hum of industry and the waving richness of plenty; when the green earth shall no more be reddened by the blood of the innocent and the helpless; the wild whirlpool of anarchy and rebellion no more fling toward heaven its bloody and its hellish spray, but the broad Alleghenies shall answer back to the snowy Cordilleras in accents of peace and gladness till from where Niagara sends up her foam with thunderous sound to where the Father of Waters rolls his mighty tide beneath a tropical sun, from every hill, from every prairie, and from every mountain side shall rise the grateful hymn of praise and the longing hopes of faithful hearts be realized by a united people, virtuous, intelligent, and free; the shifting scenes of a forming civilization shall give place to a consolidated nationality; the hardy and industrious, the ardent and impetuous, the energetic and daring men in all sections shall be linked in production and manufacture, by commerce, and by cheap and swift communication and joined by the feeling of reciprocal fraternity; equal rights and equal burdens will be equally distributed under one flag, on which the stripes shall symbolize the tears and blood which purchased union, and the stars the hopes which crown our destiny.

The nation is greater than the State, and above the

banner which means freedom to the nation there can be but one ensign—the cross, which means liberty for the race. And as the winds of heaven expand the folds of the flag and wrap them around that only loftier symbol, the eyes of the world shall see the future of our hopes in the cross draped with the stripes but radiant with the stars.

CHRISTMAS.

I Jesus have sent mine angel to testify unto you these things in the churches. I am the root and the offspring of David, and the bright and morning star.—Rev. xxii, 16.

THE Christian Church throughout the world has set apart a day to celebrate the birth of Christ, its founder. It matters little whether it be the actual anniversary of the great event which gave a Saviour to a fallen race, nor need we question the wisdom of appointing any day in time to call up specially the gift of God which lengthens out time into eternity. We know there was a night when shepherds watched, and a morning when the angels sang, and we shall look to-day at the great fact then and thus brought to light.

The affirmation in the text is by the risen and ascended Jesus. "I am the root and the offspring of David." It is a wonderful statement of a most wonderful fact. It comes to us with the accumulated evidence of prophetic promise and historic fulfillment.

While there is much in revelation that must ever be mysterious and probably incomprehensible, there is also much that is of distinct force and clear interpretation. The declaration with reference to the incarnation stands in no doubtful connection, is shrouded by no ambiguity; it is the simple statement of his history by the Saviour of men. But the thought which it suggests is full of mystery. It is that great thought with which the apostle's mind was burning when he said, "Great is the

mystery of godliness: God was manifest in the flesh, justified in the Spirit, seen of angels, preached unto the Gentiles, believed on in the world, received up into glory." Here is a fact which, however clear in the sense of distinctness of statement, is mysterious in the character of the truth stated. We can never comprehend how the "root" could have become the "offspring" of David; yet we must admit the fact. It is not by any means an isolated statement, but accords with the whole tenor of Scripture. These words of the exalted Christ are like the words he used when here among men. He claimed a continuous existence, outreaching the birth and being of the great patriarch, and applying the name of God to himself said, "Before Abraham was I am." "He was made flesh and dwelt among us." The affirmation of his deity, made from the sphere of his exaltation, accords with all the prophetic announcements as he interpreted them, and reaffirms the words which he spoke concerning himself. To those who accept him he is either all or nothing; he is either all he claimed to be or else he is unworthy of our confidence and trust. There is and can be no middle ground; and those who endeavor to hold him to be a good man while denying the claim which this good man made to divinity, are practicing a strange incongruity.

An important part of the text is the assertion that the "root" of David is "offspring" of David; the one term implying a springing or germinant force, the other a subsequent and resultant outgrowth, terms which are the exact equivalents of the language of St. John when he says, "The Word was made flesh." We are not called upon to explain how these two facts can coexist. All life is so profound a mystery that it cannot be compre-

hended or understood; and it is no greater wonder that deity and humanity could exist in one personality than that any life can be. These important facts form the mystery of the incarnation, the greatest of all mysteries, as it is the most important of all facts. If the "Word" was not "made flesh," then virtually as Saviour he would not fulfill the promises nor the prophecies of his coming in the Old Testament nor the angelic announcement in the New. It is important for us to be well grounded in the proofs of his humanity—a thought vastly more incomprehensible than his divinity; it involves more mystery and is fuller of intensest meaning. It is the thing difficult to be understood. His divinity was no miracle. It was a fact attested by all the "glory he had with the Father before the world was," and certified again by his ascension to that glory. His divinity was no miracle, that was his inherent essence; but his humanity was a miracle. That God should so intimately associate himself with the beings he had made, and who had rebelled against him, as to become actual partaker of their nature and be in all things made like unto the race—be born a child, outcast, despised, this was such an exercise of divine power, so great an interference of divine love in human life, as to be not merely a miracle but the one miracle; the wonder of all angels as it is the hope of all men. It was as complete in its execution as it was wonderful in its object and conception. His humanity was no mere hallucination. The "root of David" became the "offspring of David." "The Word was made flesh," not seemed to be so; assumed a new condition; one not pertaining to his nature, and dwelt, "tented," among us; that is, assumed a transient abode, one not permanent nor enduring. And these facts set forth in

the preface to John's gospel are confirmed by every incident of his most marvelous life and history. He lived by inspiration of the same air that gives vitality to our organization ; he ate the same food that his companions ate, and he died physically as all men die. He manifested all the natural conditions which we display. He grew from infancy to manhood, manifesting the peculiarities of the successive stages of human growth ; he hungered when deprived of food, and in his thirst asked the wondering woman of Samaria for drink as he "sat tired by the patriarch's well ;" when wayworn and weary he found repose in sleep, and the exhaustion of his frame was such that the storm which terrified his disciples and threatened the destruction of the vessel did not rouse him ; he wept over Jerusalem, and tears were the natural outgushing of his sorrow when standing in the midst of the bereaved and broken-hearted. He was completely identified with us. His intelligence gradually developed. As a child he sat among the doctors, hearing them and asking them questions, but "increased in favor and in wisdom." He manifested human feelings—joy, sorrow, indignation, caution, humility ; "he took not on him the nature of angels," but "was made flesh ;" he passed the trying ordeal of temptation under such circumstances as to convince us that he was assailed with the intent of unfitting him humanly for the abode of divine purity ; he was "made flesh" in all respects like those he came to save, different, far different, from what was anticipated and desired, very unlike the ideal which the allusions of prophecy, misinterpreted, had led Israel to expect ; but how far surpassing in glory all the uttered and unuttered yearnings of humanity. That humanity had been wrecked, the wild play of its passions, the fierce outgoing of its

will, the intense selfishness of its desires, all these had wrought out ruin. The earth had been cursed on this account and by these means ; and the promise of deliverance from this general curse had been localized by the people to whose care and keeping the promise had been given, until they thought only of national renown and political grandeur. They lost sight of the great fact that the Saviour of man became man of necessity for salvation, and of the seed of Abraham merely as circumstantial and accessory.

The assumption of humanity was God's plan of redemption, the becoming "offspring of David" merely the means of recognizing the great Person who should free all the race and establish his claim to be the promised One. While, therefore, the expectant people of Israel were looking for a king of the nation and ruler of the people, and Herod was trembling with anxiety for the safety and permanence of his throne, God had prepared a Saviour for the world at whose coming hell should shake and Satan tremble.

All human hope centers in the "Word made flesh." We may not understand why God so ordered it, but having so decided we may know why he told us of it. It was doubtless to develop in our minds, by the knowledge of his divinity, a confidence in the efficiency of the work he performed, and by the knowledge of his humanity to make us feel that we may be partakers in all the benefits of it. We are told that he was the "Word," the "root of David," that we may trust in him. We are told that he was "offspring of David," "Word made flesh," that we may have hope for ourselves. We needed both. The work was too grand for mere humanity. The best and noblest had tried and could not save them-

selves. Only in God was power enough to encircle the whole human family and reach all human woe. We, who cannot even estimate that woe, never could have removed it. The race had once well-nigh perished in the waters of the flood, and the ark of its hope had rested by divine command on Ararat; but all the waters of that flood had never cleansed its guilt nor purified its leprosy. Human agency was in vain; no arm but God's could reach us. No power but that which made us first and loved us always could arrest our doom. And so "the Word," "by whom all things were made," "was made flesh, and dwelt among us," that our salvation might be as possible as its necessity was imperative.

The "offspring of David," by the order of God, became a "man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief;" rejected and poor, he was at last deserted by his friends and murdered by his enemies; and all the sympathy the heart can feel is enlisted in behalf of him who "endured such contradiction of sinners against himself." He bore our sorrows and carried our griefs, was wounded for our transgressions, bruised for our iniquities. He was as solitary in the isolation of his purity as he was alone in the endurance of his suffering. He trod the wine press alone, and of the people, there was none with him. The people whose nation he honored in his birth, nay, the race he came to save and whose form of flesh he wore, deserted him; and he wept his tears of suffering and dropped his sweat of blood, toiled under his cross, and died upon it as the man Christ Jesus. There is a terrible impulse of sympathy arising from the fact of a common manhood; and we learn to know that one who so sorrowed, so suffered, so wept and moaned must know how to feel for those who suffer and sympathize

with those who mourn. The mortality in which we groan, being burdened, and which subjects us to anguish and to dying, needs stronger help than human resolution, and higher power than mortal consolation; and so, when trembling on the verge of dissolution, when cowering beneath the oppression which has lashed and crushed the earth for ages, the soul can trust in such a power as changes "the valley of shadow" into the "mount of vision," and enables us, through the parting curtains of an awful mystery, to "see the King in his beauty," and to "behold the land that is very far off."

Such power is not found in ordinary expedients, nor is it the result of any worldly sympathy or teaching. The race had not found it, though we had questioned the stars; we had not known it, though we had inquired of the grave concerning it. No sufficiency of companionship had been realized in all the results of human foresight, and no adequate relief had come even in answer to our prayers, till at length One came, with the rare attendants of poverty and humility, and, enduring life's trials, spoke words of cheer to the desolate. As the great representative of humanity he entered most intimately into all life's sorrows, and, claiming to be God, proved himself no less to be man. He taught us the blessing of divine companionship by his own most intimate acquaintance with our misery. So perfect was his coordination with our humanity that sufferers ever since have felt that "in all their affliction he was afflicted;" and so it ever will be. The multitude of the ages will not lessen the abundance of his love, nor the number of those who love him produce in him divided love for us. He, the one "made flesh," "offspring of David," is able to save and to succor all who sin, and conse-

quently sorrow, so complete was he in all his relations to humanity and God.

The world needed such a being. It had groaned long and labored fruitlessly to realize its own ideal without achieving it, when God sent perfectness into humanity and superadded divinity. He came and dispersed darkness; he came and dispensed light. There were sorrow and tears when he suffered in Gethsemane and died on Calvary, and the trusting heart grew less and less confident as the darkening sky grew somber and then sad, and the rocking earth shuddered as though in pain; and hope at last went out and was concealed in the tomb of Joseph with the body of our Lord. Roman sentinels paced slowly by the rock which closed the entrance, and the seal intended to secure it from all possible violation. Days and nights passed, when lo! one morn the sullen gray that streaks the east was pierced, and through the early hours the luster of a star was seen, not slowly rising, as does the harbinger of day, but bursting, as it were, in sudden splendor upon a silent world. The soldier may have paused in his pacing and looked up, if so, above the sepulcher, and shedding down upon him rays of light and love was a glad star, not such as guided the wise men who from the East came bearing gifts to Judea's new-born king, but the "bright and morning star," perpetual benediction and perpetual blessing to all the sorrowing and the sad.

By the death of Christ the world's hope was shrouded in gloom, but by his resurrection and ascension the scene of triumph was transferred to the heavens. Balaam, the son of Beor, had said, "I shall see him, but not now: I shall behold him, but not nigh: there shall come a Star out of Jacob." And Jesus is this bright and morning

star. Rising from the grave he disperses its gloom from hades, he dispels its terrors from a sinful world, he leaves it blessed with the fact of his incarnation and glorified by all the splendor of his ascension and triumph. He shows us the full perfectness of earthly possibility and drapes our frailty with the garments of immortal loveliness. In declaring by his life what earth may be he has but shown us what heaven is, and given assurance of our admission to its joys by demonstration of the slight barrier that even death can interpose.

This is the truth which gives stability and confidence to all our expectations. We needed higher consolation, and God sent his Son; we needed a loftier example, and Christ came to guide us; we needed a purer sacrifice and a holier priest, and he was "made flesh" and offered himself once for us all. And we have seen his star. Three wise men only saw the journeying star that guided their steps to Bethlehem. But we may all see the great light which from the morning star beams on the world, fixed in the spiritual heavens, effulgent as God.

What strong contrasts the Bible gives us! What pictures it presents to our adoring vision! On Bethlehem's plains the watching shepherds, in Joseph's garden the watching sentinel; silence broods over both. Shepherds were sinking into slumber; they may have exhausted all expedients for wakefulness, the pipe had ceased its note of cheer, and mirth and jest had failed, while as they wrap closer about them their garments of protection, all unexpectedly, "suddenly," the angel of the Lord came among them. Possibly they were devout, possibly they had closed their vigil with the voice of prayer, but they were startled and amazed when the angel came. So, too, the Roman soldier may have been wearied with his

watch, but to sleep for him was death, and he may have stamped his feet and shaken his trusty spear shaft as wearily the hours pass on, when suddenly to him also there appears a vision. The stone he guards rolls in mystery from the portal it is set to close, and in affright he runs to call the captain of the guard; in speechless haste, breathless, in a very panic of terror, hearing no voice of angels, no song from heaven, not daring to look up where the star beams, while the shepherds hear the hymning choir, and "the multitude of the heavenly host!" What contrasts! Silent earth and shouting heaven; soldiers and shepherds astonished and abashed, angels jubilant, Bethlehem's star and morning star, the one beaming at midnight, the other flashing at dawn; the one announcing, the other confirming the truth. This day we celebrate the one because we believe the other; and therefore we ought not only to celebrate this one day as if it were the day of his birth, but our lives should be a prolonged celebration of his coming. Every day should be hallowed with the thought of Christ, and every act we do in all our lives should be the expression of our praise. If we are true Christians each day of every year will find us at the early dawn with thoughts of Bethlehem, each noon with thoughts of Calvary, and each night with longings for the coming of the morning star. He is the light which guides us; he is the power which saves us. The rays he throws into the dark valley illumine it as a torch; the eye rests on it till the films of death gather and the spiritual vision possesses itself of light. Its radiance beams like a beacon on each Christian's grave; not in coldness, like moonbeams on the marbles of our cemeteries, but with rays of warmth and beauty, suggesting the glory of the better land, showing

us immortality arrayed in white walking among our tombs.

This, after all, is our great stay and support. The fact that divinity can assume humanity shows that humanity can receive divinity, and thus the incarnation is the assurance of the possibility of our salvation. This turns all the thoughts and aspirations of the race to the great central point of its history, "the Word made flesh." Thus, while the mountain with the ark is the Ararat of history, the hill with the cross becomes the Ararat of redemption. Surging waves pass, dismal storms cease, dark clouds part, stars of hope beam lovingly upon our way, cheering us with the joy which presages immortality. He is our "morning star," not the prophecy of the dawn, but the assurance that the dawn has come, and that purity and gladness have become our portion.

We go out into the silent night and gaze up into its mysteries; we count the orbs, those couriers of the sun, and we may watch them as they shine till the sun rolls back again to power. Their light is valuable; it cheers the prisoner in his cell and guides the night traveler on his way; but how feeble its flame, how small a portion of darkness does it penetrate and relieve! How different from the "day-star" far up in the dome yonder! Its radiance is steady and wide. It gleams through the thickest clouds; it lies beyond the reach of storms; it throws its illuminations over continents and worlds. So in the clear calm depths of the Christian heart there is a star shining even when the sun is brightest, and unclouded when its rays are fullest, beaming ever like the Shekinah and glowing with the manifested love of God. The story of the incarnation is as a star, it gives its light, it illumines; but the day-star in the soul, the morning star

in conscious experience, this is the divine presence, "Christ in us, the hope of glory." This is the day-star "risen in our hearts" until the day dawn; it pierces through all the clouds of our depravity; the storms of passion cannot quench it; it reveals to us upward realms of being and sheds its rays upon our earthly path. We must not undervalue the external light of revelation; it is a lamp shining in a dark place, but it is not to be compared with the internal light of Christian experience. We are permitted to have truth not merely as a lamp in our hands, but as a central star in the firmament of our souls, to shine "until the day dawn." Revelation kindles this star within us, it is the harbinger of the day. As sure as it shines the sun is on the march, and it shall rise. Its beams shall soon skirt the horizon and play upon the summits of the lofty hills. It shall not pause until it reaches the meridian and pours its rays over the whole hemisphere of soul, thawing every fountain of the heart into love, quickening every latent germ into life, and making the whole fruitful as "the garden of the Lord."

Christmas Day to us should be the birthday of the morning star in all our souls. It should recall not only the manger in Bethlehem, but the dawn of the worlds' hope in our experience. It should be not merely a day of festivity and mirth, but a day of spiritual joy and gratulation. Holy thoughts become us, as also happy thoughts. Mary's mother-love for her babe should teach us tenderness to childhood; the adoration of the wise men should teach us to offer worthy gifts; the song of the angels should awaken in us thoughts of "peace on earth, good will to men." The morning star should lead us to adore with purest reverence the "root and the offspring of David."

THE NEW BIRTH.

Marvel not that I said unto you, Ye must be born again.—John iii, 7.

WE are told that we must not “marvel” at this, wonderful as it appears, strange as it sounds. It must, therefore, be in harmony with God’s usual method of procedure, and the “new creation” must have analogies with the old. Turning to the account given of the old we find each successive thing made and completed “after its kind,” not from nor out of each other. There is a development, a law of progressive procedure, but it is not the development of one kind out of another, but the development of each kind to its own limit of perfectness, which is reached by its being itself, not by its becoming something else. The same elements may and do enter into minerals and vegetables and animals. They differ greatly in the quantities in which they mingle and combine, but they differ more in something else. As scientists we are foiled in our attempts to solve the origin of species; we have not been able as yet to show how a stone can ever become a vegetable or a vegetable an animal, though we may have found a specimen of each, which, on analysis, yields exactly the same elements. Each has its own peculiar function, which is fulfilled by its being itself, not by its becoming something else. The mineral disintegrates, and its elements enter into vegetable structures and compositions, but the stone, even of the highest order, is lower than the lowest herb; and vegetables mold, and their elements

are incorporate with animal forms, but the lowest form of animal life outranks the noblest of the herbs. The living thing, in which there is scarcely a trace of life and of which men are disputing whether it have life at all, is a different thing from the cedar, and a nobler thing than the palm, if it be true that the pulsation which seems to move within it be a throb of life. And of animals the same is true. Looking at them as they group themselves in orders and in classes we cannot fail to trace a graduated fundamental increment, which we call growth, from the first rude being up to man, the noblest of them all. But nowhere in all history, never in all observation, has the higher come from the lower by the mere development of what was in it; always and invariably the higher has been achieved by the addition to, or the obliteration of, something in the lower.

There is something by which the orders may be distinguished from each other, though there are seeming correspondences or relations between them, but more than development is needed to make the one from the other. The step which is the dividing line between all orders, and which marks the limit which they cannot pass, is just as absolute as though there was no seeming correspondence or relation of the one above to the one below; the one is limited in its development to its own class, and there would seem to be a universal law which forbids that they should ever, under any circumstances, become anything else. The grades of life and of formation, or creation, which science asserts to have been the probable order of succession in history, may have been the order and the plan of the world's construction; but it is just as really a creation if each order was appointed to develop its own full measure of capability; and after

this was reached the word was spoken by which a higher came into being—just as much a creation as though one word had made the rocks, filled as they are with fossils, and all the varied forms of vegetable and animal life. Instantaneousness is not essential to the idea of creation ; all is creation that results in new, that is, not previously existent life. It is all creation, whether it be the slow outcoming of a thousand ages from the womb of the morning, or the sudden bursting of created beauty in the twinkling of an eye, or the flashing of a star. God, who created, has determined the boundaries of each class, and marked out the scope of its range and power as surely as he has given line and limit to the surging sea. There is between each an act creating the higher, a something which the lower never could achieve, a somewhat that God makes ; an act formative, creative, between mineral and vegetable, between vegetable and animal, and between each group, each series included in these great departments.

If, now, the law for souls is as the law for minerals and plants and living things ; if, as they develop, each after its kind, no evolution passes the limit of kind, no mineral becomes vegetable, no vegetable animal, and, so far as observation and inquiry have gone, no animal develops into another species, what shall be the development of a natural soul, with all its disabilities ? Can it burst its environment and become somewhat else than the thing it is, insensate and inanimate ? The law of limitations forbids that this natural shall become spiritual by ordinary processes of evolution, just as it prevents transmutation of stones into cedars of Lebanon, or mosses into angels of God.

There is a natural and there is a spiritual manhood.

The natural man is monarch of this world ; the spiritual man is heir of the world to come. Culture and the civilizing processes of education develop what is in the natural man and qualify him for his temporal dominion, but will not confer heirship in God's kingdom ; for this a divine procedure is needed, resulting in a divine similitude or likeness. Without this man cannot "see the kingdom of God," since the like alone perceive likeness. We are born in likeness of our earthly parentage ; for this natural birth we are prepared by embryonic processes. Our approach to "likeness to God" is made through a new birth, for which we are prepared by the exercise and development of what is in us, but in which we are created anew. And as we cannot pass the dividing line in other departments of creation, so we cannot in the spiritual kingdom. And as for methods of growth we find that agricultural processes will not apply to minerals, nor stock-raising processes to agriculture, so we cannot hope to fit men for heaven by mere human methods of culture and education.

Human theories cannot explain divine processes. There must be different beginnings, endowments of power, tendencies of attraction, innate propulsions, to account for the varieties of life, motion, being. Science has never discovered these ; it stands to-day silent in the presence of the long ages which preceded the organization of germs. Admit the protoplasm, admit the germ, and science tells of methods of growth and processes of development ; but as to the how or why of the existence of these it has no answer to our questionings ; astronomy is silent as the distant star depths ; geology sits mute amid her excavations.

Revealed religion alone has a competent theory for

solving these enigmas. That theory is a succession of creative acts. The dramatic form in which these are expressed in the Genesis displays God "in beginning, creating," forming light, firmament, earth, grasses, orbs, living creatures, not from, nor out of, each other, but by successive operations; creating materials and organizing them according to his will, uniting the elements in mineral forms, reuniting them again in vegetable growths, reuniting them again in animal life, and at each reforming giving the word and thus creating the new.

The analogy of revealed religion to the Biblical account of the constitution and course of nature will, therefore, require a creative act to constitute a spiritual man. "All that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world;" that is, all that is in the world is of the world; sensuality, covetousness, ambition, self-seeking in all its types enter into the great tests of the sinless, both of those who fell and of Him who alone triumphed.

Eve "saw that the tree was good for food"—*flesh*; "pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make one wise"—*pride of life*; Christ was tempted "to make bread"—*flesh*; to accept kingdoms without suffering to conquer them, to display divine support by casting himself from a pinnacle of the temple. Self is manifest in all, self the root of all.

Self-assertion may be assumed to be the source of antagonism to God, and therefore there can be no victory by self. To oppose one form of self-assertion by another is merely to change the direction and character of self-expression, not to conquer self. There can be no overcoming by self-power; then "who is he that overcometh

the world, but he that believeth that Jesus is the Son of God?" The belief which accomplishes this must be more than an intellectual conviction of a truth, because it is not to reach an intellectual but a spiritual fact—a fact concerning God, who is Spirit, and "spiritual things" must be "spiritually discerned."

The belief here mentioned must therefore be spiritual discernment, or perception. It must, moreover, be the perception of a person by a person, not a belief in crowns and harps and palms, but in Jesus, and in him alone; not in his offices of teacher, example, guide, but in his personality as Son of God. Power to do this is not self-power, but bestowed, conferred power; to "as many as recieved him, to them gave he power;" accepting him in his personality we perceive him in his relations; he becomes "way" to God by his atonement, "truth" of God by his testimony, "life" of God in us by imparted divine power. This is not self-power, but God-power in us. "I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me: and the life which I now live . . . I live by the faith of the Son of God." Our "life is hid with Christ in God," "wherefore if any man is in Christ there is a new creation" (Revised Version, margin). The rationale of this process and result may be in this, that originally our spiritual powers were dominant, man perceived God, delighted in him, waited for the coming of the cool of the day to hear his voice in the garden; by the act of sin, in attempting knowledge, that is, intellectual conception of good and evil, the spiritual powers were subordinated to the intellectual; in that nature mankind have since been born, with spiritual faculties dormant, for efficiency useless, practically dead. In the reception of Christ there is, according to his statement, a life-giving process, the "dead in

trespasses and sins " are " quickened," spiritual life asserts again supremacy, " old things pass away, all things become new," new motives, " the love of Christ "—new social standard, knowing " no man after the flesh "—new spiritual history, " all things become new." Thus a new element is put into the life ; Christ displaces self, we live for him, act upon his plans, with his motives, by his methods, for his glory. Self is gone, boasting excluded, Christ is enthroned.

" The world cannot withstand
Its ancient Conqueror ;
The world must sink beneath the hand
Which arms us for the war ;
This is the victory—
Before our faith they fall ;
Jesus hath died for you and me ;
Believe and conquer all."

Practically such spiritual perception of Jesus as the Son of God makes him ours, his life our life, his home our heaven. We enter the kingdom of God.

We no longer discuss whether this or that act will imperil our destiny, but whether it will glorify Christ. No longer do we make claims and bargains, or live for the purpose or in the mere expectation of reaching heaven at the last ; rewards all sink into insignificance when compared with the fact of pleasing him ; the man is lifted above the thought of compensations, bargains, and rewards, and realizes that " to do wrong is hell, and to have Christ is heaven."

Such spiritual perception not only puts a new element into life, Christ instead of self, but entering the kingdom of God gives a new idea concerning death.

To the natural man death is a terror ; it removes him

from his enjoyments, his plans, his hopes; it ends his happiness and gives no suggestion of hereafter. It therefore stands before him as a fate which masters his natural strength, weakening and making powerless the limb of the athlete and the frame of the giant, "commingling all in undistinguishable dust." It interrupts his intellectual pursuits and removes him in the midst of literary work, with plans all unaccomplished, poems unwritten, philosophies unreached, scientific problems unsolved. The thought of its coming unnerves him; the fear of its desolation affrights him; he feels his helplessness, realizes his utter loneliness, and he is "all his lifetime subject to this bondage." But union with Christ, "the word abiding in us," changes the outlook. He is now our life; where he is there we shall be; when he shall appear, we shall appear with him; "because he lives, we shall live also." The feeling of helplessness is gone; the craving for sympathy is satisfied; the eternal safety of destiny is secured. We are no longer atoms, floating now in sunbeams and now quenched in darkness, blown by caprice and wafted hither and yon by circumstances, with no fixed destiny, no discerned future; but are convoys for heaven, freighted with blessings from heaven, riding secure in harbors near heaven—anchored in heaven. Dying does not end, but only interrupts our living.

"There is no Death! What seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death."

We really died when we ceased to sin and were born again. Life from that hour is continuous onflow; death does not "divide," that is, separate "the heavenly land

from ours ;" it only changes the sphere and circumstances of living ; it is the bend in the bank of life's river which sets the current heavenward. Beyond there is infinite growth and room for growing ; time expands into eternity, life into immortality. Such a view opens infinite possibilities :

“Earth has no mineral strange,
Th' illimitable air no hidden wings,
Water no quality in covert springs,
And fire no power to change,
Seasons no mystery, and stars no spell,
Which the unwasting soul may not compel.

“There will be time to track
The upper stars into the pathless sky,
To see th' invisible spirits eye to eye,
To hurl the lightning back,
To tread unhurt the sea's dim lighted halls
And chase day's chariot to the horizon walls.”

In the kingdom of God the thought of infinite growth succeeds a spiritual birth. The law of renewed life is “they go from strength to strength.”

The weakness of mere physical and intellectual strength is fearfully presented to us in the histories of “the book.” Our first mother was deceived by “the lust of the flesh.” Eve sinned for an apple ; the first-born of the race became a murderer through envy ; he who became “father of the faithful” sinned through political policy ; the prince having power with God and man sinned in designing craft ; Achan, through desire for fine clothes ; David, through lust ; Solomon, through vanity and conceit ; Judas, for thirty pieces of silver ; Peter, through personal cowardice and fear ; Ananias, through desire of reputation for liberality. Human na-

ture is weak at best; our only real strength is "in the Lord, and in the power of his might;" with his armor we may "withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand."

Spiritual growth is set before us as the maturing of strength, and is the grand ideal which fills up the consciousness of every earnest, laboring soul realizing its prophecies and developing its inspirations. Under its discipline of self-sacrifice the noblest lives are spent, and out of such discipline comes victory. It overcomes the world, conquers lust, masters passion, and tramples down Satan under our feet. It develops the forces of life, the high powers and purposes of the soul, calling into exercise all its better feelings, and crowning all its energies with noble rewards. There is infinite gain in realizing this conception; it bases itself in a new birth, not merely as a mystery of revelation, but as in accord with philosophic inquiry and scientific analysis, so that it does not *marvel* at Christ's saying, "Ye must be born again." It acquires the power and conviction of certainty by realizing a *conscious* witness of a divine Spirit; not as a dogma of revelation, but as a realized spiritual fact. It does not stumble at the declaration of divine attestation, for it knows that as the physical organization is reached by sensation, which witnesses only to external objects, as mind is approachable by mind through articulate expression, so spirit, unapproachable by sensation, unreached by articulate utterance, has its laws of perception; distinct from the laws of physics and metaphysics, as the spirit is distinct from mind and body. And as the spirit of man can, without medium, perceive the spirit of God, so the Spirit of God may, without *media*, approach the spirit of man and make it to be con-

scious of its condition, state, and relationships. True, human consciousness cannot attest a fact as existent in the divine mind, but it can and does attest our own mental and spiritual states. God can communicate to the human consciousness knowledge of our condition, and we then become conscious of the communication, not of the fact; in the language of Scripture we have the "witness of the Spirit," and are conscious of the witness.

A new birth, spiritually attested, is the source of divine strength in us. No bodily perfectness, no mental culture can impart it; it "brings life and immortality to light;" it opens the whole vista of illimitable possibilities; it lifts us above human weaknesses and despondent failures, it "overcomes the wicked one," and assures us of a coming period when all that now perplexes will be solved, all that occasions fear be quelled, all wrath of man, distrust of self, and fear of dying be hushed into oblivion or be "heard only as the sound of wild sea waves wasting their harmless and impotent wrath upon a distant shore." Marvelous possibilities, unreached by giant's might, untouched by swiftest foot, unrealized by loftiest culture, purest poesy, or sweetest song; unmeasured by the proudest philosophy, the most discriminating science; not to be commanded by the eloquence of orators, the cunning of statesmanship, the pomp and pride and circumstance of war; undiscoverable by the patient toil of many voyagers; unattainable by highest art; not to be described even by the keenest criticism of all embracing literatures—yet all within the reach of youth, "those who, having been born again, who retain God's word and overcome the evil one," have seen and entered the kingdom of God.

How lofty an ideal is thus presented, how far excelling

all wreaths of conquest, all plaudits of listening senates,
and all scepters of dominion.

“ 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high ;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye :

“ That prize, with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new luster boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
Shall blend in common dust.”

It is satisfactory to know that the growth of strength in the spiritual man does not retard or circumscribe the growth and development of other forces in the individual and in society. This is made manifest by the fact that the religious element has not been wanting in the thinkers, leaders, heroes of mankind. Culture has attended the onward progress of religious consecration. Revelation has taught us what we are and what we may become. Knowledge has increased and become a power. Presses, books, and scientific apparatus are multiplied ; nations have public schools, and public schools have Bibles. The village schoolhouse is near the village church, and both are types of Christian civilization. The great universities and seats of learning in other lands are erected on religious foundations, and in our own land, where Church and State are most completely severed, the value of educational investments is, in schools professedly religious, nearly four times greater than in those which are purely secular. The Christian astronomer alone finds out new worlds ; the Christian philosopher alone compels the earth to yield its treasures, disclose its age, interprets the testimony of the rocks, and traces truth concerning other spheres in threads of light

which are imprisoned at his will. The Christian student is called to higher contemplations than the dreams of an old philosophy that sought to find out whether there was a God, while we "commune with God" and "find him everywhere," "grow familiar day by day with his conceptions, act upon his plan, and form to his the relish of our souls."

Christianity, which reveals to us the possibility and supplies the power of spiritual strength, is the cause and originator of all improvement. Change, culture, prosperity, devotion, all the elements of advancing civilization are her constant attendants, and under her influence the world grows better, happier every day. The changes of modern civilization are direct advances toward the principles of the gospels. No nation can claim precedence among the rest unless her acts and edicts show such a spirit as is taught in the law of Christian brotherhood.

Prosperity attends on this advance. Commerce, protected and fostered by Christian enterprise, links men together; her iron bands bring distant points in contact, her magnetic pens, thousands of miles long, report the history of the passing hour ere yet the shadow marks it on the dial. The paths of the sea are marked out in highways for trade, old Ocean is beaten white by busy fleets, whose pennons of smoke are like dark plumes against the sky, while its depths are stirred by electric pulses which beat harmonious measures from its shores. From every side the enterprise of Christian lands pours in upon us all the wealth and wonders of the world, while Christian factories with busy loom and wheel supply the wants and clothe the nakedness of the entire race.

It is of course difficult, if not impossible, to determine the precise channels by which the inner power of reli-

gious living is brought into contact with the world's civilization. Difficult, because Christian strength is an inward principle and not an outward form ; because, moreover, it is the outgoing in the individual life of impulses, silent and holy, which have been breathed on the tender hearts of infancy or fallen in dewy freshness on the wondering ear of childhood ; it is the outgoing of a spiritual perception that comes to the mind and heart of youth before the din and strife of the babbling world have stunned the inner senses of the soul. It is the operative power of an inner life in its onflow toward its fellows when it has been made conscious of a divine touch, received a divine attestation, and felt God in the soul. This, besides giving power to "become the sons of God," also brings its wonderful experiences of infinite things, of deep abysmal mystery ; these join unutterable voices in nameless tellings of high and holy possibilities, and thus with apocalyptic splendor and power create the martyr spirits who stamp their lineaments on the character and progress of the ages. As they become more and more powerful the world grows bright ; abuses, wrongs, and tyranny are banished ; peace beats swords into plowshares and spears into pruning-hooks. And the day is coming when the sword shall no more be stained with the blood of the innocent and the helpless, the green earth no more be reddened with the carnage of the battlefield, the wild whirlpool of anarchy and revolution no more fling up toward heaven its bloody and hellish spray ; when the groan of the oppressed and the moaning cry of the vanquished shall be heard no more ; but when we shall realize the lofty dreamings of Plato, the exulting strains of Virgil, the weird numbers of the Sibyl, and, higher and truer still, the rapt visions of Isaiah and

the mystic imagery of the lone exile of Patmos; and the longing, waiting, sorrowing hopes of a weary and groaning creation shall be fully embodied in the calm, peaceful, hallowed, and bloodless scenes of the Sabbath of the world.

This will be done by the conquest of self in individuals, the consequent defeat of selfishness in mankind, and the "overcoming of the evil one" by youth whose strength is found in this, that "the word of God abideth in them."

THE THINGS WHICH ARE CÆSAR'S.

Render therefore unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's ; and unto God the things that are God's.—Matt. xxii, 21.

CHRIST here acknowledges the authority of the civil government and the duty of submission to properly constituted authority. He ever proclaimed the fact that his kingdom was spiritual, not temporal, and was designed to be set up in the hearts of men, and not established with outward pomp or show of authority. He here teaches that it is not to interrupt the proper and regular discharge of the duties which we owe to civil authority. His kingdom is not to interfere, excepting to purify ; not to change external form, but by purifying the principles which developed that form.

To rightly comprehend the just relation of religion to politics, that is, Christianity to civil government, is a duty, but one of the difficult duties of the Christian scholar. It is the great problem of Christian civilization, and has involved in it all the moral and religious as well as the temporal and physical elements of national prosperity.

Philosophers have framed, or sought to frame, the day-dream of a perfect commonwealth wherein the law shall be the perfect embodiment of the popular will. Pietists have seen visions of a new theocracy, where every law shall be the uttered will of God. Christianity designs to realize both these conceptions and to furnish a perfect commonwealth by the elevation of the national mind

through divinely revealed truth. Its mission, so far as government is concerned, is to realize the idea of a perfect conformity between the laws of a state and the will of God. Its command is, "Render therefore unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's; and unto God the things that are God's." Its design is to bring all things of Cæsar to become things of God.

In discussing its relation to law and government it is important to remember, first, that the laws of a people, to be operative and compel obedience, must be congruous with the moral sentiments and sympathies of that people. There is a distinction between law and equity, a distinction between law as ordained and executed in civil society and that justice which is before all human laws, and is their only warrant at the tribunal of conscience. All law assumes to be the embodiment of justice. At whatever moment its pretensions in that respect cease to be recognized it loses all its sanctity. The justice of the law must commend itself to the sense of justice in the people, or the law becomes oppressive and intolerable, and its enforcement produces revolution. Thus the enforced law is a product of the national life, and therefore, so far as we know the operative laws of any people, we know the character of that people, their civilization, and the measure of the development of their sense of justice, since this is never far in advance of the laws in which that sense of justice is embodied and expressed. Law has undoubtedly the effect to modify and cultivate the popular sense of justice; but in the order of nature the sense of justice makes the law, and not the law the sense of justice. A law which represents not right but only the will of a dominant power, a law which contradicts the sense of justice cannot bend that justice into conformity

with itself. Magistrates by terror and by threats may attempt to sustain such statutes, and judges may pronounce them valid, but every application of such a law stimulates and stiffens antagonism; every attempt at enforcement finds a remonstrance in the sense of justice which it violates. This principle found illustration in the attempted enforcement in colonial times, of taxation without representation, and in more recent days the attempt to enforce the Fugitive Slave Law; the sense of justice in the popular mind resisted these violations and rebelled against them. Only when law expresses what the popular thought recognizes as right and just does it quicken the judgment and elevate the moral sensibilities of a people. The power of law to educate the moral sense must depend on the recognition of its justice by the moral sense of the people whom it governs. The progress of law is, therefore, determined by forces which stand behind and guide the wisdom of legislators, the integrity of magistrates, and the acuteness of judges. And among such forces none are more potent than religious ideas.

It must also be remembered, secondly, that the sense of justice, developed or latent, in every human soul, and all the sense of duty, allies itself with the instinct which recognizes the invisible and the infinite; it demands, in all its thoughts and in all its emotions, some object of religious awe, an unseen and eternal yet not an impersonal justice. This relation of duty, and especially of the sense of justice, to the religious instincts is a fact which must be admitted; for the administration of justice everywhere invests itself with a religious dignity, invoking the name of God, bidding every witness testify in his fear and in view of personal responsibility to him. Every-

where the investiture of rulers is accompanied at least with religious ceremonies; emperors and kings have their oil of consecration, our presidents and governors their oath of office.

All history illustrates the power of religion in controlling the destiny of nations and of races. In all the languages the song of battle and the song of harvest, the wedding gladness and the funeral wail, the ballads of the good old time, all tell of the religion which mingled with their patriotic inspirations and quickened or saddened their modulated utterance. All the arts, if not born of religion, have labored and flourished in its service. Music, painting, sculpture, and architecture, from the earliest ages until now, have found their highest employment and have wrought their highest achievements in ministering to the religious wants and aiding the religious sensibilities of our nature. No element of a people's life, no one of all the forces which develop and determine in the common mind what is right, is more potent than are the ideas and traditions, the imaginations and convictions, the sympathies, the aspirations, and the practices which made up the distinctive religion of that people. If, then, any religion is thus influential, how shall we estimate the force of Christianity? By what features is it distinguished? In what direction are we to look for the manifested results of its contact with society and with government?

Looking at Christianity as a force in history we may say that the power by which it acts begins in its conception of God. Its one exclusive object of worship and of religious fear and trust is a Being not only of infinite power, but of infinite moral goodness. The highest and purest conception which the mind can form of

moral perfection is identified with the object of worship. And the worship of a Being whose Godhead is his holiness tends to purify and elevate the conception of moral perfection.

Inseparable from the Christian revelation of God is the revelation of his law. The Decalogue, the first five of whose commands specify duties owed by inferiors to superiors, begins with the highest, the relation between God and man, and closes with the corresponding earthly relation between parent and child. The second five treat of mutual relations between equals: there is one for the protection of life, "thou shalt not kill;" another for the preservation of purity, "thou shalt not commit adultery;" another for the protection of personal rights in property, "thou shalt not steal;" another for civil security, "thou shalt not bear false witness;" another, which closes the list, is a recognition of the rights and privileges of others, "thou shalt not covet." These are the ten stones of the arch which cover domestic happiness, soul purity, security in life and property, the things which make up national prosperity. They are summed up by Christ in two great commandments, and expounded by him in that marvelous compendium of all duty, the Sermon on the Mount. All this is not mere precept and formula, but a quickening appeal to our instinctive sense of what is right and good.

Thus Christianity brings the sense of duty and the sense of God into their just relations to each other. All false religions, in whatsoever form of enthusiasm or fanaticism or superstition, betray their inferiority and humanness by their disorganizing and destructive effects upon the moral sense. The corruptions of Christianity may all be detected by the same test. But Christianity

itself, so long as its vital essence is not destroyed, makes the sense of duty and the sense of God, the moral element in human nature and the spiritual or religious element, each the complement of the other. It does not make morality a substitute for religion, nor does it allow religion to become a substitute for morality. By its revelation of God's law it hallows and exalts all duty, it turns all work into worship, all patience into loving submission, all enjoyment into praise. The grand impression which it produces is that well doing is well being; that goodness is more than all that men call greatness; that duty is the highest thing in the universe beneath the throne of God, and that the violation of duty is the paramount evil; that to do right is heaven, and to do wrong is hell. In such a manner Christianity, as it slowly mixes with the current of a nation's life, acts upon all the elements of its civilization, developing human progress.

While the working influence of Christianity may be properly said to begin in its conception of God, another of its distinctive influences springs from its doctrine of the brotherhood of all mankind. All the old religions were national. Each was adapted to its locality and had its own privileged class. Each was fitted to one climate and could flourish only on one soil. They, therefore, all tended to the isolation of races and to the separation of nations, but Christianity is the religion for the world at large. It makes no invidious distinctions of races; it comes with its revelations, its hopes, its sanctions, and its institutions to man as man—wherever under the circling heavens he may live he “sees in the things that are made the eternal power and Godhead” of their Maker. To Jew and Greek, Barbarian, Scythian, bond

and free its lesson is, "there is no difference." All distinctions of race, nationality, language, vanish at its presence, for it proclaims "that God hath made of one blood all nations of men." Its genius is revealed in the parable of the Good Samaritan, its Christ is the Saviour of all men, its revelation is like the light, its "line is gone out through all the earth," and its "words to the end of the world." And this largely aided in its earlier victories. The Roman Republic, and then the empire, had been crushing and grinding the nations into one mass, bringing them, indeed, into contact with each other, but also into helpless subjection to a common authority, preparing them to catch the awakening consciousness of a common humanity. It was this consciousness, involving sympathies higher and more divine as well as wider than the sympathies of nationality, which claimed a personal interest in all that affects the race. "*Homo sum, et nihil humani a me alienum puto*," was a sentiment which might have come from the world's great heart, yearning and waiting for the revelation of a faith that should unite all nations in the worship of "one God and Father of all," and so in the consciousness of one humanity.

We must not forget the dignity and value with which Christianity stamps the individual man. That simple question, "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" is a question which opens before every individual the separate vista of an infinite possibility. The thought which that question awakens, the sensibility to which it appeals, the hopes which it inspires, invests humanity, not only in the aggregate, but in the individual, with a grandeur and a capability of glory that outspans all the reach of the material and the visible.

In the light of that question and of the thoughts and emotions it awakens the man is more than the belted earl or the sceptered king; the man is more than the hero; the man is more than the laureled sage. Grimed with toil, horny with labor, tattered by poverty, "a man's a man for a' that." In every individual, from the loftiest to the lowliest, the essential humanity, the capability of joy and grief, of knowledge, of love and duty, and of infinite and immortal destiny, is more than the differential of rank or station or of culture. Man depressed, degraded, guilty, and abhorred is yet human. It is the awfulness of his humanity which makes his degradation awful.

The law of Christian philanthropy is not a vague abstraction, bewildering the mind and hardening the heart with "Thou shalt seek the welfare of humanity as a whole," but that better precept, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." By thus presenting the dignity and responsibility of the individual with his relation to a common humanity, and the indissoluble connection of all these to God, Christianity shows its relation to law and government to be that of an invisible force working upon and through the moral sentiments of men. It bids us "render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's," because this is our duty to our neighbor. Whatever we can do to strengthen and uphold the laws which protect the weak and redress the wrongs of the oppressed we must do; for civil government is the appointed method for these ends: they tend to the welfare of man as citizen. The time, the service, and the money needful for the support and maintenance of government are things of Cæsar; render them therefore unto Cæsar; but remember that above Cæsar is God, and that he holds each one

of us responsible for the use in Cæsar's service of what we have received from him. All things needful for Cæsar are to be used for Cæsar in subordination to God, who governs both Cæsar and the individual serving him. It is the aim of Christianity so to permeate and influence all things as that there shall be no antagonism between the rightful calls of government and the demands of religion.

The theory of our government, in which the only just experiment of freedom in religion and freedom in politics has been made, is that the voice of the people properly expressed is the voice of God. If it prove not to be so we have no immediate remedy. Since, then, in any event we are to be governed by it, we must endeavor to make it so by educating, intellectually, morally, religiously, those who utter it. We have chosen to rule ourselves, and it is fortunate that we can educate each other.

It is quite safe to say that one of the great dangers to modern freedom arises from misconceptions concerning the elective franchise. It is too often regarded as a mere privilege instead of being felt to be a civil duty. It has become the fashion in some quarters to say in effect, if not in words, "We leave the settlement of these issues to those who choose to manage them," and then to claim some sort of loftier social virtues on the ground of this indifference, as though the transfer of responsibility, were it possible, and unwillingness, were valid excuses for the neglect of duty. But even to such persons the presence of great crises in affairs, as in the time of the late rebellion, is felt to push upon them a measure of responsibility which they may not shirk, while in the absence of such great and paramount crises we are apt to

look upon the ballot as a privilege, which those who choose may exercise, instead of realizing that it is a duty from which no man may shrink. Christ's teaching was not permissive, but mandatory. "Render unto Cæsar" was an order, a command, based on the recognition of personal responsibility.

But some will say, "Do you, as a preacher of the Gospel, advise us to mingle in politics?" Most certainly I do if you are citizens; if you are not citizens the less you have to do with such matters the better. "What! do you advise me," says one, "to attend primary meetings? Look at the places where they are often held; see the class of men who flock there and then surround the polls. Ought we to mingle with them?" I answer that if men of character and position and social influence would but do their duty there would be no occasion for such complaints, and the highest duty of American citizenship would be discharged in appropriate places and in the midst of appropriate surroundings. Another set of men say, "I can't leave my business," and forget that no business would be worth attending to if not protected by good laws wisely administered and transacted with honest customers. And now tell me what chance there would be in any land, and for any city, or for prosperous trade, if the land or the city were abandoned to the management of those who, because they had nothing else to do, had time to run its government, and, to reward themselves for so doing, compose rings for the division of the spoils of office? It is because of the criminal neglect of those men who compose the better class of citizens that the baser elements of society have the opportunity to control affairs; they select places for meeting congenial to their tastes, and you are not there to

take your part, and so you and your wishes are not considered. Go and insist on having things changed, and they will be changed. Go and demand decent men of intelligence to be placed in positions of responsibility and trust, and such persons will be so placed. Demand reputable places for holding primaries, and better places will be chosen. Do your duty, and others will not have undisputed control.

Under Christ's teaching the privilege of the ballot involves the duty of the ballot. Responsibility rests on the individual. Every citizen is bound by obligations to the welfare of his neighbor and the general good to express his sentiments or opinions through the ballot, because that is the way designated for this expression. Every Christian citizen has in addition an obligation to discharge to God. When we vote we choose, we elect, we determine certain policies of government or certain men for administration, and it is not right that the settlement of great questions should be left to the ignorant and to the prejudiced—to those, in short, who can be influenced by the rallying cry of partisans or the length of a political procession. These men, to be sure, have equally the rights of citizens, but they only have these in common with others; and if only those vote who are moved by inflammatory harangues, incited by party cries, or influenced by the idea of party spoils, then woe to the republic! Because such people never fail to vote you should always vote. One of the boasted advantages of our political system is that it produces a reciprocity of good offices. Prejudice neutralizes prejudice in the alembic of the general will, and the residuum of the fusion of various opinions, policies, and interests is far better than could be reached by any other method.

If men were wise and true, as well as patriotic, ours would be the very ideal of a government ; we should have the best men in office and the best measures in administration. And in exactly the proportion in which this is realized are we true to our birthright and our destiny. In exact proportion as Christianity becomes by its illumination a quickening influence upon the minds of men, a ruling force in the State, inspires its legislation, controls the action of its government, in just that degree and to that extent the State becomes a kingdom of God. Just as Christianity by its influence on free minds and hearts infuses itself into all the forms of thought and life, subduing and guiding the nation, chasing away the vices that have degraded and enslaved mankind, in that proportion the things of Cæsar become the things of God, and God's will is done in earth.

The Christian theocracy, then, is nothing less than the willing subjection of men and nations to the will of God. It is a religion, and not a hierarchy. Its conquests are inseparable from the progress of humanity ; they are the progress of truth and faith and love in human hearts. It brings all human statutes and all human administrations of justice into comparison with the absolute justice and the infinite benevolence of God as revealed by his quickening word. It acts sometimes as the great forces of God in nature act, imperceptibly. The changes which it brings to pass are gradual, like the changes by which the night slowly brightens and finally blushes into day, or like that by which, as the earth wheels on in its vast circuit, the rigor of winter is slowly softened, the breezes come with milder breath, the laughing streams and dimpled lakes throw off their fetters, and spring, as in Eden, is adorned with the beauty and exhales the odors of a new creation.

Sometimes we are discouraged as we watch the vicissitudes of the long conflict between good and evil and are tempted to distrust. When liberty is betrayed and cloven down ; when wrong-doing offends on every side ; when great party leaders wink at bribes and forgeries and perjury ; when good men in blind partisanship defeat progress in reform, and for the sake of party triumph and the assertion of political strength assist in giving power to the pronounced antagonists of righteousness ; when Pilate, who washes his hands in hypocritical innocence and purity, strikes hands with Herod, who is bold and outspoken in his defiance of purity and right—under such circumstances we cry out, “Where is the boasted influence of our religion in the sphere of law and government ? Is it all a dream ?” But when we look and see how slowly and by what slight advances and in spite of what mistakes truth has heretofore made its way, we are confident that all hope of triumph is not a dream of enthusiasm. No, by the ancient word of promise, by the prayers which for thousands of years have been wafted to the throne of infinite justice, by the groans of the ages, which have travailed in pain together, by the cross and its victories, we know that it is no dream. The work is His with whom one day is “as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day.” The force by which the world shall be subdued to Christ, and the things of Cæsar become the things of God, accumulates as time advances. God suffers nothing to be lost ; no martyr’s fire, no ashes scattered on the wind, no free and manly protest against wrong, no example of patient endurance, no appeal to the justice on high, no breath of prayer has been or can be in vain. All has been adding to the slow accumulation. How slowly, through what

conflicts and sufferings, through what errors, of true and earnest men, through what cycles of revolution and of seeming retrogression, has Christianity thus far wrought out the application of its principles to questions of duty and of right in the State! Two hundred years ago the doctrine of religious liberty was little more than an enthusiastic speculation; it had been denied and trampled down in the name of Christianity itself; now it is a self-evident principle of justice. But how fierce the struggle, how disheartening the long and tedious delay! The victory of Christian ideas and sentiments over old wrongs incorporated into laws may be long delayed; for ages the adverse influences of law may be in conflict with the better influences that are slowly molding the popular mind and developing a perception of right and duties. Sometimes Christianity itself, by some perversion of its teachings, may seem to sanction laws against which its vital spirit is constantly offering an unheeded protest; but sooner or later the victory must come, and law be the exponent, not of mere authority, but of acknowledged right. Above all unjust law and usage, above all tyranny, all usurpation, all iniquity, establishing itself in the name of justice and robing itself in the sanctities of law—above all this God reigns and reigns forever. Above all the forces by which wrong is sustained are the mightier, invisible, divine forces by which Christianity will yet make its way to universal recognition and dominion. It stands in the presence of every human relation an imperative revelation of duty. It is God's law approving or condemning every human law. It is encountering one after another all public evils. Slavery has fallen; polygamy—twin relic of barbarism—is under condemnation; intemperance, with its lust-provoking and crime-

compelling influences, must follow. Bribery, in all its forms of bets on elections, or gifts of place for party service in elections, must follow. All these are even now doomed; the handwriting against them is seen upon the wall. Christianity is quickening the moral sense of nations, pronouncing historic judgment on the world's heroes, arraigning sovereigns and democracies alike at its august tribunal, overruling and blasting with its execrations the decrees of venal legislators and the decisions of wicked judges, slowly compelling the recognition of its precepts as principles of law, both municipal and international, elevating the degraded, providing instruction for the ignorant, and placing all men more and more upon a level. It is spreading gradually among the nations, uttering itself in every language, and touching with its celestial illumination every land of darkness. It is ushering in the day when "the tabernacle of God shall be with men," when the Cæsars shall be reverently obedient to Christ, when the bannered eagles of all lands shall salute the triumphing cross, and all men everywhere "made free by the Son shall be free indeed."

THE SILENCE OF CHRIST.

And when he was accused of the chief priests and elders, he answered nothing. Then said Pilate unto him, Hearest thou not how many things they witness against thee? And he answered him to never a word; inso-much that the governor marveled greatly.—Matt. xxvii, 12-14.

“TRUE eloquence does not consist in speech. It cannot be brought from far. Words and phrases may be marshaled in every way; they cannot compass it. It must exist in the man, in the subject, and in the occasion.” This definition, by one of our greatest orators, implies that appropriateness to the occasion constitutes the eloquence of an act, a speech, or a situation. Silence, then, if it be most fitting to the circumstances, may be more eloquent than words. To measure the effect of a situation we must of necessity comprehend the relations of the actors as well as their characters and positions. The holding up of a limb mangled in the nation’s defense was the mute but most eloquent appeal of an accused Roman soldier. The silence of Louis XVI, of France, and of Charles I, of England, before their self-constituted judges, was in each an act of dignity. I propose to consider a more noble scene than any which profane history records—the silence of Christ in the presence of his accusers.

There are, however, some preliminary teachings of silence which may assist us in our inquiry.

To the poet’s fancy, “Our noisy years seem moments in the being of the eternal silence.” Repose is suggested

by every quiet view of nature. The ineffable stillness of wood and plain, the quiet of the shadowy eve and of the darkest nights, the hush of caves, the unuttered solitude of deserts, the loneliness of mountains, and the sleep of streams—these all recall to us, or suggest, emotions akin to those awakened by

“The silence that is in the starry sky,
The sleep that is among the lonely hills;”

and there is a suggestion of repose in every such view or recollection. We think and speak of the earth's “rest” when, after the removal of the golden grain, the wintry mantle drapes the fields in white, and when the laughing, dancing streams are stilled by the frost's work, just as naturally as we do of the earth's rest when the curtains of the night are gathered in about it. Silence suggests repose in earth and air and man. And for this reason we are not surprised to find that ancient superstition located religious rites in groves and caves. The Druids and the Norsemen, the Persians, the Greeks, and the idolatrous Israelites selected groves in which to make their offerings. Darkness and silence are priests that ever speak to the senses, and few of us have ever entered alone into dark caves without feeling the influence their silence has upon the imagination. The silent Greek waited, attentive, for the response of his oracle, scarce breathing audibly lest he should disturb the repose of his gods. In all lands and in all times silence has been the emblem of repose, and the figure of the angel with finger closely pressed upon the silent lips has been appropriated to our cemeteries, where the silence of the grave suggests the repose of eternity.

Silence in nature is also associated with sublimity,

which attaches itself to the illimitable, the uncontrolled. Sound of any character of necessity is limited, must cease. Somewhere in the creation of God it must fade away and its pulsations be stilled. But all the unmeasured beyond is the domain of silence, and there is sublimity in the thought that makes "silence coeval with eternity." When tracking back our thoughts, past the creating Voice, we reach the ages when the undisturbed silence brooded over all.

"Ere nature's self began to be,
'Twas one vast silence all, and all slept fast in thee."

Whenever we reach the unlimited, there we reach the realm which silence has overshadowed. The distant upper heavens, which lie apart from moving worlds and systems, by their very aspect

"Make our minds as still
As they themselves appear to be."

These are the abode of our sublimest thought, and after them we reach our loftiest imaginings. So our feeling of sublimity is grandest, not when God speaks in thunder, but in the silent pause which heralds the approaching bolt. The cataract's plunge, though fathomless, is not so grand a moment in the life of waters as the rest of the billows, when, after whirling in the rapids, they pause before launching again into the roar of floods, and the startled waves, as though in fright, retreat from the edge of the precipice; this is the instant of the sublimest mood. The unvarying monotony of deserts is sublime in the stillness with which its sand-waves are tossed—now high, now low—but in the direst and most voiceless silence. The earthquake's hollow murmuring would be too frightful for sublimity if the air was always full of

falling walls, and shrieking multitudes did not know the stillness of the silent hour in which men await their doom.

If we turn our thoughts from the voice of silent nature to the expressiveness of silence in human conduct and action, we are reminded that "the temple of our purest thoughts is silence," the mind lifting itself above the noisy jar of strifes to the serene composure of a heavenly purity. Guilt hastens to repel accusation, but innocence hedges itself about with silence, gathers its robes that their whiteness be not sullied, and leaves a false accuser to his own infamy. Innocence lives down the lie which guilt blusters to disprove. He who protests his valor has often little bravery in action, as he who boasts of purity often conceals thereby his vices. The innocent and pure alone can bear to hear the voice of calumny in silence and await the hour when the poisoned arrow may return to wound the accuser. Guilt may drive us into a noisy desperation or crush us into dumb despair; but innocence hears false witnesses in silent sadness.

"The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades when speaking fails."

Therefore there is often rebuke in silence; it places a felt barrier between accuser and accused, occupying a high vantage ground and disdaining the leveling admission of controversy and dispute. The silence of a master was the rebuke most dreaded by a slave; for stormy passion vents itself, while the unspoken replication is a judgment withheld, which may be too fearful to be uttered.

And silence may be the expression of the saddest grief:

"The Niobe of nations stood
Childless and crownless in her voiceless woe."

The intensity of grief may be denied utterance by the feebleness of language. The overwhelming tide of a felt sorrow never rises to the lips till it has ceased to flood the heart, and our earliest sobbings are both proof and sign that the waters are subsiding. As there are "thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears," so there are griefs which only the aching heart may register and no eye but God's may see. In the full trial of a desolating grief the ear becomes attent to other voices than our own, and silently we wait the coming of the messenger of peace, the harbinger of consolation. We watch the night out into the coming morn, and challenge not the sentinel stars as they surround the heavenly camp. Our hearts are full of misery, and they may break or fail, but we cannot force from them one moan or cry; grief seals up our utterance, and in the presence of its awful mystery of desolation we open not our lips.

Silence has voices, then, that speak to us of Repose, of Sublimity, of Purity, of Rebuke, of Grief; we listen to the silence of Jesus and let that speak to us. Look at the occasion: "The last word had been uttered which our Lord exchanged with the traitor Judas. Jesus is delivered up to his enemies, he is bound and conducted into the presence of his judges. After a hasty examination before Annas, the high priest, he is brought before his real judge, Caiaphas. It is midnight. The children of night have begun their dark work in the hour which could most truly be called 'their own.' Our Lord himself said, 'This is your hour, and the power of darkness.' It is midnight; the members of the high council have hastily come together, the decree is passed, 'He is worthy of death.' False witnesses came and said, 'He said, I am able to destroy the temple of God,

and to build it in three days.' And now we read, 'And the high priest arose, and said unto him, Answerest thou nothing? what is it which these witness against thee? But Jesus held his peace.' " *

We read also in two other passages of Jesus being silent in the presence of his unrighteous judges, "And when Herod saw Jesus, he was exceeding glad: for he was desirous to see him of a long season, because he had heard many things of him; and he hoped to have seen some miracle done by him. Then he questioned with him in many words; but he answered him nothing" (Luke xxiii, 8, 9). "When Pilate therefore heard that saying, he was the more afraid; and went again into the judgment hall, and saith unto Jesus, Whence art thou? But Jesus gave him no answer" (John xix, 8, 9).

In this repeated silence of Jesus in the presence of his accusers and of his unrighteous judges there is the most eloquent testimony of the repose of his soul. Not to answer cutting and unrighteous accusation in any other way than by silence requires a deep repose of soul. There was no ebullition of anger; even when he was "betrayed with a kiss," that holy soul was never ruffled by the storm of human passion. There was not even an expression of grief at the bitter cup of which that "kiss" was the precursor. He thinks not of himself; he thinks only of "the son of perdition;" he has no eye for his own sorrow, but only for the crime of his betrayer; in his words to his judges and his silence before the high priest we recognize the deep calm of his breast which has followed the storm, the undisturbed repose which has succeeded the commotion that had stirred the very depths of his soul. He had struggled through a Geth-

* Tholuck.

semane of fearful agony, and sweat of blood had fallen to the ground, baptizing it with proof of earnestness; but after this had come the angels, comforting and strengthening him; and now he calmly surveyed all that was yet before him on the earth, and could see through death and the grave the achieved glory of his work, "the travail of his soul," and he "was satisfied." No thought of crowning thorns could dim the vision of the scepter of dominion he was again to wield over all worlds; no mocking rabble cloud the view of worshipping angels; no hooting mob shut from his ear the anticipated shout of a redeemed world, the purchase of his blood. He could bear stripes—they were for our healing; chastisement—it was for our peace; death he could suffer—it was to deliver us from lifelong bondage; he was willing to cry, "Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani?" that we might shout, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" This gave repose to his soul; it dwelt no more on earth except to drain its dregs of suffering, that the chalice emptied of bitterness and purified by his own blood might be filled for us with lasting blessings and with joy unspeakable.

This silence also testified to the sublimity of his character. Any answer which he could have made would have admitted that the questioner stood on an equal footing with the questioned, the accuser with the accused. Being silent was a testimony to the chasm between the parties—a chasm so great that the very words of the accusation by the one cannot be so much as taken up by the other. He stood there between the greatest act of treachery and the most dreadful doom, but no word escaped him; "he held his peace." So long as Jesus speaks he is still knocking; when Jesus is silent,

then it is that he gives up. It is only before those he has given up that he is silent; his silence, therefore, is a judgment. And there is a sublimity in the character of one betrayed and doomed, by his silence condemning and by his silence judging a high priest, a king, and a governor.

What effect on Herod the silence of Jesus had when, arraigned before him as one accused, he answered nothing to his questions, we do not read. But of Pilate we read that he exclaimed in amazement, "Answerest thou *me* nothing?" This was the sternest rebuke, this the most galling assertion of superiority. One who breaks off in such a manner with his judges or accusers must, moreover, be possessed of a full consciousness that his fate rests in other hands than theirs. Speaking with reference to this silence of our Lord, Peter says, "Who, when he was reviled, reviled not again; when he suffered threatened not, but committed himself to him that judgeth righteously." Thus testimony is given to his sense of rectitude and to his purity of character. Even Pilate was sensible of this, although he was a man little wont to recognize any other measure of justice than that which is furnished by the scales which earthly power assigns. In surprise he exclaims, "Speakest thou not unto me? knowest thou not that I have power to crucify thee, and have power to release thee?" And Jesus points him to the truth, that the scales of justice were committed to him by a higher hand: "Thou couldest have no power at all against me, except it were given thee from above." Thus it is that he places his own judges before the highest of all tribunals.

This calm, this sublime, this God-given silence is charged also with its lesson of purity and its testimony

of grief. Untainted innocence, like "a lamb before her shearers, is dumb." The holy comforting of the angels has not yet been forgotten; the air of heaven which they brought with them on their glad wings purifies even the tainted atmosphere of the polluted judgment hall, and Jesus, exalted by it, is silent at this mockery of justice. His hour had well-nigh come; his voice was soon to grow faint beneath the pangs of cruel torture and the exhaustion of protracted suffering, and he wasted no words on those whose malignant hate had mocked his purity with the semblance of trial, when they had met only to pronounce a foredetermined doom.

There may have been grief in his silence, grief that he was there "alone, and of the people there was none with him!" Ah, where were now the multitudes that had hung with such deep interest on his words, where the hundreds he had fed by miracle, where the crowds that pressed upon him with their sick, where the blind who, peering into vacancy, had hailed him as he passed? Why were they not there to see him with the blessed vision he had given? Alas! he was alone; three faithful disciples had fallen asleep while he prayed; another faithless one had betrayed him with a kiss; another was denying him with oaths and cursings. What occasion of grief was here! None that he loved to hear him if he spoke; and even those for whom he was now to suffer and lay down his life were his accusers! There was grief in his silence, grief unutterable; it was seen in his eye when afterward he turned and looked upon Peter, and it broke up the fountain of his heart, for he went out and wept bitterly.

"O Lamb of God, was ever love,
Was ever grief like thine?"

We may judge why Jesus was silent before Herod, for Herod was a royal weakling who for the sake of a woman had given into the hands of the executioner a man whom he himself recognized as a prophet of God ; and he was held by Jesus as unworthy of a reply, because on account of his irremediable weakness of character any reply would have been lost upon him.

We may judge why Jesus was silent before Pilate, for Pilate, though startled and afraid when the Jews said Christ made himself the Son of God, had, like a God-forsaken worldling, turned his back on Jesus when he claimed a spiritual kingdom ; he who did not understand him when he confessed himself the king of truth would not have understood his claim to divinity. Pilate was unanswered because of his utter insensibility.

The high priest was unanswered because of the hopeless hardness of his heart, eaten up, consumed with lust of office and desire for place. Conscience may perform its office and do its work in the breast of this hypocritical accuser.

Christ was silent before the sensual king, the worldly governor, the hardened priest, and is silent now to those who, like them in character, are hastening to the same dread doom. How fearful is such a silence ! what a portent of wrath is in it ! Does Christ no longer speak ? Is your heart at rest without the knowledge of forgiveness ? Cease from the sensuality which links your faith with Herod. Cease from the worldliness which associates you with Pilate. Cease from the hypocritical indifference which makes you like the high priest. Cease, that Christ may speak to you. O that he would speak to you with life-giving power, speak with the voice that wakes the dead ! God pity you if Christ is silent now, and if

you have to say with Pilate, "Speakest thou not unto me?"

But if he still speaks to you, "see that ye refuse not him that speaketh: for if they escaped not who refused him that spake on earth, much more shall not we escape, if we turn away from him that speaketh from heaven" (Heb. xii, 25).

Brethren, "let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus." Cultivate that heavenly purity which gives repose to the soul and sublimity to character, so that you may learn to suffer in silence, and in silence to receive the consolation of the Comforter.

"Sweet is the prayer whose holy stream
In earnest pleading flows ;
Devotion dwells upon the theme,
And warm and warmer glows.

"Faith grasps the blessing she desires ;
Hope points the upward gaze ;
And Love, celestial Love, inspires
The eloquence of praise.

"But sweeter far the still small voice,
Unheard by human ear,
When God has made the heart rejoice,
And dried the bitter tear.

"No accents flow, no words ascend ;
All utterance faileth there ;
But God himself doth comprehend
And answer silent prayer."

There have been moments, doubtless, in our experience when the vision of God was clear ; but these are not always, nor generally, moments of fullness and of triumph. In seasons of desertion and loneliness we are most apt to see the ladder of vision and the angels ascending and descending ; and when earth seems least friendly we most

feel that heaven opens to us, as it did to Jacob. In feebleness of health, sometimes, the weight of the bodily frame seems to be taken off, whether in delirium or in vision we cannot tell ; but faith brightens her eagle eye, and sees far into the silent things of death, and sometimes in answer to prayer we have been conscious of more than an earthly presence, as in the silence a hand unseen was placed in ours and a voiceless peace was brought so near that we could almost feel the eternal breath upon our brows. This is a silent joy, for it is unspeakable. Silence knows more of God than speech.

“ And to the wayworn pilgrim here
More kindred seems that perfect peace
Than the full chants of joy to hear,
Roll on, and never, never cease.

‘ From earthly agonies set free,
Tired with the path too slowly trod,
May such a silence welcome me
Into the palace of my God.”

JACOB'S VISION.

And he lighted upon a certain place, and tarried there all night, because the sun was set ; and he took of the stones of that place, and put them for his pillows, and lay down in that place to sleep.—Gen. xxviii, 11.

JACOB had just left home alone under a sense of guilt. In a vision on the way he saw angels, heard the voice of God, and was conscious of the divine presence. When he was alone at Bethel in the stillness of the night, with stones for his pillow and the stars for his covering, he witnessed scenes and heard voices which transcend our ordinary experiences. Sleep may have so closed the senses as to have permitted the activity of the spirit, which may have “roamed abroad, winged and observant.” “And he dreamed, and behold a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven : and behold the angels of God ascending and descending on it.”

There is a general agreement in the belief that the patriarch thus discovered, as one has put it, “that the world in which he lived was closely related to other worlds, and that there were constant interjourneyings of celestial beings going on between other systems and the lonely spot on which he rested his weary head.” The Bible is full of this doctrine. The pages of Scripture are well-nigh as full of angels as those of Homer are full of gods. They reveal much concerning their nature, capacities, characters, classes, numbers, ministries, and states.

And while there is nothing in nature, philosophy, or experience to contradict this doctrine—that the intelli-

gences of other worlds have a connection with man—there is much that confirms it. It would seem that the material universe is everywhere related, that the members of the human body are not more inseparably connected than are the most distant planets and systems of immensity. There is a ladder connecting our earth with every atom of the remotest world, and there are influences passing to and fro between them. We cannot, therefore, suppose that there is no connection between the various parts of the spiritual universe. If dead atoms can by laws of gravitation send their influence into worlds which no telescope can reach, then it is not hard to believe that active spirits can exert an influence beyond the boundary of their local home. All analogy favors the conception and leads to the belief that as the falling of a leaf may jar the universe, so a child's prayer may move "the plume of God's calm angel standing in the sun."

A belief in the relationship of inhabitants, as well as of worlds, has been common in all ages. Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans believed in a mysterious connection with invisible beings. Children indicate this tendency. It appears as an active instinct everywhere among the simple and uncultivated. At the same time some of the wisest and most cultivated, as Plato, Aristotle, Socrates, and Confucius have held this faith. Probably there are few if any persons who have not been conscious of sudden thoughts and feelings which they could trace to no source, explain by no mental laws—thoughts and feelings which have not been produced but imported; they are felt to be strangers, not offspring. "We seem to be their thoroughfares, and not their home." Yet they influence us, prompt us to take momentous steps, for

nothing wields such a mastery over us as a thought, whatever be its origin or relationship. May it not be true that these unaccounted for and unexplained impressions come to us from other beings, inhabiting other worlds?

“Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep.
All these with ceaseless praise His works behold both night and day.”

There are powers and principalities in heavenly places, which are to be taught by the Church the manifold wisdom of God. May not these have been in the mind of the Saviour when he spake of “other sheep, not of this fold?”

We know that there are many creatures on the earth which are utterly unconscious of the existence of man. May it not be equally true that man is and must be unconscious of much that is above and about him? that he is as little conscious of the angel who guards his sleep as is the worm of the human being who watches the mysterious weaving of its silken shroud? The coral insect is utterly unconscious of even the existence of the race for whose ultimate benefit it builds its reefs and islands, for it never knows of the being of beauty who shall wear its work in decoration, or of the men who shall anchor their great ships to its foundation or tread its broad surface in their pride. Yet worms and insects and men exist, and though the lower may not know or perceive the higher they have relationships.

While the worlds are represented as connected by the ladder God is represented as having relations to them all—and “the Lord stood above it.” This has been claimed to represent God as the sovereign of all, and the ladder to represent to us what we term second causes.

If so, then this position assigned to God is equivalent to saying that he is above all instrumentalities and moral agencies. He was above the ladder and the angels. However long the chain of secondary causes may be, God is over them all. There is not a link in the chain that he does not command, nor is there an angel or agent of any rank or grade who steps on any stair of that great ladder that is not under his control. He is the spirit in every wheel of nature's grand machinery. So that whether creation was a spontaneous bound into completed being or a slow procession of evolutions from the womb of the morning, in either hypothesis God was creator, God stood above the ladder. Thus all events and all causes are at his disposal; "for by him were all things created, that are in heaven, and that are in earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones, or dominions, or principalities, or powers: all things were created by him, and for him: and he is before all things, and by him all things consist"—(Col. i, 16, 17).

The Lord is also represented as saying, "I am the Lord God of Abraham, thy father, and the God of Isaac." This has been claimed to present God as the friend of man. So that the blessings here vouchsafed to Jacob were in reality blessings for humanity. In the seed here promised we have the great prophets, reformers, and philanthropists of the world, the men without whom the world would have been a pandemonium. We have here included even the Saviour of men. So that the right idea of life, the true theory of virtue, the correct system of worship, the effectual means of quickening and development, salvation, all come to us through Jacob the Jew.

It may be well for us in passing to remember the influence which the lineal descendants of this one man

have exerted. Jews have been the financial monarchs of the world. They largely occupy the professional chairs of Germany, and from Neander to Wehle are famous, and as Disraeli says of his race, "After a thousand struggles, after acts of heroic courage that Rome has never equaled, deeds of divine patriotism that Athens, Sparta, and Carthage have never excelled, we have endured fifteen hundred years of supernatural slavery, during which every service that can degrade or destroy man has been the destiny that we have sustained and baffled. The Hebrew child has entered adolescence only to learn that he was the pariah of the ungrateful Europe that owes to him the best part of its laws, a fine portion of its literature, all its religion." Admitting only a part of this claim, we should be compelled to admit that the seed of Jacob has been "as the dust of the earth," and has "spread abroad to the west, and to the east, and to the north, and to the south," and that in that seed have "all the families of the earth been blessed." In all time they have been a peculiar people, marked in physiognomy, separate in nationality, wanderers, amassers of property, busy in trade, conspicuous in art, potent in national politics, adhering to their early traditions, boasting to-day as they did two thousand years ago, "We have Abraham to our father," as implying, moreover, that Abraham was the friend of God. The boasted genealogies of Europe's proudest thrones are but of yesterday compared with theirs who were carried in the patriarch's loins; and in fulfillment of this ancient promise made to Jacob in the vision they are a "chosen generation, a royal stock." And, however despised and persecuted, they have been a blessing to the world at large.

I dwell with pleasure on the literal fulfillment of this ancient promise in lines apart from those on which spiritual gifts have come through them to us and all men. It steadies my faith in things spiritual to find confirmation in things temporal, and I am all the more persuaded of the truth of all prophecy when I can trace in parallel lines God working in redemption, the promise to the race fulfilled in Christ, the promises to the nations made complete in Israel.

This vision truly proclaims the fact that God is the friend of man. And there are two considerations which chiefly indicate that we are heirs inheriting the blessing of God's friendship. One of these facts is the continuance of the sinful race in such a world as ours. Transgressors of human law are deprived of liberty, bound in chains, immured in dungeons, denied luxuries and comforts. But though we have broken divine laws we are sumptuously provided for. The earth is spread for us with verdure, the skies are hung over us in beauty, the air is vocal with melody, and rich and varied blessings fall in copious showers upon our path. This is not the treatment of justice, but of kindness and of love, and when viewed in connection with the means used for our moral restoration forms a strong proof of the continued friendship of God. As to the means used for spiritual and moral redemption, they transcend our thoughts. "God spared not his own Son;" he "so loved us;" he "bore our sorrows and carried our griefs;" expired under the weight of our sins; and when he rose triumphant from his contest with our last enemy he sent to us the Holy Ghost, who has been waiting, knocking, pleading, tarrying for us to let him into our affections and prove his love for us. God is still the friend of man; and the man

who has a true idea of life, who reads the true interpretation of the patriarch's vision, sees God everywhere. The world is to him the organ of an infinite mind, not the mere agglomeration of blind atomic forces acting apart from supervisory intelligence. He beholds an exquisite combination of forces impinging everywhere upon each other with God's hand upon the spring of every movement. He sees God above the ladder directing every angel, every force or influence, that either ascends or descends along the mystic steps. He regards man as the special object of heavenly aid and help, and not as either too mean for the divine notice or benefit of divine love. Man in this view is no pitiful orphan or adjudged reprobate, but the object of divine care, as child of the heavenly Father.

This thought of the divine Fatherhood necessitates the recognition of human brotherhood, and so links men to each other as it links all to God. Under the inspiration of this teaching we learn to look on man as under special favor, and wherever man is found, there we behold one whom the infinite Father befriends. He may be all unconscious of God's care, he may not know his Father's name, nor even that he has a Father; but still, despite his degradation and his ignorance, he is in God's care, and it is both the duty and the joy of others better taught and more enlightened to instruct him in his rights, to help to invest him with his true dignity, to enable him to exercise the high privilege accorded to all men of looking up to heaven, and joining with all other human tongues in uttering that best of all claims to care and love, "Our Father which art in heaven."

This care is not generalized, but individual and particular: "And, behold, I am with thee, and will keep thee

in all places whither thou goest." I am not merely with the universe, with humanity at large, but with thee, and not with thee only in some places and on some occasions, but in all places whither thou goest; thus teaching a recognition of divine providence over individuals and persons. This Bible doctrine accords with our reason, for it is reasonable to suppose that He who condescended to create will deign to care for the work of his hands; that He who endowed man with a soul capable of producing thoughts to shake kingdoms, form empires, and influence generations will superintend its operations. While according this, reason also asserts the impossibility of the infinite Father, who is the fountain of all love, ever deserting his offspring. And so in the long list of interventions for humanity we have not only the ark for the race, and the pillars of fire and cloud for the nations, but "the ram in a thicket" for a father's sacrifice, and the babe in a basket for a mother's love, an ass speaking to a hesitating prophet, and a cock crowing for an apostate apostle; a divine form in a heated furnace for the Hebrew children, ravens for Elijah, an angel for imprisoned Peter, and a saving rope and basket for the persecuted Paul. Personal, individual, and particular are the interventions of God for his children.

Then, too, conscience is individual and particular as pertaining to one alone, and not general as belonging to an aggregation. Thus all conditions of consciousness are proofs of man's personal relations to a personal God. The terrors of remorse, the prayers of distress, the sense of guilt, all show an underlying feeling on man's part that God is with him individually, personally. So, too, the sense of approbation, the approval of conscience, the witness of the Spirit, are not to the general propriety and

well-ordering of humanity, but to the personal relation of the individual, leading to the belief that even "the steps," that is, the least personal movements, "of a good man are ordered by the Lord." Such consciousness pertains to the true vision of life, is part of it, enters as a factor influential in controlling the result and at the same time determining its justness. The individualized consciousness enables us to make personal claims for personal needs, prevents our falling into despair in adversity or sinking in the waves of despondency. It fortifies us in temptation, strengthens us in weakness, and enables us to cry with the Psalmist, "Have mercy upon me, . . . blot out my transgressions. Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin. . . . Purge me with hyssop. . . . Make me to hear joy and gladness. . . . Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me. . . . Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation; and uphold me with thy free Spirit. . . . O Lord, open thou my lips; and my mouth shall show forth thy praise."

Such interpretations of the patriarch's vision give a solemnity to our earthly position. Jacob said, "How dreadful is this place!" Feelings of reverence and awe came over him of which he had never been conscious before; and this feeling of awe resulted from the discovery that God was in the place, that he was in God's house and at the very boundary of the spiritual universe, at the very door through which spirits were passing to and fro. This was a new epoch in his history. "And I knew it not"—I never felt that God and the spiritual universe were so real and so near before. Yet what was his experience had always been the fact, though unrealized. From infancy to that hour, step by step, God

had been with him. The very world he lived in was the house of God, ever filled with his presence, but he did not realize it until now. And so it is with the masses of men; God is ever with them, in every step they take they walk in his holy presence. He is with them in the market, in the field, in the chamber, in their halls and haunts of pleasure, but they know it not; hence their want of solemnity, their frivolity, their wicked ways. They frequent groves without thought that they were "God's first temples;" the overhanging branches loaded with verdure and weighed down with fruit speak to them no words of the "All-Bountiful." They gaze upon the waters without appreciating, except as poetic rhapsody, the worldling's thought who spoke of ocean as "the mirror where the Almighty's form glasses itself in tempests." When the conviction of God's presence penetrates them the whole aspect of life changes; they wake from their past life as from a dream, and exclaim, "Behold, God is in this place; and I knew it not." This is the dawn of a new era in experience; henceforth they tread the earth as if it were the temple of God, with a serious step and a worshipful heart. Sometimes this new epoch in history is a memorable epoch in life. "Jacob rose up early in the morning, and took the stone that he had put for his pillows, and set it up for a pillar, and poured oil upon the top of it." This was for a memorial. This is indeed the most remarkable crisis in a man's life. It is a birth into a new spiritual world. It is the first step in the line of endless progress; thenceforth his course is on, on, on, forever; on, outrunning stars in their courses; on, overleaping systems as they move; on, unlimited by dying; on, on with God!

That was a wonderful crisis when the man born blind

received sight from Christ. The earth around him had always been robed in beauty, and the glorious heavens had always been pouring radiance on his path, but he had never seen earth nor sky before; a mother had nursed him in tenderness, but he had never seen her smile, and wonder must have been busy to explain why her tears fell as she bent over his sightless orbs. With the opening of his eyes he must have felt himself ushered into a new existence. How beautiful the earth, how grand the heavens, how sweet that mother's smile! So when God opens the moral eye of man we see him everywhere, realizing a far greater and sublimer change. Looking on the earth,

“ There seems a voice in every gale,
A tongue in every flower,
Which tells, O Lord, the wondrous tale
Of thy almighty power.
The birds that rise on quivering wing
Proclaim their Maker's praise;
And all the mingling sounds of spring
To thee an anthem raise.”

A man never forgets this, and as Jacob reared a pillar to commemorate his vision, so he will ask,

“ Shall I be mute, great God, alone,
Midst nature's loud acclaim?
Shall not my heart with answering voice
Breathe forth thy holy name?
All nature's debt is small to mine:
Nature shall cease to be;
Thou gavest—proof of love divine—
Immortal life to me.”

What Jacob saw in a vision every man should see in every moment of his wakeful life. For the questions are started, Are we not as truly with God and in the spiritual world now as we shall ever be? Is there a

world more truly his house than this? Is not this a thoroughfare of spirits? Do they not now minister unto the heirs of salvation? They are about us; their noiseless feet may even now be treading these aisles.

“They visit us in dreams,
They glide across our memories
Like shadows over streams;
We sometimes hear their whispered voice
Our names in sadness call.”

All we need is the opening of the spiritual eye, which sin has closed; the realizing—that is, spirit perception—of the nearness of God and the presence of his messengers. Ah, could we always receive all that he sends us from him how it would help us to be content! If we were, as we might be, sure that he ordered all our experiences, then we might always say, “Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord.”

“Who is the angel that cometh? Life?
Let us not question what he brings, peace or strife;
Under the shade of his mighty wings,
One by one, are his secrets told;
One by one, lit by the rays of each morning sun,
Shall a new flower its petals unfold,
With a mystery hid in its heart of gold;
We will arise and go forth to greet him,
Singing, gladly, with one accord,
Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord.

“Who is this angel that cometh? Joy?
Look at his glittering rainbow wings; no alloy
Lies in the radiant gift he brings.
Tender and sweet, he is come to-day, tender and sweet,
While chains of love on his silver feet
Will hold him in lingering fond delay.
But greet him quickly, he will not stay;
Soon he will leave us; but though for others
All his brightest treasures are stored,
Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord.

"Who is this angel that cometh? Pain?
Let us arise and go forth to greet him. Not in vain
Is the summons come for us to meet him;
He will stay, and darken our sun;
He will stay, a desolate night, a weary day.
Since in that shadow our work is done,
And in that shadow our crowns are won,
Let us say still, while his bitter chalice
Slowly into our hearts is poured,
Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord.

"Who is this angel that cometh? Death?
But do not shudder, and do not fear; hold your breath;
For a kingly presence is drawing near.
Cold and bright is his flashing steel;
Cold and bright, the smile that comes like a starry light
To calm the terror and grief we feel;
He comes to help and to save and to heal.
Then let us, baring our hearts and kneeling,
Sing while we wait the angel's sword,
Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord."

Now unto Him who hath taught us in this vision
(1) the existence of other worlds, and our relation to
them, (2) his own sovereignty over all, (3) his special
friendship for man in temporal blessings through the
Jews and in spiritual gifts through Christ, (4) exercised
in pardons, providences, and consciousness, (5) who has
thus made life solemn and worshipful, to him be glory
and honor forever and ever. Amen.

ONE GOD IN NATURE AND IN GRACE.

Whether is easier to say.—Matt. ix, 5 ; Mark ii, 9 ; Luke v, 23.

THIS incident is narrated in substantially the same language but with more or less minuteness of detail by three of the evangelists. It is the account of a double miracle, which Christ performed in acknowledgment of the pressure brought to bear upon him by the confidence and zeal of some who had witnessed his other wonderful cures. There was a man whose case was that of a hopeless and helpless paralytic, who, though unable to walk, had sufficient power of endurance to permit his being carried by his friends to Jesus, whose power and kindness had been noised abroad. His friends say, "We will get this palsied companion of ours into contact with this man of power." Great crowds have gathered about the place where he is performing wonders and teaching new truths. "Entrance by the door," says Neander, "was impossible; but the oriental mode of building afforded a means of access, to which they at once had recourse. Passing up the stairs which led from the outside to the flat roof of the house, they made an opening by removing part of the tiles and let the couch down into the upper chamber. No one knows the distance they bore him, the repulses they met, or the sneers and insults of the Pharisees and doctors as they pressed their way, the amount of contrivance and physical exertion brought out by their generous endeavor." They had absolutely determined that access

should be made for their friend ; these four who bore him were "violent men, who would take the kingdom of heaven by force."

Nothing but a deep-seated living faith in Christ's power to heal could have stimulated them to this effort or sustained them in it. Christ "saw their faith," recognized its claim, forgave the sins of the sick man, and, distinctly challenging attention to his words, he miraculously justified them by saying, "Arise, and take up thy bed, and walk." "And the man arose, took up his bed, and went forth before them all ; a new current of life ran through his veins, he stood up buoyant and hale ; and he who had been carried of four walked to his home with the strong step of a vigorous manhood and the bounding heart of a pardoned saint."

This man was brought to Christ to be healed of his physical infirmity. No human skill had succeeded, no knowledge of the healing art had been sufficient, no attention of loving friends had availed. What it was impossible for man to do Christ does ; and he does it by freeing the man from his sins, a thing which it was equally impossible for man to do.

Both acts necessitated the exercise of a divine power ; a power equal to creative force was needed to change the character of a created being. There was no confusion or doubt in the mind of the paralytic on questions which concerned Christ's ability and power to both pardon and heal ; he was pardoned and healed, he felt the heavenly influence, he "had the witness in himself." The words of Christ, "Son, be of good cheer, thy sins be forgiven thee," carried their own evidence into the deepest consciousness of his soul. "They broke on the chaos of his need with omnific energy, brightened his

gloomy sky with sunny azure, tuned the jarring and discordant chords of his heart into music." The mighty influence of these words on his experience was indubitable; he was conscious of the change, but he alone could be conscious of it; to make others believe it, to satisfy those who could not be conscious of his personal experiences, there must be added demonstration. The wondering friends and the sneering skeptics who stood by rejoiced or thought it blasphemy, according to their mood. We can readily imagine the thoughts of the mere on-lookers; they probably said, "It is very easy for this pretender to pronounce the man forgiven; he knows that we have no means of successfully disproving his blasphemous assertion; words are cheap. The poor man wants to be healed, and he can't heal him; that we could see, if he could only do it; but he can't do what we can see, and attempts to hide his failure by pretending to do something which we could not see, even if he had the ability to do it, which we utterly deny, since it is a divine prerogative. It is far easier to say that the man is forgiven than to cure him of his palsy." "And Jesus knowing their thoughts said, Wherefore think ye evil in your hearts? For whether is easier, to say, Thy sins be forgiven thee; or to say, Arise, and walk?" as if he had declared, "It is a greater work to forgive sins than to cure bodies; but you are too gross and worldly to understand this, and in pity for your ignorance and stupidity I will do what even you can appreciate." "That ye may know that the Son of man hath power upon earth to forgive sins, (he said unto the sick of the palsy,) I say unto thee, Arise, and take up thy couch, and go into thine house. And immediately he rose up before them, and took up that whereon he lay, and departed to his

own house, glorifying God. And they were all amazed." The bodily healing having been given as a kind of evidence which they had challenged, they were bound to accept it.

But this gives no warrant for belief that bodily cures are related to the plan of salvation in any such way as to be at the command of personal faith, as is the forgiveness of sin. We may not demand by faith what is not pledged to faith; we may not appropriate what is not put at our disposal. God's will may be better served by endurance of suffering than by deliverance from it, even as the Captain of our salvation was made perfect by it. God's wisdom may see better issues for his cause than would be realized by healing. What God may do we must not demand that he shall do, and so constitute ourselves judges both of his will and of his judgment. Cures inexplicable by present knowledge have been and are wrought; this has been abundantly and equally proved at Lourdes and at Boston and elsewhere. And yet it is a well-known fact that the mind acts on the body through imagination, volition, expectant attention, as well as through fear, joy, anxiety. But what is essential or necessary to effect cures is neither a philosophical theory (as claimed by mind curers), nor a theological doctrine (as claimed by faith healers). These wonderful effects of the mind upon the body occur always in much the same way, and generally to the same kind of people, no matter what the surroundings may be, and no matter what interpretation is put upon them—nervous, sentimental, impulsive, fractious—in short, those who possess the elements of character which easily develop fanaticism. And therefore we are justified in concluding that they are the

result of general laws, as yet unknown, while operating upon human beings everywhere, and though the process of action may be as yet undiscovered. Still there is neither magic nor miracle about them.

Curious effects in psycho-therapeutics have occurred everywhere and in all times, but, of course, have had differing interpretations. They form a curious study, as they occasionally reappear from the times of ancient Egypt to the present day. "They have been noted in the temple courts of Isis and of Ra; in the mysteries of Eleusis; in the professed miracles of a Hohenlohe, an Abbé Paris, a Zouave Jacob, just as they are in a metaphysician or faith healer or an assumed 'Christian scientist' of the present day."

Many of these cures are claimed to be wrought by faith; but faith in what, faith in whom? In the saint worshiped as our Lady of Lourdes? In Christ? Where did he ever authorize such expectation? On the contrary, he taught and exemplified the duty of patient endurance; he did not heal his own apostle Paul, though Paul besought him thrice to do so. Paul did not heal Trophimus, but left him sick at Miletum, and expresses his grief at the prolonged illness of Epaphroditus. Christ gives no assurance of bodily healing. This case does not warrant it. He has wrought out eternal salvation from sin for us and placed it at the control of faith. "Whosoever believeth shall be saved."

He can both save and cure; in this case he did both. What did he intend to teach us by doing both? What connection, if any, exists between these two facts of soul pardon and bodily healing?

They were two distinct exercises of power. Were they the expression of two distinct powers? Were the

two acts emanations from different sources of authority? Are there diversities of power? Is God one, or multiple? Are there diverse or differing energies of powers in the physical and spiritual realms? Or did the Master intend in this incident to set forth the fact that "the Lord our God is one Lord," and that all the power seen in operation anywhere is the power of the one God?

We are indebted to the modern scientists for a theory which they call the "conservation and correlation of forces," which may serve us in our inquiry. By these two terms, "conservation" and "correlation," two entirely different things are meant. By the "conservation of physical forces" scientific men mean indestructibility of matter. If we may understand by "matter" whatever God has made we can readily accept this statement, for it is conformable to the teaching of revelation. God, who made the world and all things therein, made nothing for the purpose of destruction, but so linked all created things that they tend toward preservation; they disappear sometimes or vanish from our view, but they do not cease to be. In some form, somewhere, they are subject to his order; they obey his will. The whole teaching of the Bible concerning the resurrection of the human body implies this; God keeps in being whatever he has put in being; he conserves. Translating the scientific term "force" to mean what it can only mean to Christian minds—God—the theory of the conservation of force is simply the Bible doctrine of preservation or providence. The term "correlation of force" is used to express the different directions of force or power in exercise or operation. The scientist says, "Certain forces have existence; we may see their estimate, their value, measure them, weigh them, calculate their influence on

other objects or forces, and therefore we believe in their existence, admit the fact of their being. They are sure to produce in their operation certain other forces or movements in the universe. Change in the direction of force does not lessen or diminish the amount of force; there is, therefore, a constant equation of forces. Correlation is not diminution, but change of direction. There is nothing but force; its transmutations or changes of direction in its operation account for everything, explain all things." When we ask for illustrations of his meaning he may show us how to ignite a fire by the rapid motion of two sticks or by revolving the point of a hard stick upon a prepared disk of wood, and tell us that the force expended in revolving the stick is transformed or correlated into heat, which is generated at its point; or he may tell us that the burning of coal under the boiler of a steam engine will convert the water in the boiler into vapor, thus generating steam, which, by the application of machinery, may produce motion. Heat is thus correlated into motion, and these men of exactness affirm that on the application of brakes to stop the motion the heat developed by friction is the exact equivalent of the heat which under the boiler generated the steam.

Assuming these statements to be correct—and I see no valid reason to dispute their correctness—we may find in them a clew to the right interpretation of the double miracle under discussion.

God, as the Author of the universe, put into exercise all the forces and all the power which we see in operation; and it is a great mistake to suppose that "all power" is not God's power, in whatever direction it may move or on whatever line it may be projected; whether he creates a star or wheels a comet; whether he opens

the bursting bud into the fragrant flower or liberates the pent-up energies which produce the tremor of the earthquake and the belch of the volcano; whether he drops the evanescent dew or lifts the surging tides of ocean in varying uniformity.

It would also be an equally fatal mistake to deny to the Originator of "all power" the ability to transfer or correlate power, change the direction of its manifestation from one line or plane to any other. "All power" includes direction as well as organization.

There are three principal lines or directions on which we are accustomed to behold the exhibitions of his energy and to study the outgoings of his power. We have been told of his formative power in creation, we perceive his conserving power in preservation or providence, and we know of his redemptive power in salvation. But in our blindness or short-sightedness we are apt to discuss these acts as though they were different powers or the operations of different forces or beings, acting at different times in different methods. Rightly understood and interpreted, they only exhibit one God moving on different lines: in one direction he appears to be creating; in another, preserving; in another, redeeming. But it is always one God; "there is none else beside him."

God's highest work is man, and his grandest work for man is redemption. He has given to man a nature capable of apprehending the forms of manifested power, and so man has three lines on which God can act with reference to him. Man has a physical nature, the direct expression of creative power; man has an intelligent soul, through which and on which God acts in conserving or preserving the result of his creative work; and in addition

man has an inbreathed spiritual life, capable of apprehending the operation of God in salvation or redemption.

When, therefore, Christ speaks of "forgiving sins" and "healing bodies" as a mere question of "whether is easier to say," he simply asserts that it is no more difficult for God to change the direction of the force with which he operates—namely, his power—from creation to providence, or from providence to redemption, than for a man to change the form of speech with which he expresses these changes; "whether is easier to say" is the only question. God can with equal facility move on either line or change from one line to another with equal ease. All power is God himself, whichever way he moves.

The practical belief of such a truth as this is calculated to be eminently helpful to us all. We may be greatly assisted by the realization of the thought that it is the same Being who creates, preserves, redeems. God is the actor and agent in all directions. It must be helpful to know that all force, all power, wherever manifested, wherever displayed, is the expression and manifestation of one God, who, acting or moving in varied directions, may employ all the power anywhere in exercise on the line of our personal needs. The power of creation and providence may thus be obtained for salvation; the change of direction is as easy as a change in the form of speech; "whether is easier to say" is the only question. We should, therefore, study God's works—look into the universe and familiarize ourselves with God's "mighty acts;" see him speaking light into being, stretching out the heavens over the empty space, poising the earth upon nothing, exercising the original and fontal force by which all being became possible and actual. Let us grasp these facts when we come to ask for

pardon of sin, and it must be a help, nay, a joy, to believe that God, who created all things, can put the power of world-making into the act of forgiveness.

We have the right to take the truths of Scripture descriptive of God's power as he moves over the mighty spaces peopling them with worlds and bring them into the line of our personal lives, and to expect God to give us on spiritual lines manifestations of power corresponding to physical forces in the universe in creative acts. If what I need for my spiritual life is a necessity for its continuance, if I feel that without the exercise of divine power that life in me is likely to be extinguished, then familiarity with what God does in the preservation of worlds helps me in the line on which my prayer is urged. And when I see what God has done for the universe—how in all the eternities there has been no jar and no confusion, all starry systems moving in harmony; sun, moon, and stars “set for times and seasons,” as never-failing hands on God's great dial plate, moving with exactness and precision; as we read in the Psalms, “The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth his handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge”—I can apprehend with greater clearness how “the perfect law of the Lord can convert the soul.” With the thought that the God to whom I pray controls the universe, I kneel with all creation beneath me and all providence above me, and claim and expect the continuance of that spiritual life which, as his gift, must be his care.

“This God is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable friend,
Whose love is as great as his power,
And neither knows measure nor end.”

Am I needy? Is my soul as "a dry and thirsty land, where no water is?" I remember that he preserves all animal and vegetable life by sending his rain upon the just and the unjust alike, and that he has promised to refresh me with showers of blessing. I am helped by knowing that while all the coal which could be raised by man from the bowels of the earth in a thousand years would not, in burning, give out sufficient heat to evaporate the earth's rainfall for one single year, yet God lifts it by a sunbeam. I know that he can use that power for the relief of my intelligent, thirsting spirit as readily as to nourish a parched clod of the ground; it is simply a question of "whether is easier to say."

USEFUL FOR PROGRESSIVE GROWTH.

There are many things in the line of physical observation which are well calculated to assist us in our spiritual life. But to profit by them we must cease to discriminate between the source of spiritual life and of all other life. Intellectual life, physical life, and spiritual life are only forms of human life. They are not diverse or differing lives; they have one origin; they are all interested in one destiny. For the perfecting of our Christian life it is needed that we bring our spiritual living into close and intimate contact with our intellectual and physical functions; so that when a man feels that his spirit has actually apprehended God his intellect shall rightly conceive of God, and his body, that is, his physical nature, shall be subject to the will of God; and so the man shall be sanctified "wholly, body, soul, and spirit." This would put an end to the unnatural divorce, all too common, of religion from morality, and it would also check the tendency to irreverence in thought which taints so

sadly much of our literature. The soul is the organism whose function is to collate thought and information so as to work out right notions and conceptions of God and of our relations to him; the body is the organ or instrument whose function is to express by outward acts a complete subordination of conduct to character as enjoined of God; the spirit is the endowment whose function is to relate us intimately with God, so that, though "no man hath seen God at any time," we may be conscious of his being and "of his dwelling in us." When we succeed in getting these ideas into their proper relations we shall be able to lead holy lives; all in us must belong to God, be consecrated to God, and all lines of power will be open to us, the omnipotence of God will be our refuge and abode; creative power may be exercised in the forgiveness of sin, in spiritual progress, and in securing the highest possible spiritual destiny. God, having made salvation possible for us by the exercise of a redemptive power, intends that souls so touched shall be developed and enlarged in their spheres and faculties until the moral likeness to himself shall be complete; and so he has put all creation and all providence back of the sinner's cry for pardon and the saint's plea for help, and lets men know that "all power in heaven and in earth" is his power, and that he can use it for their good, the line of action being simply a question of "whether is easier to say," while "he is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we can ask or think."

USEFUL FOR FUTURE ATTAINMENTS.

God, having given spiritual life, conserves it. If he keeps in being all that he has made, if nothing is lost of what has been, then nothing need be lost of what may

yet be. We may thus assure ourselves of the maintenance of any ground attained, or of any promise which is made attainable; present realization is the basis for future expectation. "Hope maketh not ashamed, because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts;" that is, the present experience is a guarantee of future blessings. The future may thus be assured to us, but our confidence will be in proportion to the strength of our conviction of the unchangeableness of his plans and methods. If he destroys anything, we may be destroyed; if he fails to conserve everything, we may in turn fall out of his plan. How shall we fortify our confidence? How reassure our faith? Let us summon nature and her scientific interpreters to our aid.

Science has demonstrated that there were long cycles of duration in which the earth was being fitted for the abode of man; ages, perhaps, in the which there was only the rank vegetation that was nourished by the cooling earth and the damp vapors it exhaled, with no possibility of an atmosphere that could sustain human life. This was the age of primeval and colossal forests, of gigantic ferns, and of such monstrous vegetable growths as are continually revealed to us by the excavations of explorers and seen in the fossilized remains exhumed. They were nourished by the light and heat, as are their tinier successors of to-day. Was the light which flecked them lost? Was the heat which entered into and produced their structural growth dissipated? Nay, not so. In the long procession of the ages those forests and the giant growths they shaded crumbled and decayed and were succeeded and overgrown by a new vegetation, which in turn disappeared, until all the original growths were weighed down and crushed by the myriad tons of

pressure superimposed by the subsequent formations and growths, while the heat which had made them bountiful and the light which had made them beautiful were condensed and solidified; and now we dig into the hill-sides, or drill into the rocks, or delve into the mines, and thence bring up as coal or oil the sunshine and the warmth of prehistoric times, not one ray of light lost, not one minim of heat dissipated and gone, all bountifully and mysteriously stored up for future necessities, and all within reach of man, who, in their resurrection and adaptation to his use, blesses the world with this Easter of light and heat and makes a morn of joy for his temporary home.

Again, science has demonstrated the existence of stars so distant that no eye of man has ever seen them and no telescopic power has ever brought them into the field of vision. And men of science, wedded to exactness of statement, have demonstrated to us the hour, nay, the minute, in the distant future when that light shall reach us and first come within the limit of our observation. From the hour when the stars were made it has been journeying, it has passed through immeasurable space; been retarded, it may be, by the infinite coldness of those unexplored voids; been accelerated, perhaps, by the near approach of comets or of wandering suns, but has neither been dissolved into nothingness nor congealed into solidity. God holds it; it has acquired a velocity and speed in the ages of its journeying almost incalculable. Yet when it reaches us it will fall so gently on the eyelid of a sleeping babe as scarce to wake him from his rosy dreams. It is on its way, it is coming toward us, it will yet reach us. It may come down into the eye of some poor child looking to God for help and be the means of blessing to his crushed heart.

Now, can it be that God, who takes sunbeams and imprisons them in coal, who takes star rays and brings them through infinite space, that he may thus give light and warmth to the mere clouds beneath our feet—will he, can he, deny aught to the child of his own choosing, made in his own image, capable of appreciating the greatness of his works and developing the glory of his power, when the only question is, “Whether is easier to say?”

Discriminate between a God of creation, a God of providence, and a God of redemption, and none of this satisfaction and comfort will be ours. We separate the working power when we should only discriminate between the lines on which the one power is working. It is not as though the power had ceased working because creative acts are no longer necessary. God, indeed, ceased from his work of creation, but his power is still going forth on providential lines, and creative force is correlated into redemptive acts.

All existences are proofs of a still existent power, all worlds are demonstrations of abiding force, and so are pledges to us of his omnipotence to save. We have only to open the way for the Voice divine, by which he made the world, to enter our hearts, to renew our spirits, and to redeem our souls.

As when the roseate light curtained the new-made world, in answer to God's call, the sons of God rejoiced, so when the “Light of the world” enters the soul, giving new relations, infusing new powers, power to become the sons of God, there is once more “joy in the presence of the angels.”

Those who witnessed this double exhibition of power “marveled and glorified God,” saying, “We have seen

strange things to-day." This pardon and this healing, both by one person, were strange things to those who had always separated in their thoughts between the God of nature and the God of grace, and had never known that, possessing all power, he worked at will on lines of providence or redemption. It would not be strange to us to-day if sinners should testify to the conscious reception of pardon. The strange thing to us is in the fact that all men do not accept the full and free pardon offered by the God who created and has preserved all that he has made, and who pledges all his mightiness hitherto exerted in creation and providence for our redemption. The fault is ours. God does not see our faith; he will pardon our friends when he sees us busy in bringing them to him, that is, placing them on lines where his power is working.

Self-absorbed, we live as though we had been saved for our own sakes, instead of recognizing the real truth that we are saved that we may be the means of saving others. We live as though all the omnipotence of God were needed to keep our souls out of hell and perdition, instead of rejoicing in the privilege of opening heaven's doors to all others. We need the interest in others which will now, as it did of old, challenge the attention of Christ—something grander than self-preservation; something akin to the zeal and energy of the four who elbowed the crowd, climbed the stairs, tore off the roof, and let their friend down before Jesus.

This would be an imitation of his own methods, "seeking and saving;" this would be an outgoing of the mighty power by which he is "able to subdue all things unto himself."

A WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.

So they two went until they came to Bethlehem.—Ruth i, 19.

IT is the time of the judges in Israel, and there is a famine in the land. Elimelech, with Naomi, his wife, and their two sons, resort in their extremity to Moab, and continue there. Elimelech died, and his sons both married in the land. The name of the wife of one was Orpah, and of the other Ruth. These names, signifying, the one “the open lipped,” the other “full, satisfied,” are suggestive of their distinctive characters. The one was ever ready with attestations of affection, demonstrative and exuberant in declarations, the other firm and true in action, with less of demonstration and more persistence, “steadfast-mindedness” in constancy. Their husbands both died, and Naomi, “the beautiful,” was left alone with her two daughters-in-law in a strange land. Finding the situation insupportable, “Then she arose with her daughters-in-law, that she might return from the country of Moab: for she had heard in the country of Moab how that the Lord had visited his people in giving them bread. Wherefore she went forth out of the place where she was, and her two daughters-in-law with her; and they went on the way to return unto the land of Judah. And Naomi said unto her two daughters-in-law, Go, return each to her mother's house: the Lord deal kindly with you, as ye have dealt with the dead, and with me. The Lord grant you that ye may find rest, each of you in the house of her

husband. Then she kissed them; and they lifted up their voice, and wept. And they said unto her, Surely we will return with thee unto thy people. And Naomi said, Turn again, my daughters: why will ye go with me? . . . Nay, my daughters; for it grieveth me much for your sakes that the hand of the Lord is gone out against me. And they lifted up their voice, and wept again: and Orpah kissed her mother-in-law; but Ruth clave unto her."

Still more earnestly Naomi dissuaded Ruth: "And she said, Behold, thy sister-in-law is gone back unto her people, and unto her gods: return thou after thy sister-in-law. And Ruth said, Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God: where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me. When she saw that she was steadfastly minded to go with her, then she left speaking unto her. So they two went until they came to Bethlehem."

The language of Ruth is the embodiment of adhering affection and resolute choice of God's service. I know nothing in all the range of poetry more impressive and beautiful than the language she uses and the sentiment she expresses. First, she asserts the womanly love of her nature which led her to cling to Naomi in life and in death; and in rising above this to the religious purpose to serve God she chooses God and his people without reservation, deliberately, in spite of the defection of her sister; and, more than this, she confirms her choice by a solemn oath, "The Lord do so to me, and more also, if

aught but death part thee and me." Somewhat of the positiveness of her determination and expression may, and indeed must, have come from her constitutional endowment and habit. And yet these very elements of character might be supposed to have opposed her voluntary expatriation and abandonment of household gods. We observe in her demeanor no manifestation of obstinacy nor persistence in self-will. "Entreat me not to leave thee" is her earnest supplication, as though she feared a command to "return from following after" Naomi, as if feeling that the sad persuasion of that desolate woman would overcome her sense of duty. But when she sees the sad pleasure which her prayer affords her mother-in-law she becomes less plaintive and more pronounced and determined, and says, "Whither thou goest, I will go; . . . thy people shall be my people"—I will leave the only home that I have known, the only friend I have ever had; "thy God shall be my God"—I will adopt and profess thy religion, and all this, not for a day, nor for an hour of companionship as you start on this sad journey, but for a lifetime; "where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried." How the thought of those two graves, as yet unopened—the one for herself, and the other for the beautiful pleader by her side—must have moved the widow who had just closed the graves of her husband and her two sons! She could no longer resist the appeal, and they went on together, the mother and the daughter cleaving to her, on their way toward Bethlehem.

The heart of Naomi must have rejoiced at this manifestation of affection; she could see in it a reward for her own tenderness and love; she must have realized that God was blessing her for her own faithfulness. She

had left home and native land to advance the interests of her husband and her sons, and, now that they were gone, here was a direct return for this self-denial in the faithful Ruth, who had promised so solemnly to be hers till death. She had given herself in sympathy and companionship to one whom God had taken, and now God is giving to her aching heart so sweet a consolation, so pure a comforter.

“ Sharper than a serpent’s tooth it is to have a thankless child ;” but it must have been like a gleam of sunshine on those barren plains to have so true and so complete an evidence of unselfish and self-sacrificing love. The heart of the mother-in-law must have beat with a quickened throb, and all the instincts of tenderness and holy love been diverted from the sad remembrance of the three graves over which she was still weeping.

But while Naomi, as a mother, is gladdened by the love of her son’s wife there was another fact apparent that was worth more to her than this. Ruth had not only pledged herself to be with her but to worship her God, and all of holy joy that she could know arising from the salvation of a soul now came upon her. She felt that her reward of faithfulness was given her. God had not only bestowed on her a daughter for her loneliness, but given her a star for her crown. In life and death they were to be together, and in eternity to be unseparated. This portion of Ruth’s pleading gives us insight into the character of Naomi ; she had not merely won the personal attachment and respect of her daughters-in-law, but her life and character had convinced them that the Lord whom she worshiped was the true God. She had lived away from the sympathies of God’s chosen people, with no privileges of associated worship ; had been away for

years, it may be, from the offered sacrifice ; had not in all that time heard either the voice of the priest or the chant of the multitude ; had been surrounded by those who worshiped idols and derided Jehovah ; had received her son's brides, in all their loveliness and beauty, by some heathen rites. She had been beset by temptations to conciliate those with whom she dwelt by adopting their customs and honoring their gods. She had had no one to help her—husband sick, dying, dead ; sons, one by one, removed and buried, poverty and famine adding their rigors to her fate, already hard, and nothing to oppose to all these adverse influences but a bereaved and almost broken heart. Yet in all this her steadfastness failed not. If perchance her soul was among lions, yet she had not forgotten Jerusalem, “her chief joy ;” she had not lost her faith in Israel's God, nor her hope in the God of her fathers. By the purity of her life, by her living example of holiness, she had won a soul from death and was on her way to Bethlehem, bearing with her a spirit newly born into the kingdom of heaven. She was a widow, but her trust was in Jehovah, and he had not forsaken her, but had sent the angel who journeyed by her side. The woman had her companion for life, the saint a companion for eternity.

“The mother, in her office, holds the key of the soul ; and she it is who stamps the coin of character, and makes the being, who would be a savage but for her gentle cares, a Christian (man). Then crown her Queen o' the World.”—*Old play*.

In these touching circumstances we have examples which should be influential and controlling ; there are lessons for us in this glimpse of former times ; we may turn to-day from the events of the closing years of the

nineteenth century after Christ, and learn from the middle of the twelfth century which preceded his coming.

In all the more than three thousand intervening years since Naomi and Ruth journeyed together, there has been no true direction for life's journeying that has not tended toward Bethlehem. Mothers and daughters ever since when going on toward God have had it always before them. To Naomi it was chiefly as a residence among her kindred, for David had not yet dignified it as his home; angels had not as yet startled watching shepherds on its fields; its inns had not refused admission to Joseph, nor had Mary cradled her babe in its mangers. While to us all these events are known; and we have learned to look upon it as the birthplace of the world's Redeemer, and to turn toward it, and what its associations teach us, for the help we need in all our sorrows and the counsel we desire in all our efforts to do right.

Mothers may ask themselves whether they have started toward Bethlehem. If they would have their daughters to be like Ruth they must lead them as Naomi did, and in the same direction. They must determine whether they desire their daughters to be worshipers there, or whether they desire for them place, titles, honors, in a land like that of Moab, full of strange gods. Many desire wealth, beauty, fashion, accomplishments, rather than religious consecration. Unfortunately, of too many mothers it may truthfully be said that they themselves are not journeying in that direction. They have no home in Zion, no fellowship among God's people. How impotent and uninfluential would have been the voice of Naomi had she stayed in Moab and only counseled Ruth, or even urged her to go toward Beth-

lehem! And yet many, far too many, who are blessed with the responsibilities of maternity are pursuing such a course. They desire their daughters to be Christians; they themselves may be nominally such, but they have no earnest consecration of holy living; they feel sad sometimes to think that their entreaties are so fruitless, their advice so little heeded, forgetting that their voice is, after all, a voice from Moab, a voice that comes from one who contradicts in every utterance the real desire of the heart, as set forth in the daily life. How absolutely important it is that mothers who would have a religious influence upon their families should be themselves dedicated to God. For from mothers come the first and the molding lessons to infancy, lessons to which even the babe answers by a kindling eye and a dimpling cheek. God has intrusted a cherub to her care. What if she soil its purity? what if she mar all its long, eternal future? what if she defeat God's plans? And yet how can she avoid doing so if she be immersed in worldly cares and anxieties and pleasures? How can one teach a lesson one has never learned? How can one who does not know the way be a safe guide toward Bethlehem? A mother's silent, patient, Christian life has more of power and influence than the eloquence of a hundred pulpits, is more potent for good than all the teeming libraries of the world. If she would have her child, especially the child of her own sex, a Christian, she will succeed best not merely by admonition and entreaty, even when these are accompanied by prayer, but by the silent rhetoric of a holy life. There is a sanctity about even the performance of domestic duties, the most ordinary household affairs, by such a one, that makes them honorable; and the exhibition of Christian virtue

in the home circle has a charm that never fails of its controlling power. A mother who, like Naomi, lives consistently before her children, will have them for life companions ; in her age she may be tended by those who in infancy nestled in her bosom, and when they close her eyes in death they will ever feel that a pure, right-thinking mother was to them God's best gift, and that "she waits for them at heaven's gate to lead them on."

Mothers who desire the religious welfare of their children not only live consistently before them but honor God with them. Could Ruth, think you, have affirmed her faith in Naomi's God had she not heard Naomi pray and seen her at her worship? Doubtless that true woman had besought God in the presence of her daughters as well as in their behalf. The deep sorrow which made her wish to be remembered as "Bara" (the troubled, afflicted one) must have driven her for relief and refuge to a God that "answers prayer;" and her children must have known this, must have heard the deep cry for succor pressed from her heart as it was poured out in her secret chamber and came stealing out from the apartment where she was alone with God. So, when they found her calm and trustful when Elimelech, the stay of her life and the companion of her joys, was taken, they may have wondered; but when, one after another, their husbands were called away, and they may have gone to her for sympathy in the dull anguish of their bleeding hearts, they found that she was anchored on a rock which was higher than they. Together in suffering, they may have been together in their prayers. So should it always be: children should know that they have praying parents; parents should allow their children to know that provision is made not only for food,

raiment, and the other necessities of this life, but for the soul and its vaster interests; and yet how many, even of professedly Christian mothers, spend more days with their children each year in consultation about "what they shall eat and drink, and wherewithal they shall be clothed," than they do hours in a whole lifetime in prayer with them! For influence there must be not only personal consecration but associated devotion. Together should they worship God both at home and in the sanctuary. Children associate the idea of home with the idea of worship; the house of prayer, the forms of worship, the minister of God—all these become knit together with the love of parents, and linger in the memory long after the white marble in the cemetery has begun to gather moss upon its surface. John Pierpont wrote of his mother:

"She led me first to God,
Her words and prayers were my young spirit's dew;
For when she used to leave
The fireside every eve,
I knew it was for prayer that she withdrew.
How often has the thought
Of my mournèd mother brought
Peace to my troubled spirit, and new power
The tempter to repel!
Mother, thou knowest well
That thou hath blessed me since my natal hour."

Parents will find themselves powerless to influence their children to adopt and continue the religious forms and customs in which they have been born and reared if they do not lead the children to feel that reverence for such duties as comes from participation in them. If Naomi had not in her home converse honored the idea of the tabernacle of God, had not reverently talked of God's priests, had not shown her own personal venera-

tion for them, Ruth never could have said, "Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God." And, in our own day, if parents do not associate their children with them in their worship they ought to feel no surprise if other forms are sought and other worship substituted, when the child passes from parental restraint, to adopt a faith and creed on his own judgment.

In order to this service must not be made irksome; it should not be so, and the parent, if right and true, will cause it not to be so. No loving child will feel it to be a tedious thing to engage in acts of devotion in a church always attended by a fond parent, or to listen to the ministry of one always spoken of as revered by its mother. How can a child feel otherwise than reluctant to attend a service that is made the subject of unloving criticism, or thought not to be grand or fashionable enough, or join in songs of praise, where less is said and thought of the devotion than of the merit or demerit of the performers and the performance? What veneration can a child have for a church when a parent continually complains of having to give to it so much, or else which is depreciated by giving nothing, or equally by giving the smallest coins, some even selecting pennies, because they are worth so little and sound so big? On the other hand, how dear is the sanctuary where a loving parent prayed and gave the Lord his due! how dear the holy book from which a mother read the word of life!

"Tears will unbidden start;
With trembling lips and throbbing brow
We press it to the heart."

Christian mothers should especially be careful lest they sow dissent in youthful minds; once rooted in the heart it is not easily removed, and it is almost sure to

prevent a union in the journey toward Bethlehem. They must have pure examples, association in worship, prayer with as well as for them. These cannot fail of good results and answers.

“O, when a mother meets on high
The babe she lost in infancy,
Hath she not then, for pains and fears,
The day of woe, the watchful night,
For all her sorrows, all her tears,
An overpayment of delight?”—*Southey*.

Many children of Christian parents dwell in the land of Moab among idolaters ; nay, are themselves idolaters, constant attendants upon Vanity Fairs, sent out by their parents to destruction, instead of being led by them to God. They are made to pass through the fire to Moloch, and some think that duty is performed by praying that the fire may not harm them. They are decked out with pride and given to the world, surrounded with temptations, and expected to be protected and delivered from evil by a prayer offered by the one exposing them. They will not journey toward God nor be safe anywhere unless you lead and guide and pray for and with them.

There are lessons for the daughters of Christian mothers. I turn to you to give a word of solemn counsel and affectionate entreaty. You may have thought that what has already been said refers to others rather than to you, and concerns duties which possibly may be yours, but at some distant date. However this may be, I have not designed it, and believe that many a word I have spoken may yet bear fruit in you. But does the simplicity and beauty and power exhibited in the character of Ruth charm and attract you? Remember it derives its entire force and loveliness from the high consecration which

enabled her to choose the God who had been her mother's God. Born amid idolatry, surrounded with the temptations and allurements of a heathen home, she sees the exaltation of a devout life and is drawn in love toward the character that displays it, and is thus led to make a most noble consecration. Natural affection may have prompted her, as it did Orpah, to accompany the widow on her journey; but when bidden to go back, though Orpah obeyed she loved Naomi all the more. She could understand the heart of the true woman who would not expose her to the trial of a strange land amid poverty and tears, and could measure the strength of character which would thus cut off the only natural stay and hope still left to her; but she did not falter, and even the example of her sister-in-law did not move her high purpose. Here was something more than womanly affection—this Orpah had; here was a deep religious conviction and resolve that afterward found expression in her vow of consecration, "Thy God shall be my God." Orpahs may follow loving parents through this life, cling to them with declarations of attachment and protests of affection, and yet depart from them when duty calls for sacrifice. Ruths only go with parents to God. Nothing but the same deep feeling of devout reverence for God can give you hope of eternal companionship with the blessed. Tenderly have mothers reared and watched and prayed for you, made your lives happy, often at great personal sacrifice, and your homes have been your greatest blessing.

"Number thy lamps of love, and tell me now
How many canst thou relight at the stars,
And blush not at their burning? One, one only,
Lit while your pulses by one heart kept time,
And fed with faithful fondness to your grave;

Who sometimes with a hand stretched back from heaven,
Steadfast through all things, near when most forgot,
And, with a finger of unerring truth,
Pointing the lost way in thy darkest hour—
One lamp, thy mother's love, amid the stars
Shall lift its pure flame changeless, and before
The throne of God burn through eternity,
Holy as it was lit and lent thee here."—*N. P. Willis.*

Can it be that all this is to be repaid by a mere beginning of the long journey to make the end more sad by desertion and loneliness? Let it not be so. All happiness in earth and heaven depends upon assimilated character; if you have not the same God, the same Saviour, you cannot have the same heaven, the same atmosphere of God. All earthly hope must sometime expire, all scenes of joy grow sad, all mere earthly pomp and show be dimmed, and then amid the wreck of the idolatries you will feel that it is no small suffering to lose forever a mother's care and love. In nature's order the mothers now so gentle and so full of care, so active in everything of interest and happiness for you, will be removed; they must fade, the light of the loving eye must one day cease to kindle and the loving heart to beat; and it is sad to think that you must lose them even for an hour; but to part and to remain parted forever, that is to everyone a torture. And to think that instead of going on to Bethlehem you are to be left in Moab, never amid its revelry to catch a glimpse of the loved form, never amid its mirth to hear the loved voice; but sick and sad, weary and lone, with dying tapers and the fragments of the feast, to pass away into the joyless future—that, indeed, is desolation to which we can only add the thought of that blessed spirit, white robed and crowned, pressing her way to heaven's closing gate and peering

so anxiously from out its portals, yearning even then for your salvation, only to see you in the shadow of despair, passing out with faded wreath and disordered robes into the darkness. This ought to be sad enough to waken thought before it is too late.

It may be that I speak to some who have already known such grief as comes only when we are left alone by the removal of our mothers. Their last prayers were for you. Have you permitted God to answer them? Or have you by frivolous gayety averted his answering? God pity you if you have neither God nor mother. O, worse than orphan, turn toward the heaven your God has fitted, the heaven where your mother dwells! Make her Saviour your Saviour, her God your God.

There are, however, others who, like Ruth, have chosen wisely and well and cleave to him in whom their mothers trusted. How happy and how blest are these journeying together! Their lives are peaceful and full of joy, companions in fidelity; they go hand in hand to Bethlehem and worship Bethlehem's King. They sing together of God's love, and shall stand together "on the sea of glass mingled with fire," and their harps shall have a sweeter sound because they are tuned in unison.

Mothers, be as Naomi to your daughters; daughters, be as Ruths unto your mothers.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

THE success of the American Revolution and the defeat of the slaveholders' rebellion are the two events in our history important above all others. Each of them marks an epoch, rounds a period, and each of these epochs has its representative in a great leader. Mount Vernon holds the ashes of the one; Springfield, Ill., the form of the other. To George Washington we have been accustomed to do homage through all the lifetime of even the oldest man among us. We pay our tribute to Abraham Lincoln, his only peer.

Singularly fortunate have we been in having for our chosen leaders in times of crises, both of birth and destiny, such men as Washington and Lincoln. Widely separated as they were in circumstances and natural endowments, they are indissolubly joined in the thoughts, hopes, and aspirations of the people, as father and preserver of our liberties.

It may even now be too soon to form a just estimate of Lincoln's worth to the world; his real place in history may not yet appear. But after the lapse of a quarter of a century it still seems to me that fulsome panegyric and labored adulation would be unseemly, while indiscriminate praise would be impertinence, since he was the embodiment of great practical common sense.

Treasuring this idea as the key to the interpretation of his character, let us look at some of the endowments of the great man whom all men have learned to speak of

as "the good President." The chief excellence of his intellectual power lay in its available activity. His intellect was strong, acute, penetrating; but while I admit with a just critic that he was "strong without greatness, acute without brilliancy, penetrating but not profound," yet I believe "he was in intellect more than an average American in the walk of life in which the nation found him." These endowments of strength, acuteness, and penetration he used from boyhood with devoted assiduity, and it was in their constant use, rather than by their superior quality, that he achieved distinction. Gifted with but few opportunities of education, as that term is too often used, he was yet educated in the highest sense, by reason of the compelled development of his own powers. Truth thus acquired is embodied and becomes not so much a treasure of memory as an integral part of character and experience; in its working it does not have to be referred to or recollected, but reproduces itself when needed, because it has entered into the fiber of character. Situated as Mr. Lincoln was in childhood, everything had a practical bearing. What he acquired was not laid by as a whetstone to sharpen his weapon on occasions, but was welded into his body and gave it temper and strength. His constant aim was to get at the essence of things, and so in after life he but seldom used technical phrases, but a form of speech the common people knew. As a lawyer educated by this habit, he could make his case as intelligible to the farmer or mechanic who employed him as to the judge before whom the case was brought. He was habituated to translating hidden meanings and abstract formulas into the language of everyday life, and hence his state papers, while they seemed to some to lack dignity and stateliness, were

always understood by the people. In his personal intercourse he assumed no superiority, but talked to men with a familiarity of illustration as one of themselves, and as one who trusted in the common sense of the people to understand him ; but he went with thoroughness through the investigation of a problem in law or in statesmanship, got at the ultimate principle involved, saw its practical bearings and issues, and gave the result to the world regardless of the process by which he had acquired it. He was not careful to the side issues he had eliminated in his progress, believing that the world and the people wanted principles, not processes ; truth, not tracts to it ; the end he had reached, not the way by which he got there. There is thus a plain practicalness in all he said that was not always appreciated, because the machinery of its accomplishing was all unseen. A building always looks larger while the scaffolding is still around it, but Mr. Lincoln seldom showed his scaffolds or the ladders by which he mounted them. He gave strong and unmistakable proof of all care and circumspectness by the thoroughness and availability of his results for practice.

He was probably the best exponent of the distinctively American mind—a man who in his own person was the consummate realization of the practical working in harmonious measure of the ideal and the practical, a man with the soul of a poet and the brain of a philosopher, whose pulse quickened to a generous throb at every noble thought and deed, but who grasped hard and difficult details with a strength which uncoiled their intricacies and made them practical. He was a man in whom the elements were mingled with such skill that he seemed to his associates at once the most exalted and

the humblest, the noblest and the commonest of men. The most cultivated found in him an intuition which overtopped their learning, and the rudest found a man who entered into sympathy with every practical wrong. His speech the people knew ; they never misunderstood nor misconceived him ; he was to them, in all the struggle, the embodiment of their earnest hopes and most confident expectations.

It would not be fitting here to tell of the difficulties he encountered in preparing for the bar, of his admission to it, of his irresistible attractions to public life, of his term of four years' service in Congress, where he took his place by the side of the rising statesmen of America, of his successful struggle with poverty and triumphant attainment of acknowledged eminence at the bar and in the forum.

It is the glory of most great men to excel in some one department to which they lend all their faculties, and this very excellence may disqualify them for any other sphere of labor. It is rare to find an exhibition of profundity and comprehensiveness of depth and clearness of skill in all the minutiae of jurisprudence and the wide-reaching qualifications of statesmanship. Mr. Lincoln, however, could command the attention of a courtroom, meet and cope with mysteries of evidence, and lay bare the thread of events from the tangled and conflicting statements of interested parties ; and he could also grasp the depths of constitutions, investigate and make plain questions of national policy, could rise above the contention of party and the factions of politicians, could deal with foreign powers without chicanery and without hypocrisy, on the broad principles of equity and justice. The secret of his success was skillful moderation, inflex-

ible ability, honorable forbearance, and courageous adherence to right. His whole course from the time he entered public life was that of a sound, strong, practical man, who never lost temper, never gave way to fretful querulousness, never tampered with principles; and this gave him prestige, not only among his countrymen, but throughout the whole world.

Thinking men who think practically are the greatest benefactors of their race. Even when not prominent on the great stage of the world's tumultuous life they exercise the most potent and salutary influence over its multiform and complicated movements. A nation's industry and wealth, civilization and morality, are generated and nurtured, strengthened and sustained, by the thoughts of such men. The most advanced empire on the face of the globe would soon fall back to primitive barbarism were it not for the constant ministry of thoughtful souls. But whilst the enlightened and reflective are ever amongst the most useful, it is preeminently so when such men occupy the highest positions. Their ideas, like the springs from the mountain summit, roll rapidly down and swell in volume as they descend to give their character and their impulse to the lowest current that flows at its base.

This was preeminently the case with our illustrious President. He occupied a position which invested his thoughts with the most commanding and world-wide influence. They are printed in books, circulated in newspapers, recorded in debates, flashed by electric current; they are distilled as the dew on the heart of the people, or sounded like the trumpet of battle in the ears of the nation. His hand was on the spring of our national machinery, on the helm of our national bark.

The mental experiences, moral perceptions, and observations of men are so diverse that one man may see more truth than all the rest. And his perception of it will depend not only on the height but also on the quality of his eye. The vulture may soar above the eagle, but the eagle's eye beholds what vultures never see.

The position of Mr. Lincoln would not have given him the broad weight he possessed if he had not possessed his own peculiar gifts. In a few changes of our national administration we have been made to feel that "pygmies are pygmies still, though perched on Alps." In the influence of Mr. Lincoln we have seen a great man in a great place. Before his elevation men ridiculed and sneered. His appearance was as one of the people, his utterance was of common thoughts in common words, and men said of him, "He is a common man." And it was a noticeable excellence in Mr. Lincoln that he grew in power as he was advanced in position, until, in the language of a foreign critic, "In his last short message we find a grasp of principle, a dignity of manner, and a solemnity of purpose which would have been worthy of either Hampden or Cromwell."

But Mr. Lincoln was not only a man of practical nature, but of a tender spirit as well. Sensibility of heart gives life, warmth, delicacy, to the power of intellect. Where these are not in their due proportion the character is defective; where sensibility is stronger than the intellect the man is apt to become a morbid pietist or a reckless fanatic; where the intellect is stronger in proportion to the sensibility the man is likely to become a cold theorist, living in the frigid abstractions of his own brain; but where both are properly combined you have a man

fit for great things—a man who, if he be a friend, will give counsels that will tell alike on your understanding and your heart.

In Mr. Lincoln this requisite sensibility seems to have been possessed in a degree well suited to the peculiar office which was assigned him, namely, the duty of uniting discordant elements and combining them against a monster evil. It developed that affability which made all feel at ease in his presence. It made him approachable by all classes, and it caused him to manifest a zeal which seemed a personal interest in the affairs of the humblest who went to him with their wants and their petitions. There was no assumed dignity about him at any time, and hence no unbending of dignity by which those in his presence felt that he had come down from his state to make them welcome; but there was that everyday and common interest displayed which made men feel that he was one among them. Probably no man who has ever filled the presidential chair could have gone to Fortress Monroe to meet the self-constituted commissioners without awakening public apprehension and anxiety for our cause and his safety. Yet he could go, and men said it was like him, and therefore seemed to think it was right.

His honest bearing and kindly look would tell the observer that the motive which swayed him was the “royal law of love.” We are not called to inquire what might have been the issue of so strong a tenderness in the settling up of the vexed questions of a reconstructive policy. The only fear that men entertained with regard to him and to his public policy was lest in the magnanimity of his nature he might fail to draw the line between his personal enemies and the foes of the republic. His per-

sonal foes he would be sure to pardon ; might he not in so doing condone offenses against freedom. And what a concession of his grandeur there is in the admission of such a fear, that a man who had called into being the greatest armies known in history, who had lifted a nation out of a life of policy into a struggle for principle, should be of such a tender spirit as to look pitifully upon the nation's foes ! But our good President, having done wisely, lovingly, and well what was appointed to him to do, slept his last sleep, enshrined in the affections of a people before whom he exhibited all the domestic as well as patriotic virtues ; and the people loved him because he loved his country and his race. His genial philanthropy led him early in life to look upon an enslaved race with sympathy, and to move himself for their relief ; his intellect detected the practical fallacy of owning men whom we declared free, and subordinating men whom we declared equal, of denying to them rights which we proclaimed inalienable ; and long before the nation was fully roused to a sense of its inconsistency he had declared the impossibility of a government existing part slave and part free. The "iron mixed with clay" in the feet of the image he felt would endanger the stability of the whole structure, and so he was found on the side of freedom, sympathizing with the oppressed ; and the enslaved felt that he was their true friend.

The consolidation of our government found slavery an existing institution, and without formally recognizing it by title the Constitution was interpreted so as to cover its results. Our fathers made no aggression upon its territory, no assault upon its facts. Had they made no concessions for its protection slavery might have ultimately died out. But concessions had been made. Slavery

had increased both in its proportions and in its demands; not content with the position assigned it by the founders of the republic as an existing but temporary evil, it claimed to be permanent as well as existent, a good instead of an evil.

It had been grasping and malignant, but it became rebellious and defiant. It had been in all the past an occasion of dispute and compromises. It had been false to its own professions, and greedy of empire. Unequal in its pace with the giant strides of freedom, it had laid difficulties in the way and beset the path with dangers. Foiled in its attempt to hinder or defeat the more rapid growth of States from which it was excluded, it was to erect a new dominion and proclaim a new evangel. It had so eaten out the strength of its foes that there was danger of its success; men felt that it must be crushed or the nation must perish; it must be banished forever or the hope of humanity itself would be destroyed.

It is difficult to estimate the embarrassments by which Lincoln was hedged about when the boldness and precipitancy of the South forced war upon him. With sympathies all aroused in behalf of freedom, he was bound by forms, by compacts, and by stipulations, and more firmly still by the unawakened sense of the people. Slavery had been a power, and though men felt that it had been an evil, yet many felt an awe of it and were timid. But when the issue was squarely made the blow was struck and the manacles fell from the limbs of four millions of slaves. It seemed like an inspiration to beholders, but it was the result of a long series of progressive movements that must move slowly in order that their results might be made sure. It was a work almost more than human, for the black man crouched upon the earth

of whose dust he had been formed, and Abraham Lincoln breathed upon him the breath of liberty, and the slave arose a free man with a living soul.

A thousand hands, from whom he had broken the fetters, were lifted in sorrow and in prayerful but heart-broken grief when he died; they mourned him because, as they said, "other men might befriend them from policy, but this man from principle and from sympathy."

No man could do such an act without having great faith in God and confidence in humanity; and these are the strong points of his character. His confidence in God arose from an intelligent perception of God's power exhibited in the "logic of events;" he believed an unseen hand was guiding, and his frequent remark, "It will all be right," showed that he watched for the end of an assured event. This confidence made him hopeful of issues when other men gave way to despondency and gloom. He does not seem to have faltered in his trust, or for a moment to have abandoned his hope. This explains to us what the English critic meant when he spoke of his curiously strange habit of looking upon political forces as he would upon the great forces of the wind, and sailing with a certain prescience of what is coming, but without the slightest wish to hasten its arrival by a day, or any desire, indeed, except to stand aside and watch till the moment for inevitable action was forced upon him. He trusted that God would in some way purify the nation; he firmly believed that God had planted and fostered this land for the final experiment of freedom; he never gave room to the idea that he would permit men to destroy the best achievement of advancing civilization fostered under his protection.

This gave a strange and peculiar beauty to his

thoughts of our country's future. God gave him a poetic soul, that he might anticipate the quickening pulse of his country's swelling heart and conceive the grandeur of its throbs, should none of its swelling arteries be severed, none of its filling veins be opened. He loved the Union, and this love largely moved and fully filled all his conceptions of our future, so that even when the waters seemed in rage to be over the tops of the high mountains his faith in God failed not. In the darkest shadows of our nation's eclipse he calmly waited to see the disturbed system emerge from the darkness and move again, as before, unharmed amid the rival spheres; and he lived just long enough to be assured that his confidence was well founded. Equally strong and characteristic was his faith in humanity. Public opinion was to him the aggregate thought and conscience of the nation, and in this he had confidence. The people were right and he trusted them. To discover what the national conscience expressed, and then to accomplish it, was his theory and practice of official duty. His life is best understood by those who consider him as the people's President, an officer who never said, "I will do thus and so because I have the power, being President," but who seemed rather to say, "The people whom I represent would have me do so; therefore this is my policy." He never forgot the fundamental doctrine of the Constitution, "We, the people, do ordain;" and to represent them rather than himself was his constant endeavor. He gathered into his cabinet and about him every man who had been a candidate in popular favor for the office to which he had been chosen. There is not on record one single act of his proscribing, without a cause which the people approved, a political rival. He could accept

the resignation of his secretary of the treasury even when he knew it was offered to embarrass his administration, and at the same time resolve to promote the ex-secretary to be chief justice of the Supreme Court. He sent no man abroad to have him out of the way, but he surrounded himself with the people's thoughts as embodied in the men of the people, and from discordant elements worked out a harmonious and successful administration. He identified himself with the masses and was ready to move as they moved. When he entered office he executed the "Fugitive Slave Law," which he had denounced as wrong, because the people had enacted it; he rescinded Fremont's proclamation, which he knew was right, because the people were not ready for it; he retained McClellan in command, after his own patience seemed to be exhausted, because of the people's faith in him. He was the embodiment of the popular will, advancing, waiting, just as the aggregate thought and conscience of the people moved or rested, and herein he displayed what I think to be the most marked of all his individual traits, namely, his strong practical common sense. The nation has had presidents whose intellectual power was equal to his, whose culture was superior, but the nation has had no president who was so truly the people's representative, whom the people could so trust, as being inflexibly honest and unflinchingly true.

Hence he was the most useful man of his age. No man of the nation but could have been better spared than he. Though he had done much, he was still only in the prime of manhood, and if his life had extended through a second term of office his influence for good, to all human appearance, would have been immense.

But he died in the zenith of his life, in the enthusiasm of his hopes. Time had not stolen strength from his limb nor cooled the fires of his nature. Never was he so competent to help his country, never were his services apparently more required, and never was he more disposed to use his augmented power for the good of the nation. Just at that juncture of our history we seemed to require a man of his commanding integrity and cosmopolitan sympathies; and yet this great and good man fell in the strength of his manhood, in the flush of his triumphs, and fell by the hand of a murderer!

There was no man in the nation for whose safety or whose life larger interest could be manifested. The whole nation trembled when he went down to inspect the seat of power from which the enemy had fled! Guards and attendants pressed with willing feet to surround his person and protect his life. But the last hour of his appointed time had tolled in the ear of destiny, and death, prompt to the moment, was there. He had entered the capital almost alone in order to escape assassination; he left it in his coffin, the assassin's victim; but a whole nation lined on either side the thousand miles over which the corpse was borne, and not one eye was tearless, not one heart but mourned. The act of the assassin paralyzed the whole nation. Great statesmen wept, and men mighty in battle; while the poor of the race he freed brought their humble tributes to the chieftain's coffin. A common sorrow filled the hearts of all classes in the community and caused them for a while to flow in one swelling wave of kindred grief. All souls were drawn together in the mystic affinities of woe; all hearts were wedded in the unity of tears.

Before these tears were dried a universal horror of the

deed was breathed through the closed lips of suffering freemen, and maledictions fierce and loud were poured upon the head of him who had dared to lift his hand "against the Lord's anointed." The wrath of the people waxed hot, and a moral sentiment prevailed before which even foul-mouthed treason was dumb, and which caused even those who had encouraged and incited sentiments which led to the act to hide themselves in the semblance of grief. Prominent promoters of the rebellion North and South hastened to purge themselves from complicity in the deed, and no man could have lived that day who had dared to applaud or to approve the deed. We were that day one people speaking one language.

The momentary and stunning effect of the blow passed, and men saw with a clearness they had not known before that this crime was but the hellish outgrowth of the system which had inaugurated armed rebellion; that to piracy and barbarism, torture, debauchery, and bloody sweat, assassination was but the fitting culmination; and there was a shudder of anguish as we perceived that the blow of the assassin was given by the spirit of slavery. And then with what a thrill we recalled the words of his second inaugural, when he said:

"Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may soon pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue till all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toils shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid with another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, 'The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.'"

Then justice and mercy appeared to be contending over our flag—justice staining our stripes, and mercy with tears from widows and orphans and loved ones bleaching them white. Blood had flowed from the tortured frames of toiling slaves, but justice was not yet satisfied. From all ranks of society blood had been drawn—atoning blood—but still the dye was not deep enough. Justice had sworn that the flag of freedom should represent our sufferings and our sins, so that men should never again fail to see in it our common emblem. The farms had given yeomen, the shops had given tradesmen, the manufactories laborers; commerce had sent her seamen and her merchants. Professions had been vacated to pour out blood enough, as we thought, to cancel every wrong; but justice was not satisfied until in the halls of the White House there was mourning, and the chief man of all was slain; and then, we trust, justice and mercy once more were clasped in a long embrace; the drawn sword was sheathed, and the tears of sorrow fell unchecked. And now the flag that floats over us is ours—yes, yours and mine; for over every home which had given its victim, cheering each heart which had shed its tears, the red and white are joined upon the blue, from which the stars shine radiantly.

Fellow-citizens, that flag is to float over freemen who have braved all for freedom; it has in every fold protection and in every star encouragement; and if ever there shall be found among us, North or South, men whose emotions antagonize its hues, who pale when they see its crimson folds, and blush as its white stripes float in the breeze, and who feel this because of sympathy with the spirit of slavery, or secession, or rebellion, or assassination, or intimidation, they must stand from under its

fold. They must seek homes where that flag does not wave. There must be hereafter no sickly and maudlin sympathy for treason nor for traitors. We must have "charity for all and malice toward none," but we must "have firmness to do the right as God gives us to see the right." And we must also remember that "mercy to the individual may be cruelty to the State." "Mercy has been slain; let us not also destroy justice."

Contemplating the character of Mr. Lincoln, of one thing we must be well assured—he has not ceased to be. No man can believe that his practical intellect, so experienced, so enriched, and his noble heart, the fountain of such glowing sympathies, were extinguished; that all that remains to us of our illustrious President was laid in his tomb, and that his great soul went out with his last breath, like a quenched star, to be rekindled no more. We cannot believe that after we have struggled on in life from penniless childhood, assiduously trained our faculties for usefulness, wrestled with difficulties and mastered them, striven for position and gained it, and fully equipped with power to help the world in the very zenith of life, we are to be crushed forever. It were better never to have lived at all than to have lived thus. We have better hope than this, for we have heard a voice from heaven saying: "Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them." The acclamations of the thousands of our fellow-citizens who speak his praises, the growth and the development of the race that he freed and liberated fill the air about us; but these shall be lost somewhere and fade into the eternal silence. But the complete work that he accomplished in his life

and the results which shall even yet come from his untimely death shall never lose their power; we shall greet them in "the beyond." There, where each great deed is as a star and each high, generous thought a crown, we may see the unfolding of the results of his brief, useful living, and be satisfied.

But not only for the individual, but also for the nation, was there proof in his death of a continuous living. Others have died while occupying the station which he so nobly fills, but with one exception they died as other men; the times were peaceful and they calmly sunk to rest. But this great man fell by the act of an assassin, in a time of civil discord and fraternal strife, when the cloud of battle was still lowering, though it was streaked with harbingers of peace. In any other land than ours his loss at such a time, by such an act, would have convulsed the nation and have clogged, almost inextricably, the wheels of government. But, though our land was startled and dismayed, the wheels of our government moved on, the affairs of the nation knew no check, and no man might guess, from any halting, that the hand of the executive of the nation was chilled in death. There was even no interregnum, but the official mantle of the departed fell upon his successor, who at least began to draw the salary if he did not fill the place.

I have sometimes doubted whether the loss of Lincoln was a severer trial to the nation than the succession of Johnson. But it tested our economy and polity, and the response to the strain was an indication which it requires no inspiration to interpret. The land shall live, the nation shall not die! And in the words of a great orator and statesman, "We shall live and not die; the ill-omened sounds of fanaticism shall cease; the ghostly

specters of secession and disunion shall disappear, and the enemies of united constitutional liberty, if their hatred cannot be appeased, may prepare to have their eyeballs seared as they behold the steady flight of the American eagle, on burnished wing, for years and years to come." Yes, we shall live and not die; the throes that rocked the nation's frame were not death struggles, but birth pangs destined to issue in a nobler future.

The President, when he sank beneath the ball of the assassin, grasped in his left hand the flag of the Union. In this there was a lesson, an omen; even in his death throes he clung to the flag. God gave it to us, striped with the dawn and gemmed with the stars. It is ours to unfold it and to maintain it. We should feel, each of us, the dignity and importance of our position in a land where the example of every man radiates farther than he himself can see or know, and each of us—be our position what his was when he commenced life, or nearer the honor he attained while living, or wherever our lot may be—be true to the principles he taught, true to the flag he loved.

And when these sentiments of loyalty shall fill all hearts and actuate all lives, who, who shall cast the horoscope of our country's greatness? The living tide of population shall swell and roll from the Atlantic over the mountains and across the broad prairies till it meets the waves of the broad Pacific; but instead of the clangor of war and the gleaming of arms there shall rise to heaven the busy hum of industry and the waving richness of plenty. The green earth shall no more be red-dened by the blood of the innocent and helpless, and the wild whirlpool of anarchy and rebellion no longer fling toward heaven its bloody and its hellish spray; but the

broad Alleghenies shall answer back to the snowy Cordilleras in accents of peace and gladness ; while from the foam and thunder of Niagara to where the Father of Waters rolls his mighty tide beneath a tropical sun, from every templed hill and every teeming valley, there shall rise the grateful hymn of millions of free and faithful hearts.

If the individual and personal traits of Abraham Lincoln could become national characteristics; if honesty, integrity, devotion to right and faith in God can be national traits, we shall fill the promise of our great future, all free, all equal, all endowed with rights inalienable. The noblest tribute man can pay to Abraham Lincoln will be given in generous-hearted efforts to accomplish this national regeneration. Great men of other lands may be commemorated by a single shaft or statue, but the memory of the "People's Representative" only by such effort as shall include us all who live under a government "of the people, by the people, for the people," since

" Not high-raised battlement or labored mound,
Thick wall or moated gate;
Not cities proud with spires and turrets crowned ;
Not bays and broad-armed ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride ;
Not starred and spangled courts
Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume to pride—"

these do not constitute a State !

" No : men, high-minded men,
With powers so far above dull brutes endued
In forest brake or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude,
Men who their duties know,
But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain,
Prevent the long-aimed blow,
And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain—
These constitute a State."

PERSONAL MEMORIES OF U. S. GRANT.

WHEN the earth shall have received into its bosom the body of the illustrious dead, when dust shall be given to dust and ashes to ashes, then will be time for the eulogist, the orator, and the historian to recount his life, herald his exploits, and assign his place in history. To-day, in the universal sadness which has befallen the nation, I propose to speak of him simply as I knew him, and to recall such traits of his personal character as the circumstances and the place may justify.

The first time I ever saw General Grant was on a visit that he made to Chicago near the close of the war. I had been requested by the governor of the State to assist in raising funds for the purchase of a soldier's orphan home, and had informed the governor that with his and General Grant's indorsement I believed the effort would be a success. I was impressed with the aptness of the questions which General Grant put to me ; they were brief, methodical, and seemed to cover the whole ground.

Appointing the next day for an interview, at the hour named I found him in a room full of friends and visitors. Recognizing me, he directed one of his aids to bring writing materials, and sat down in the midst of the confusion and wrote a commendation of the enterprise to the people of the State, who gladly responded.

A trait of his character was developed when on a visit to Chicago at the time of the Sanitary Fair. He remained there over Sunday. Great interest was manifested in

knowing where he would worship on that day. Pews were offered for his use in almost all the principal churches, and carriages were proffered by their owners for his accommodation. On Saturday afternoon he sent one of his aids, Colonel Babcock, to inquire of a well-known Methodist lady whether a minister by the name of Vincent, who used to live in Galena, were not preaching somewhere in Chicago. He was informed that Mr. Vincent was pastor of Trinity Church, in the southern part of the city. Trinity Church was then a mere mission station, a recent offshoot from Clarke Street, and John H. Vincent had not attained his present conspicuous position. But on Sunday the general, with his staff, quietly entered a carriage and drove down, unannounced, to worship in the little church and listen to a sermon by the pastor whom he had heard in his former home.

When I went to Washington to become pastor of the Metropolitan Church I found him one of the most regular of the congregation in attendance upon public worship. He seemed to be scrupulously careful on this matter, frequently explaining, when necessarily absent, the occasion of his non-attendance. His attention to the service was marked and unflagging, and the subjects of the sermons were frequently matters of subsequent conversation. He never seemed conscious of the fact that the eyes of the great congregation were often fixed upon him, and always in passing out at the minister's private exit, to avoid the crowd, he spoke cheerily and appreciatingly to the clergyman. He enjoyed all of the religious services of the church, excepting the singing, having a constitutional inability to appreciate music. He told me once that all music seemed to affect him as

discord would a sensitive and skilled ear, and that he would go a mile out of his way rather than listen to the playing of a band. And when the hymn to be sung consisted of four stanzas he experienced a feeling of relief as each one was sung and so disposed of.

Not long after my arrival in Washington, at a reception given by ex-Postmaster General King, I was asked by his daughter whether it was true (as she had heard) that General Grant had never sworn a profane oath. I was surprised at the question and took opportunity to speak to the general about it, when he told me that he never had used profane language, and that he was quite sure if he ever had done so under any provocation he would have remembered it.

On one occasion a friend, whom I wished him to hear, was to preach for me on a Sunday night. I called upon the President to inform him of this fact, and said that I had done so because I had observed that he attended service only once on Sunday, and thought that if he knew of this arrangement for the pulpit he might prefer to attend the evening service. He said to me: "I am glad of an opportunity to explain this matter to you. Secretary Fish and some others have an absurd notion that I ought not to walk about the streets of Washington at night, and consequently I never get to the evening service, though I should be glad to do so." And seeing that I was surprised by this statement he said: "Perhaps you think that I might have the carriage and ride to service; but, doctor, when I was a poor man, long before I ever thought that I should have a servant, I made up my mind that if I ever did have one he should have his hours of Sunday for worship. No servants or horses are ever called

into use by me upon that day for my own personal convenience."

I was a stranger to him when I assumed that pulpit, and his Methodist training and education are shown in an incident narrated to me by Bishop Ames. There is in Washington a Methodist church much nearer to the White House than the Metropolitan, and the official members of that church believed that it would be greatly to its interest if a minister who was well known to the general and much liked by him could be induced to become their pastor and the general induced to attend the service. And they waited upon him with a statement of their views, when General Grant simply remarked to the spokesman at the interview that he believed it was the Methodist custom to change pastors and not to change churches.

Some months before his second inauguration he asked me if I expected to be at home on the Sunday preceding that ceremony. I informed him that I did, and asked him why he put the question. He said he thought it would be appropriate to invite the members of his cabinet to attend service with him on that day. Accordingly, they were invited and came. Chief Justice Chase, learning of this intention, invited the members of the Supreme Court; and perhaps this is the only occasion in the history of the government that these chief officers, with other military and civil functionaries, have been present at a similar religious service.

The home life in the White House during the Grants' residence was beautiful in its domestic simplicity and purity, and the influence of the family in society was markedly beneficial. In former times public receptions had been made the occasion of conviviality and excess,

and the banishment of wine and spirits from the public receptions of the officers of the cabinet was requested by General Grant and promptly complied with. Due credit has never been given by temperance crusaders and politicians to the wholesome effect of this movement and the admirable example thus set before the American people.

The tenderness and love of the general for his family were simple and unrestrained, without affectation, without ostentation. It was a sore trial to both parents to allow their daughter to leave their home; but when, in compliance with the general's stipulation, Mr. Sartoris took the necessary steps to become an American citizen their consent was given.

The marriage took place in the east room of the White House, and was conducted according to our Methodist forms, with simplicity and dignity; but the parting of the father from his only daughter seemed for a time to completely unnerve him. I found him in the evening of that day sad and depressed and lonely. His treasure had gone and was to be parted from him by the seas; for a death had occurred in the Sartoris family which made it necessary that Mr. Sartoris should return to his English home. The life of that daughter was to him an inspiration. He longed for her presence and wistfully counted the hours of their necessary separation, and rejoiced at the promised speed of the vessels which would bring her to him. Her face was fittingly the last upon which his conscious gaze rested, and the love of the two has thus become immortal.

He was tenacious in his friendships, and has been criticised for adhering to men when others had found reasons for withdrawing confidence. But he was of such personal

integrity and uprightness that he refused to believe it possible that other men were not influenced by his own high motives. Absolutely incapable of servility, he could not suspect other men of fawning sycophancy. The soul of honor and manliness himself, a man who was a stranger to indirection and falsehood, General Grant could not comprehend how men could be dishonorable and false by method. He believed all men honest; consequently he was often the victim of designing men. Inguenous himself, he could not comprehend unscrupulousness. Attacked by public men and the press as a dishonest and corrupt man, he came to believe that honest men were surest to be abused. Consequently he stood by men who were under fire.

He was silent under bitter accusation and calumny, and I remember well one evening at the White House, when my family were the only guests, that Vice President Colfax and his sister were introduced. In the course of conversation Mr. Colfax remarked: "During the campaign, general, I marveled at the quietness of your endurance of wrong and misrepresentation. Now that I myself am passing under similar trials it seems to me that your endurance was almost more than human." The general quietly remarked: "Did you ever believe, Mr. Colfax, that I was insensible to it, and that it did not hurt?"

He made no special religious profession, and yet he was a man of religious nature, and thoroughly earnest and honest in his belief in a superintending Providence, regarding certain facts in history as inexplicable without this, and admiring the firm faith of a devoted sister and reverencing with a sacredness that was beautiful in its exhibition the piety of his parents.

He made a visit of a week to Martha's Vineyard, which was then my summer home. I preached a sermon on "The Victory of Faith," from the text, "They overcame him by the blood of the Lamb." He was more moved than I had ever seen him under a discourse, and at the close of the sermon, at his suggestion, we wandered away from the crowd and engaged in earnest and serious conversation. He said, "Why is there so much stress laid on the blood in your preaching and in the New Testament?" I explained to him in the simplest terms the doctrine of atonement, and he seemed fully to comprehend it. The giving up of life as a test of love was so incontrovertible an argument that it satisfied a man who had led thousands through death to victory, and I have always had a strong confidence that on that day the general had a personal realization of the truth as it is in Jesus.

We have not heard as yet a statement of the spiritual history of these last months, but when it shall be disclosed to us I doubt not it will reveal not only that a great man was calmly facing the end of his earthly career, but that a humble, trusting soul was in confident expectation of a heavenly life in union with its Saviour. The wonderful changes in his life, the brave work he did, the great honors thrust upon him, the vicissitudes which came to him, all mark him as a hero—one of the great men not only of this nation and this century, but of the race; displaying as many of the virtues and as few of the weaknesses of human nature as almost any other man of whom history makes mention. Magnanimous in victories, patient under personal loss and suffering, he compares more nearly with the first President than do any of his other successors in office. Linked in

the nation's history by the contingency of events with the author of the edict of emancipation, himself the power which gave that edict force and realization, he will take his place in the thoughts of men as the associate and peer of Washington and Lincoln.

Singularly fortunate has the nation been in having for its chosen leaders in times of crisis, both of birth and destiny, such men as these. Widely separated as they were in circumstances and in natural endowment, they will be indissolubly joined in the thoughts, hopes, and aspirations of the people.

Washington was a man of colossal character, the culmination and perfection of the Anglo-American type of the race. By blood an Englishman, by education an American, following the traditions of his birth he would have sided with the rule of authority; inspired by the genius of liberty, he won the first laurels of the republic in the freshness of their early bloom.

Lincoln was perhaps the best exponent of the distinctively American mind. In his own person he was the consummate realization of the working in harmonious measure of the ideal and the practical; a man with the soul of a poet and the brain of a philosopher, whose pulse quickened to a generous throb at every noble thought and deed; who grasped hard and practical details with a strength that uncoiled their intricacies; a man who seemed to combine in one character the most exalted and the humblest, the noblest and the commonest of men.

As we had Washington to lead in laying our foundations, and Lincoln to guide in the realization of the instincts of freedom, so we have had Grant, the greatest general of his age, to superintend the consolidation of

the Union and direct in the maturing of its plans. A man whose characteristic was integrity, whose methods were dictated by that rarest of qualities which we call common sense, there was no poetry in his nature and no eloquence in his speech. He was a plain, blunt man that moved right on. Without oratorical embellishment his utterances were sententious, and the world will not soon forget the phrases: "Unconditional surrender," "I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer," "Let us have peace."

He fought to victorious conclusion the war of the rebellion, and his magnanimity was recognized and has been applauded by those over whom his victories were gained. And he had that other and more difficult task—to preside over the destinies of a nation composed alike of the victors and the vanquished; and he thus sustained the grandeur of two perfectly distinct yet equally exalted epochs in the history of a great nation, and has proved himself a hero, who, having gathered all the laurels in the field, was able to demonstrate to men that "peace hath her victories no less renowned than war."

He never worshiped in this church building.* Before its erection, under the impulse of personal friendship he identified himself with another denomination, and only when troubles came to the church where he worshiped, and he seemed to be temporarily without a church home, did I invite him to attend our services and worship with us. I received from him the following letter, which seemed to me as I read it inexpressibly sad; for I knew not then that the end was so near, and thought more of his business troubles than of his failing health:

* Madison Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church, New York city.

“NEW YORK CITY, Feb. 4, 1885.

“MY DEAR DR. TIFFANY: Your letter of the 30th of January, kindly placing a pew in your church at the service of myself or any of my family, was duly received. While I thank you I cannot accept. My physical condition will not admit of my attending church or going any place where I cannot control the temperature and draughts of air, before warm weather in the spring. Where myself and family will be after that time I do not know.

“Very truly yours, U. S. GRANT.”

He rose from honorable obscurity to intelligent manhood, and he gave the service for which he was qualified by the nation's education to the saving of the nation's life. He was exalted, applauded, honored: at home, filling the presidential chair two terms; abroad, everywhere welcomed, honored, and esteemed. The victim of outrageous villainy, with impaired health and vigor, he patiently endured disease and disaster, which resulted in death, devoting the closing months of his heroic life to the narration of his military career. At its completion he laid down his pen, as he had before sheathed his sword, and ascended Mount McGregor to ascend to God.

AMERICAN NATIONAL CHARACTER AS AFFECTED BY IMMIGRATION.

FEW topics are attracting more attention, few are of more vital interest, than that of foreign immigration. The statistics are swelling in their magnitude, but of unquestionable exactness. In 1820 there were in round numbers 8,000; in 1825, 10,000; in 1830, 23,000; in 1835, 45,000; in 1840 not quite 100,000; in 1845, 114,000. From that date the numbers have rapidly risen, with only an occasional lapse. In 1855 there were over 200,000; in 1870, nearly 400,000; in 1872, over 400,000; in 1882 the maximum figure was reached, 788,000; and the total immigration from 1820 to 1887 amounts to over 13,000,000.

The effect of pouring such a vast number of foreign people, with foreign ideas, customs, traditions, and languages, into our land has been nearly as great on ourselves as it has been on them. They have largely modified our ideas, and, to some considerable extent, our institutions. Their influence has awakened the fears of some and the hopes of others.

Our naturalization laws afford too easy access to citizenship, and here, in all probability, is the great occasion for future anxiety. But an inspection of facts and inquiry into principles may help us to regard the question with calmness, if not to entirely dismiss our anxieties.

In all the tribes of men there are those who, while distinctively of the tribe, exhibit marked resemblance to

men of other tribes; some move rapidly, some slowly, both in bodily and mental exercise; some yield slowly to impulses, others yield quickly. And there is no generalization more recognized than that which exists between men who easily perceive resemblances in things, and who are therefore apt to be impulsive and enthusiastic, since they move rapidly up to conclusions, and men who rather perceive differences than resemblances, and are in consequence apt to be cautious and calculating, since they reach conclusions more slowly. The first furnish our theorists, discoverers, reformers, poets, and orators. The second furnish our mechanics, men of science, metaphysicians, and statesmen.

The ancient Greeks were idealists. The world of mind was their peculiar sphere. They originated philosophy. They gave the world Plato and Aristotle, the typical representatives of the intuitional and logical forces. They explored almost every field of inquiry and filled the world with questions, spending much time in search of what was new. The Irish are the nearest akin to the ancient Greeks. In many respects they reproduce the quickness of mental processes, aptness of repartee, subtlety of maneuver, which characterized their ancient prototypes. Each nation, like the sea which washed its national shore, was easily lashed to a foam of excitement by a passing breath, and as soon subsided to a calm and placid surface. Each yielded to the pressure of outward influences, as the wave parts before the advancing vessel and again closes in its wake, leaving no permanent trace of the displacement or struggle. A series of national calamities have depressed the condition of Ireland, but nothing has changed the Irish. An evicted tenant walks the hills or treads the bogs of his

native land with the same feeling of pride that moved in the hearts of his ancestors. This was characteristic of the Greeks; no matter what occurred, they were unchanged. The French people have shown their versatility in every change of their political history. There was a time when they developed three transcendental ideas, which are so plainly true that they carry their own evidence of rightness with them. These ideas were liberty, equality, and fraternity. But they lacked stability—interpreting fraternity with too wide a latitude; making equality, instead of the recognition of rights, the denial of superiority; and writing liberty as unbridled license.

The Romans, on the other hand, were from the first men of business and not of speculation. Every man spent ten years of the prime of his life in the army and the remainder in the study or management of public affairs; and this developed a nation of soldiers and statesmen. The Roman was the utilitarian of antiquity. His mission, he felt, was to conquer and govern the world. Everything which tended to promote this end he valued; beyond this, things had for him only fanciful and fictitious worth. He despised that which he did not regard as practical. The Germans are phlegmatic and unexcitable, with more staying power than momentum. No race is more frugal, more patient, more hardy, or more easy to govern. They are noted for simplicity and integrity. Home and fatherland are with them subjects of supreme regard.

In England the preponderance of the intensely practical element is manifest in her conservatism. Whatever else we may think or say, of good or evil, concerning her, it cannot be denied that she has always been eminently

conservative—she has moved very slowly in the changes she has at different times been forced to make as concessions to the progress of popular thought. Content with her history, satisfied with things as they are, dreading change as an evil only to be tolerated because of some great advantage to be thereby gained, she has had the practical wisdom to let what she thinks well enough alone, and has thrust experiments and changes upon others, while she has maintained the bulwark of European freedom against all comers. She delights to-day in doing things as they were done in times gone by, and for no other reason than that they were then so done.

When we come to consider the bent of our own national character we must remember that we are the result of many combinations. Our original Anglo-Saxon ancestry itself separates into Puritan and Cavalier, and has had mingled with it many other nationalities.

The census of 1880, if it could be taken as the ground of general comparison, shows the very remarkable fact that our resident foreign-born population of 6,679,943 persons was distributed as follows: From the German empire, 1,966,742; from Ireland, 1,854,571; from France, 106,971; from England, Scotland, and Wales, and British America, 1,634,755; from all other sources, 1,116,904.

This shows, if it be even an approximate standard, a fair admixture of the elements we have considered as controlling and distinctive, with a surplus of the practical and conservative element. This is held by some of the profound thinkers of the world to be indicative of future greatness. Mr. Darwin, in his *Descent of Man*, says: "There is apparently much truth in the belief that the wonderful progress of the United States, as well as the character of the people, are the results of natural

selection ; for the more energetic, restless, and courageous men from all parts of Europe have emigrated during the last ten or twelve generations to that great country, and have there succeeded best."

The practical element which we derive from our English ancestry was developed by the necessities of our life. The unexplored continent had to be subjugated and its resources developed ; forests must be felled, streams bridged ; the virgin soil must yield to the plow ; protection from savages and beasts must be maintained ; the growing crops must be harvested and stored ; communication must be established between the widely separated colonies and sustained with the homes which they had left. They must speed the plow, sow the seed, and gather in the harvest. Dragging from our mines that servant of all work—iron—they soon found black diamonds to blaze in our grates, and then the forge and the furnace began their blasts. Commerce was established by imports of necessities and exports of what we could best spare, and soon our ships were steered to every harbor and brought back in return the luxuries of every clime. Early driven by necessities to invent machinery to economize both time and toil, they discovered new processes for facilitating production and augmenting capital by new investments. One after another came steamboats, locomotives, cotton gins, reaping and sewing machines, rotary presses and telegraphs, proving how buoyant and manifold are the energies and activities of industry, until the shores of our distant oceans are now linked with bands of iron and a network of railways covers the whole land.

As we have had much necessity, so we have displayed much genius for work. Labor has been rewarded ; la-

borers are paid, their rights respected; their achievements are our crown. Of course there has been friction in adjusting relations of labor to capital, but perhaps the reason why we have not experienced the dread scenes of communistic revolt lies in the fact that here the toilers of to-day are the capitalists of to-morrow. And so long as this respect for honest industry remains and the possibilities of accumulation are so great this will continue to be our safeguard. Our workingmen have worked intelligently. All possibilities have been opened to each one of them, and so they have wrought skill and taste into the products of the loom, strength and beauty in among coarser materials, and have put brain not into literature only, but mixed it in mortar, beaten it into iron, woven it into textile fabrics; with it they have drained morasses, bridged rivers, tunneled mountains, and crowned the hills, until the desert blossoms and the hills are glad.

But, besides the respect awarded to labor and the wealth accumulated by workingmen, the uses to which riches have been put demand attention; and while in no other land have the practical forces of life been so carefully developed, by no nation has physical comfort been so well provided for and life been made so rich in beautiful embellishment and solid satisfaction. Mechanical powers have been utilized for the lessening of drudgery, the cheapening of necessities, and the rescue of time from the slavery of toil for the cultivation of the intellectual and moral faculties. A laboring man here lives more comfortably and maintains his family more reputably than many an employer abroad. We have accumulated wealth, and it has nowhere else been applied to more legitimate purposes. Here it is used for

the diffusion of education to all classes and the establishing of charitable institutions, in which the poor of other lands and the unfortunate of our own are gathered to be gladdened, cheered, and healed by sympathy, kindness, and care. But we are not a nation of mere utilitarians, for while physical necessities demanded attention the stern realities of practical life have not hindered the growth of great principles and the development of enlarged thought and culture.

The idealistic quality of our people was manifested even in the earliest days of the republic, in the debates which preceded the adoption of the Constitution. Then the most abstract truths found utterance, such as, "Men are born free and equal," "Governments derive power from the consent of the governed." These statements, which transcend reason, were the idealistic inspirations written down as the basis of American liberty. They were then entirely new to the world. And the discussion in which they were demonstrated and finally adopted is of extreme interest and importance.

There was a division of sentiment among the people. Among the opponents of the Constitution was found a large proportion of the men who had fought the battle of independence. Hatred of Great Britain and the clamor of the opponents of the Constitution that the supporters of it were the friends of the mother country, and were in favor of a kingly form of government, carried over to the opposition nearly all the foreign population in the large towns and a very large portion of the unread and unthinking people of the rural districts. The weight of talent, wealth, and intelligence of the country was unquestionably for it; but had there not been a strong support from the tillers of the soil it is doubtful

whether, even with the aid of a moneyed interest, the document could have been adopted. Its antagonists were idealists, its supporters practical men, and to the planters of the slaveholding States and the commercial people of the seaport towns the country is indebted for the Constitution. So that the contest between idealism and conservatism resulted in the practical common sense of the Constitution.

Singularly enough, the two great parties that divided the people of the country for years originated in the adoption of the Constitution. The party of opposition was led by Thomas Jefferson, who had resided in Paris during the formation of the plans for that document, and who, being flattered, wined, and dined by the leaders of the French Revolution, had partaken of their intoxication. They were nearly all theorists, and he became impregnated with their wild and impracticable ideas. His followers in this country were all filled with foreign notions, and while many joined in with them they were essentially foreign. The Cavaliers in Virginia, with their caste notions and Established Church, joined him. They believed in State independence against national supremacy. Their ambition was to ingraft family aristocracies upon society as against the spirit of plebeian equality. They were to be the people, and to the people so constituted unlimited power was to be given. He was for a French republic, and, provided he and his could hold the power, all power was to be concentrated in a national assembly. Hamilton, who led the Federalists, had different notions. He had no great respect for the people, it is true; his faith had been shaken by the "Reign of Terror." He would have a people's government, but only when restrained by proper national checks; and

from that day to this the dividing line between political parties has been along the line relating to the relations of the States to the United States. Territorial constitutions and admissions to the Union, as also tariffs and protection, the more recent forms in which this question has appeared, are only differing forms of the old and first issue between the State and the Union, resulting then, as now, from the conflict between idealism and practicalism or realism.

Thus the nation began its history. It grew and flourished with unexampled vigor. In the North necessity was laid on men to toil. The sterility of the soil, the ruggedness of the hills, the severity of the climate compelled labor, and the North became practical, sober-minded, and undemonstrative. In the South the broad savannas and the fertility of the soil, together with enervating effects of the tropical sun, tempted to luxury and ease. These led to caste in society and to compel labor on the part of the poor, and the natural if not necessary result was aristocratic bearing, impatience of control, and delight in what was thought to be heroic and chivalric. Dueling settled private wrongs, and dominion was the masterful spirit of society. The unemployed, if under no necessity to toil, are apt to conceive and indulge thoughts of superiority; and these things were reflected and exhibited in personal intercourse and set forth in congressional demeanor until they led to a state of things in which men from these latitudes really imagined that the toiling masses of the North were as inferior as the degraded slaves of their plantations, and the idea of empire and dominion took possession of them. A Confederacy was conceived by men in whom intuitional enthusiasm was dominant. The minds of the

practical and toiling North at once opposed this, at first in argument and afterward in arms. The hesitation to act at once by appeal to bayonets, which caused the South to believe that it was based on fear of their personal prowess, proved to be the mere estimation of probabilities and a reluctance to imperil all that they held dear by plunging the land into civil war; but when the problem was intelligently solved it was practically demonstrated.

So also in the readjustment of the issues of the conflict after victory, neither the extreme demands of justice nor the sentimental impulses of magnanimity were allowed full sway. The practical judgment of the people remembered the lesson while it lightened the burdens imposed. Clemency was pushed to the verge of weakness, and at one time there seemed almost a willingness on the part of those in power to abandon all the results of victory to the vanquished; but the practical common sense of the people revolted, and denied to policy what the strength of the nation had refused to arms. Ballots made sure what bullets had made possible, and ballots and bullets struck the same foe. The contest between enthusiasm and conservatism resulted in the salvation of the Union in its integrity.

With the settlement of the question which involved the life of a nation a new difficulty appeared. The confidence of the people growing out of such an achievement grew amazingly strong. Genuine pride in a great past bred overconfidence in a greater future. Each man felt that in securing a future for the country he had secured his own future. Hence, men began to live as though the future had already arrived; we expanded as if we already possessed what we anticipated; we traded

on what was to be rather than on what existed. This was the time of inflated values and extravagant speculations; not as in the days of the South Sea Bubble or Law's Mississippi Scheme, existent or prospective, but on the prospective embracing of nonexistent values.

But the good common sense of the people put away the theoretical expedients of the politicians and began to retrench expenses everywhere, at home and abroad, made close sales and close collections, calculated small margins, and thus assured the world of our ability and intention to meet our plighted faith and pay every cent of our vast national debt. And the result was that in fourteen years we began to redeem our greenback promises in golden coin. I feel persuaded that the manner in which the idealistic and conservative forces counterbalanced each other in the results of the panic of 1873-74 gives a better insight into our national character than any other single event which, up to that time, had preceded it. It was as forcible and practical an exhibition of what we could do when necessity was laid upon us in financial matters as the victories of the field of war were a demonstration of what we could do in putting down a rebellion against united constitutional government.

Another demonstration on the same line appears in the treatment of the vexed question between labor and capital which has surged over the land, affecting every interest and threatening every home.

The last few years have given occasion for a wonderful exhibition of the balancing of these forces in our land. The condition of many of our working people was deplorable. Grasping monopolists, greedy of gain, ground the faces of their employees; long hours were given to

toil and meager wages to toilers. Social distinctions began to multiply and be burdensome. A self-constituted upper ten forgot the thousands whose work and wage made them. The unrequited found vent for their grievances in remonstrance, combinations, and at last in that un-American and foreign importation called the "strike." They were answered by invectives and lock-outs. The un-American idea that work was degrading was paralleled by the equally un-American idea of aristocracy and spoliation. That some magnates were unjust was made the pretext for asserting that all rule was injustice and all property-holding theft, all government tyranny. By combinations and unions wage-earners improved their conditions, shortened their hours of toil, advanced the rate of wages, and came to realize the blessing of living under a "government of the people, by the people, for the people." But when anarchists became blatant, asserted the right to abolish government and kill those employed to protect it, the common-sense judgment of the people was expressed in the verdict of a Chicago jury, and the whole nation was thereby reassured.

Still, the questions involved in the issues between capital and labor are not yet settled. Laborers have lost as well as gained by the contest; they have lost the right of personal choice as for whom to work, what time to spend in labor, what wages to demand for labor, and, worse than all, have put themselves in such situation that honest industry cannot reap the rewards of diligence, but must share the damage from idleness and dissipation. They have given themselves over to another master, they are not their own master. There is hope for him in the achieved revolt of labor from im-

perialism and outside dictation ; now let him assert himself for himself, as he has already asserted himself for his work, and the practical common sense of the people will applaud and sustain him.

It will not, therefore, do to assert that a just and true balance of characteristic forces has as yet been realized among us ; but I think that I have shown that in the history of the adoption of the Constitution, the adjustment of the rebellion and the panic, and the treatment of the labor problem there has been a very remarkable balance of these antagonistic forces—an adjustment that meets the common-sense approval of mankind. We have a national character ; it is not enthusiasm or mere utilitarianism, but a progressive conservatism, which holds to all that has been realized of good and reaches forth to all unrealized but attainable future results, never satisfied with the present, except so far as it includes a possible future, the goal of to-day being always the starting-point for to-morrow.

This common-sense adjustment of impending problems, which results from the balancing of the distinctive forces which have entered into our national life, which shows the enthusiasm of progress and the carefulness of conservatism mutually counterbalancing each other, is the result of the forces thrown in upon us by the incoming of foreign elements, in due proportion, and is the logical basis of our national character. The success that has attended the unification of these conflicting elements in the Americanization of them all is a wonderful tribute to the original power and force of the Anglo-Saxon original. Our fate depends on the variety as well as number of our immigrants. We are one people the continent over, under one law, speaking one language,

singing one song—and that law, that language, and that song is U-N-I-O-N. The Union means something to us all; all the native-born recognize it, all the foreigners who come recognize it, all the other nations realize it. Germans may come, bringing their philosophy; let them come. Frenchmen may come, bringing their art; let them come. Italians may come, bringing their song; let them come. Englishmen may come, bringing their conservatism; let them come. Let all men come.

And of all these diverse and sometimes antagonistic elements we will make a solvent for fusing our own sectional differences, and from the crucible of combination there shall come forth

“The union of lakes, the union of lands,
A union of States none can sever;
A union of hearts, the union of hands,
And the Flag of our Union forever!”

Looking upon the coming future, we anticipate the day when the mighty tide of population rolling eastward and westward shall, commingling, occupy the breadth of the continent; when, mindful of past blessings, they shall strive for peace and union; when, instead of the clangor of war and the gleaming of arms, there shall rise to heaven the busy hum of industry and the waving richness of plenty. The attrition of differing origins and nationalities shall evolve a new and lofty type of character expressing that rare endowment of common sense, truthful in all emergencies, hopeful in all danger, secure and serene in all triumphs. The shifting scenes of a forming civilization shall give place to a consolidated nationality; the hardy and industrious, the ardent and impetuous, the energetic and daring men of all sections and nationalities, shall be linked in production and manu-

facture, by commerce and by cheap and swift communication, and joined by the feeling of reciprocal fraternity. Equal rights and equal burdens will be equally distributed under one flag, on which the stripes shall symbolize the tears and blood which purchased the Union, and the stars the hopes which crown our destiny.

THE YOSEMITE VALLEY.

A VISIT to Yosemite is an experience for a lifetime. Of the trip to it one has said, "It is the most diabolical journey out of Tartarus." But if you take sufficient time (as I did not), and do not hurry and overdo yourself (as I did), there is no part of the way which cannot be easily endured, while many parts of the route before you reach the valley are calculated to awaken sensations of grandeur and beauty.

All the friends who accompanied me on this visit were conscious of peculiar impressions. We all realized somewhat of a strange and unreal presence, creating a condition of nervous excitement which was akin to terror. We looked upon abrupt and rugged masses of dark gray rock, pushed up and casting their long black shadows across deep and apparently fathomless valleys. We saw solitary pines standing sentinel by what might have been giant graves; we noted the feathery plumes of far-off cataracts, so distant that they fell noiselessly into the black depths of forests. The pungent and balsamic odors of pine forests soothed our senses; the unconscious babble of mountain streams joined itself with murmurs of great piny oceans, and multitudinous voices continually arose from the vast solitudes. Old mythical traditions of dryads, nymphs, and sylvan deities came flooding the memory and arousing the imagination. We grew absorbed in nature and held converse with the cliffs and peaks and waterfalls. With reverent hands

and cautious feet we climbed into the secret recesses of the mountain streams and watched their springs slide with hollow murmurs out of the black cavern of rocks; we scaled with painful labor ragged pinnacles and gazed on the dazzling surface of the clear cold snow fountains whence all these torrents glide into deep gorges, until, if the spirit of the mountains and forests had assumed bodily shape and audible speech, it would only have intensified an already existing unnaturalness.

Of the two routes to the valley then practicable, the one by the Big Oak Flat and Harden's Mill was the cheaper, the shorter, the steeper, and the more uncomfortable. We took it. Five and twenty miles of horseback riding, as against six and thirty by the other route, was the consideration that determined us. We knew the exercise was healthful, but we also knew that we were unused to it.

We took stages at Stockton, the head of navigation on the San Joaquin River, in the early morning, to pass through the San Joaquin valley and ascend the mountains.

The valley was as hot and dry as the Sahara. During midsummer the trade winds blow from north to south with just sufficient force and regularity to keep the dust in, around, over, and under the stage all the way up the valley. California dust is a privileged institution. There being no rainfall nor dew during six months of each year, the surface of the ground becomes very dry, and the passing winds and busy feet of beasts and men grind it exceeding fine. There is no success in trying to avoid or to escape it. Clothes may be protected by overalls and by fastening rubber bands around the wrists and ankles, but it fills the eyes and stuffs the ears

and crowds up the nose almost to suffocation. The thermometer indicated ninety degrees in the shade—wherever we found shade in which to mark it—and this, with the dust, was a plague. The horses at each step threw up the dust by bucketfuls, and must pause to breathe while the breeze drives the dust away. But as we approach the summit, which is five thousand eight hundred feet above sea level, the views become enchanting. The successive peaks of the Sierras, with their wonderful verdure of pine and cypress trees, unfold themselves on the right and left in herculean grandeur.

The sensation is different from that experienced in eastern hill climbing—the hills themselves are different. With us all valleys slope, all hilltops are rounded. In California all valleys are wedge-shapen; all peaks are sharp and pointed, so that the name “Sierra” (saw) expresses the idea suggested by looking at a mountain range. The pines grow of enormous size; the oaks looked like planted orchards; we came often into full view of ravines and gulches appalling in depth, through which the full moon cast curious shadows, while it lighted them up with a strange, wild, barbaric glow.

On reaching Harden’s Mill we exchanged the stage-wagon in which we had come from Garrotte for horses—at least they called them so; poor, overworked, and ill-treated beasts, but sure-footed and safe travelers. And though they would go on when we most wanted them to stop, and would stop with alarming suddenness when we wanted them to go on, yet we trusted ourselves to them, and our confidence was not altogether abused. They were curious things to look at, and more curious to watch in the queer tricks to which use had accustomed them. It was the habit of the guide to call a halt

at any steep part of the route and "sinch" them, which simply means tightening the girths of the saddles. The moment we would dismount they would crane out their necks and swallow wind enough to double their ordinary dimensions, and as soon as the girth was tightened belch themselves into more normal proportions, leaving the girths swinging free inches below their proper position. They seemed to know just how many hours must be spent on the way as well as the way in which they should go. Entreaties, threats, waling, and jerks all failed to induce them to obey the travelers' will, and at last by giving up to them entirely they went on content.

We had not ridden far before we came upon a grove of sugar pines, trees which were some of them twelve feet in diameter, and which grew straight as a line from eighty to one hundred feet before they threw out branches, which branches were often four feet in diameter and extended to the distance of forty feet, where they would be terminated by cones often two feet in length. Things of perfect beauty and strangely affecting us they were. These cones at such an elevation would be set in motion by each breath of passing wind. As they tossed high overhead they seemed like bells ringing out thanksgivings for the marvelous beauty with which they had been endowed. I never knew before what thought the Psalmist had in mind when he spoke of "the trees of the field clapping their hands." These trees are so many, and their beauty is so wonderful, and their dimensions are so grand, that we felt a sense of disappointment when we came to the Big Trees, as the *Sequoia gigantea* are termed. It is only by comparison and measurement that they can be appreciated. But they are giants. One at Calaveras, which fell years

before, and from which much had decayed, was thirty-three feet at the butt; the center had decayed, and up to the time we saw it it had been a favorite pastime of the rural jehus to drive four-horse stages through the decayed two hundred and fifty feet and show their skill in emerging at the knot-hole made by the breaking off of a huge limb. Fourteen of us rode into the burnt-out cavity in the trunk of a dead tree, and there was room for us all.

In the earlier days certain adventurers with an eye to speculation attempted to remove a section of one of the trees for exhibition. To get the tree down was their great difficulty, for the wood is so soft and spongy that axes could not be used, and the size so enormous that saws could not be thought of; but five of them spent twenty-two days in separating the stem from the stump by using pump augers, and the giant merely settled down to the extent of the diameter of the bores, but stood immovable. Ropes and chains were fastened to the branches at which men, mules, and oxen tugged in vain. A tree which grew toward it was felled that its weight might push, but still the monster stood firm. By using a derrick a huge beam was brought into play as a battering-ram, and while it thumped and the tree pressed its weight, and the men and mules pulled, at last a three days' effort was rewarded by extending on the ground a monarch of the forest who began his growth while Troy was yet besieged and the temple was building in Jerusalem.

The surface of the stump was planed off, and without bark measured twenty-four feet one and a quarter inches in diameter, and as the bark had been eighteen inches thick the tree when standing must have been

twenty-seven feet in diameter. There is now no tree more than three hundred and twenty-five feet high and none more than ninety-two feet seven inches in circumference. A pleasure-house has been built on the stump alluded to, and they offered if I would preach to put on it a table for Bible and hymn book, and seats for one hundred and forty-three worshipers, or, if we preferred to dance, they said they would place musicians, and yet leave room for thirty-two persons to dance *ad libitum*. They are thus seen to be singularly free from sectarian prejudice and bigotry!

One marvel concerning these big sequoias is excited by the knowledge that the cones which they produce are not large, like those of the sugar pine, and that the seeds in them are mere specks. How wonderful the power and skill by which such tiny germs are built up into such massive structures!

“ Rooted in barrenness, where naught below
Of soil supports them 'gainst the Alpine shocks
Of eddyng storms; yet springs trunk and mocks
The howling tempest, till its height and frame
Are worthy of the mountains from whose blocks
Of black-gray granite into life it came.”

After climbing hills all the long second day, until only here and there an isolated peak could be seen towering above us, just as the sun was sinking behind us, trailing his banner of tinted clouds along the west, and as the full-orbed moon appeared with silvery sheen in front of us, the guide called out, “Yosemite!” We having started to reach a valley, and having now for two days been ascending mountains, supposed for a while that this was another of the practical jokes by which he was attempting to beguile the weariness of the way. We

dismounted and found ourselves standing among vast masses of rock, entangled with a thick undergrowth of shrubs, and, obediently taking the guide's hand and stepping a few paces forward, looked over an abrupt edge of rock and saw thousands of feet beneath us a lovely sylvan plain, carpeted with vivid green, divided by a winding stream which lay like a girdle of pearls in the lap of the valley. The cliff which overlooked it was sheer, and all the walls which we could see rose also straight up from the valley, while here and there from off their peaks the waterfalls seemed to float like pennons in the air. To the left a gray slope, like a solidified avalanche, swept steeply down. Beyond a huge columnar mass of rock rose like a watchtower toward the sky. Half down the vista rose peak above peak, as though peering curiously at the presumptuous travelers, and far away a sphinx-like shape lifted its awful head in the clear distance, and its huge eye seemed to watch with more than human expression over the vale which stretched its sinuous course along from the portal on which we stood. The wall of the valley over against us was broken into towering peaks and truncated spires, of which two square tapering masses rose a thousand feet high in the air, like the Gothic towers of some gray old cathedral. As the combined effect of setting sun and rising moon now gilded and now silvered the façade of this seeming structure we looked, but of course in vain, for stony saints, martyrs, and apostles, silent and statuesque.

We summon our remaining strength and courage for the perilous descent. We have been riding for six and thirty hours, with only the few hours of rest at Garrotte, and are nervously timid. A rugged trail carries us down

the three thousand feet by zigzagging along the mountain side for about four miles. A slip of the horse would imperil life. We lost the aid of daylight as we began to descend; the moonlight was often obscured by the growth of trees and shrubs; shouts from the leaders of the party to "close up in the rear" were faintly responded to by the laggards, and as we entered into and emerged from black passages and found ourselves on slippery rocks, where the horses gathered their feet beneath them and slid down the steep declivity, it at last caused such a feeling of revulsion and despair that I gave up the attempt to ride, and, dismounting, followed my tired steed feeling as dejected as he certainly looked. I had noticed a metamorphosis a few minutes before alighting which helped to decide me on that expedient, for as we entered a black portion of the trail I saw (or thought I saw) that my horse had four ears instead of two. I mentally reasoned, "If this thing goes on, and this is the case halfway down, what shall I be riding when we get to the bottom?" On coming out into the moonlight I found that while I was sitting straight up the horse was going so straight down that my boots were parallel with his ears and had been mistaken for an abnormal growth! I was content thereafter to walk.

At last we reached the level ground. The beautiful Merced was gliding peacefully beneath our feet and Totoconula was towering heavenward above us. Totoconula (El Capitain) is a cliff of solid granite without a seam, rising perpendicularly from the meadow three thousand three hundred feet. The valley is narrower than the height of this cliff, so that if Totoconula were to be toppled by a convulsion he would rest his peak upon the confronting wall. The base line along

the valley is a mile, and the recedence from the valley a half mile; and this bold front, unscanned and almost unscarred, is thrown out from the hillside, and becomes the great guardian and protector of the valley, of which it is one of the chief ornaments and wonders, "an awful form rising from forth a silent sea of pines."

The valley into which we have entered is a gorge in the Sierra Nevada range about midway between the northern and eastern extremities. It lies at right angles to the general trend of the mountains. It is from six to seven miles long and from half a mile to a mile wide, and the edges, or sides, are from half a mile to a mile high. These walls are, in most cases, perpendicular; in others slightly inclined, but broken into every variety of form.

Of the valley as a whole no words can make adequate description. It is a new thing in nature, and can be compared with nothing but itself. It is as unlike the other valleys in California as they are unlike the valleys of the East. To see it is to be convinced of the correctness of the strange theory of Professor J. D. Whitney. It is apparent at a glance that no convulsion ever rent the mountain apart and sundered the hills, for there is no correspondence or brotherhood between the spurs or canyons on either side. The river cannot have worn the mountain away, for it escapes by so narrow a fissure that a man may not press his way through it. Nothing of this sort will answer by way of explanation. The only possible conclusion is that the crust of the earth was not strong enough to support the superincumbent mass of gneiss and granite heaped upon it by some volcanic eruption, and, giving way under the pressure, half of everything dropped down some thousands of

feet into the earth, to make an everlasting delight and mystery.

This would be a marvelous thing even if it were in a plain or a prairie, but the Yosemite is in the wild heights and rocky fastnesses of the Sierra Nevada Mountains. The bottom or floor of the valley is four thousand feet above the level of the sea. The mere suggestion of such a possibility awakens awe; the fact of its existence is a more wonderful thing than the imagination of man has conceived.

And yet with all this grandeur there is much of quiet beauty. There are about eleven hundred acres of land on the floor of this valley, and the verdure extends in most places to the base of the walls; there is very little *débris*, and what there is seems to have fallen from the still standing cliffs. The meadow lands support a vegetation of pine, cedar, and oaks. The California laurel, the Oregon maple, and the mountain live oaks abound. On the ground are ice plants, wild berries, brakes, ferns, and mosses. In clumps in great profusion are wild roses, wild azaleas, and the great white lilies of the Sierras. The green sward of the meadow through which the waters of the Merced glide affords a strong contrast to the gray walls of the cliffs; but while there is no lack of color the general tone is somber and not gay. The intense brilliancy of some pictures which assume to represent the valley is idealized; the immense height of the walls and the narrowness of the gorge prevent a flood of bright light or of gay coloring. No artist can represent these heights on canvas; no camera can reproduce them for the photographer; no words can so describe them that other eyes than the beholder's can see their marvelous beauty and comprehend their enormous majesty.

The valley was discovered in the spring of 1851 by United States soldiers who were in pursuit of Indians. In the next year the Indians were nearly exterminated; but, unfortunately, with them we lost the Indian names, which, being condensed descriptions, were resonant and short, while those which have been substituted for them are tame and meaningless and ought not to be perpetuated.

When we were about halfway in our descent into the valley (about where I dismounted) and the light sufficed we should have enjoyed the best view of the Bridal Veil Fall, called by the Indians "Pohono" (the spirit of the winds). It is not one of the great falls of the valley, but in some respects it is the most beautiful. The water comes over the lip of the cliff, descending perpendicularly six hundred feet and breaking into cascades for three hundred feet more over the rocks which underlie it. It has no element of sublimity or grandeur; it is simply and ravishingly beautiful. The jubilant wind plays with it as if it were a falling fold of the rarest and whitest lace, and oftentimes the lower half of the great cliff seems hung with a wide stretch of brilliant rainbows. The winds vary with the hours, and the veil tosses in the winds. In early morning the sheet of water comes down with a joyous airiness infinitely charming; at noon the breeze will catch it and mold it into ten thousand lovely, graceful forms, now swaying it from side to side slowly, as with the even sweep of a long pendulum, now breaking it into millions of dazzling crystals, now twisting it into falling waves sparkling with splendor, now dividing it into differing streamlets which are afterward folded quickly together and dropped with tenderest good will and reluctant release into the shadow of the rocks below.

The valley takes its name Yosemite, which means "great grizzly," from a cataract fed by the melting snows of the Mount Hoffman group, which comes down in a stream of variable width over a cliff two thousand six hundred and forty-one feet high. The cliff of the Niagara Falls is one hundred and eighty-two feet high, so that this cataract is fourteen times higher than Niagara. The plunge of the water is, however, taken in two leaps, separated by a cascade of six hundred and forty-one feet. The lower fall is nine hundred feet, and the upper or main fall sixteen hundred feet. These two plunges and the intervening cascades are so placed with reference to the valley that they appear as one white sheet of falling splendor when viewed anywhere within a distance of two miles. You are never tired of looking at it. As the eyes of a portrait on a wall fascinate a child who is a stranger in the room, by seeming to follow him and rest directly upon him wherever he may move, so is it with this fall; stand a half mile below or a mile and a half above it, and anywhere in that stretch of the valley it is squarely before you. It waits on your footsteps like an obedient creature, or rather like a spirit which compels you to bow in profound and mute admiration. There have been hours in which it seemed to me as if it were a living thing. You cannot get away from it. Look out from your lodging in the early morning, and there it is; peer from the shade in which you rest at noon, and there its grandeur waits; wake in the night, and as you gaze it is vibrating tantalizingly in the white moonlight; or if you shut your eyes you will still see it and feel it dashing down its dizzy height into your heart.

As the wind catches the long column of sixteen hundred feet it drives it into lines and waves of motion,

constantly changing, but always beautiful. So long is the fall that the water sometimes appears to be blown into vapor midway in its descent, but gathers together again below, as though a long white satin ribbon had been flossed midway between its ends. The rock back of it is nine hundred feet wide, and the white satin ribbon is swept by the wind every way across it, sometimes appearing as a sheet of downward-flying, hissing snow rockets, dashing into an ever-rising cloud of spray and mist, and then again peacefully unfolding in arrowy and fluted tracery of pearly whiteness against the dark face of the rock. The rocks on which it grinds itself to foam in passing hem it in closely for the short, rough passage, till, as though maddened by restraint, it leaps out into the sunny valley beneath and thunders with incessant tumult down the awful steep. Falling almost noiselessly from above, it chafes and frets in the cascade; and finally smites the air with haughty blows of sound when at last set free.

You may climb up the tortuous way across the rugged face of the precipice to the foot of the upper or main fall. When there you are a thousand feet above the valley. If you look down, the river Merced flows quietly beneath; all is fair and peaceful; the warm air is burdened with the heat and odors of midsummer; the trees point motionless toward the cloudless sky. If you look up, as though from out of heaven, the changeful splendors of the fall descend with brightening glory. Look now behind the fall into the dark recess; the sunlight is obscured by vapors; the air, chilled with moisture, shrieks with unnatural sobs and sighs that come one knows not whence, and are driven by strange gusts one knows not whither; for these are seemingly wintry winds

that sweep and circle in the dark abyss into which the thundering water continually pours.

“ More like the fountain of an infant sea
Torn from the womb of mountains by the throes
Of a new world, than only thus to be
Parent of rivers which flow gushingly
With many windings through the vale.”

A Mr. Hutchins, who was among the early visitors to this most celebrated natural curiosity, and who wrote and published the first authentic description of its beauties, located himself under the provisions of the homestead law in a spot whence many of the attractions of the valley may be seen at one view. He erected himself a home, bringing the necessary materials over the long stretch of the Sierras and down the rocky and precipitous trails on mules and mustangs. The boards with which his house was to be built could be no longer than might be strapped upon the sides of a pack mule, and hence the house so constructed looks as though it had been weather-boarded with barrel staves. His claim to possession was resisted by the State of California, and he was ultimately dispossessed of the freehold by a special act of the United States Congress, which set apart the valley and the adjacent groves of Big Trees to be reserved in perpetuity as national pleasure grounds. He opened his house for the accommodation of travelers, and was the first to entertain guests who, in increasing numbers, are each year visiting this wonderland. We reached his house in the evening, after a long day's ride, so tired that it seemed to us that we never could be rested; so bruised it seemed we never could be healed; we were so jammed by pack saddles upward, and by rocks, against which we had tumbled, sideward and

downward, that it seemed as though restoration were an impossibility. When our jaded beasts neighed in response to the whinnying of their comrades, lariatied within the corral in front of his hotel, it was like a "call from labor to refreshment." Most of us needed help to dismount from our ridiculous steeds, and we were in such a state of mingled dirt and debility that no thought occurred of questioning the probable quality of our accommodations; the mere idea of rest was, in itself, a blessing. But we were hospitably received and generously fed, and then shown to our night quarters, whose peculiar construction suggested the perfect security of the location; no bolts were needed and no place for bolts was found. The frames for the doors were of narrow lathing, and the partitions for the rooms were covered with white "domestic" sheeting. Each one had his separate room and his own particular candle, and those who extinguished their lights first had the most fun, while the fatigues of the day were, for a moment, forgotten as we enjoyed the curious shadow pantomime and grotesque display made by our neighbors, who consumed more time in disrobing for the night. There was laughter that sounded too much like that we hear at lunatic asylums; it was an irrepressible shriek of merriment from thoroughly exhausted and nervously prostrated individuals.

We were lulled to sleep by the sounding beats of the great waterfall, whose beauty we had not yet seen, but went to our rest with the conviction that if we survived that day's fatigue we might, thereafter, boldly undertake whatever fate might offer.

The attentive host and the overworked but kind-hearted hostess, though sometimes almost driven to

desperation by the unreasonable demands of their other guests, made every exertion for our comfort and supplied the table generously with venison from the mountains, mutton from the hills, trout from the Merced, vegetables in ample quantity and of such quality as California alone produces. The morning dawned, and with many a groan and other indications of fatigue we stretched our weary limbs and assembled at the board to arrange our plans for the day. I was unable to go any distance from the house, and spent the day looking at the distant falls and watching, with curious interest, the shaggy and unkempt mustangs who had been turned out to graze on the rich herbage of the valley. They are not fed by the guides, who have a firm belief that attention to these animals kills them. I saw our guide inspecting with unusual interest the beast I had used. He was a striking picture of despair. His head drooped to the level of his knees in front, and his tail was wedged so closely in behind that he seemed to have lost that caudal appendage. George jerked his head up and nugged his side with his knee, and simply said, "Old fellow, whose been a-feedin' you?"

Two miles above the location of Mr. Hutchins's house the valley divides into three parts, through which the Tenaya, the Merced, and the Illiloute Rivers flow. The highest rocks hem in the Tenaya, the grandest falls are of the Merced; the Illiloute we did not visit.

Quite within view of the house are some of the natural wonders, among them To-ko-ya, or the North Dome, which, as its name implies, is a cupola-like rock of smooth granite of colossal proportions. It rests on the very verge of the valley. It is nearly four thousand feet high, and the peak on the north side of the chasm is perfectly

symmetrical. It is buttressed or supported by royal arches, which compose a semicircular cavern truly arched, with the east end resting against Hunto or Washington's Column, the whole presenting the appearance of vast masonry, Cyclopean in its proportions, as though planned to support the dome above. When men stand beneath the dome of St. Peter's at Rome, which is four hundred feet high, they are awed by its vastness, and they wonder at the gift of genius bestowed on Angelo which enabled him to plan it. In comparison with this North Dome St. Peter's is as a block house built by playing children upon a nursery floor. Comparisons, however, should not be instituted between the architecture of the Almighty and the structures of his creatures. This gray granite fashioned into palaces, crowned with its dome, fills the imagination and allows no room for further exercise but by an outgoing beyond the hill-sides into the overhanging skies and picturing celestial cities. The soul stands in awe before this revelation of omnipotence. You feel that this is God's work. Eternal power alone could cleave that chasm, rive the rock, and rear that dome. Opposite the North is the Half Dome, called by the Indians "Tis-a-yac" (the goddess of the valley), overlooking the North Dome by more than a thousand feet. Nearly a mile high, the upper two thousand feet appear perfectly vertical, so that a plumb line from the upper cliff would apparently lie evenly along the whole face of the rock. It presents the clearance directly to the valley as though some mighty blade had fallen with thunderous power on the bald head of the aspiring giant peak and the blow had cleft him to the shoulder blade. Seen by moonlight, its prodigious mass and corrugated surface are brought out in full grandeur,

and the sensations they awaken are as near akin to the infinite as man may know.

Beyond these—and these but rarely reached by travelers—rose the Clouds' Rest, ten thousand feet above sea level, suggesting the possibility of reaching the skies as its tall form uplifts itself above the clouds.

“All that expands the spirit, yet appalls,
Gathers around the summits, as to show
How earth may pierce to heaven,
Yet leave vain man below.”

Just at the foot of the North Dome there is a spot of quiet beauty which for exquisite loveliness has no equal in the world. The river expands into a lake, which reflects in its clear cold depths the matchless mountains which encircle it. Shut in from the action of the winds, its placid surface is unruffled by the breeze. The six thousand feet of the edge of the North Dome become twelve thousand as we trace the outline from the crest down to and then into the lake, while every seam and scar is reproduced with marvelous exactness and fidelity. In the reversed picture the firs and pines seem to grow downward, and the eye is puzzled and perplexed in the labyrinth of verdure to detect the line which separates the hill from the reflection. We are amazed, bewildered, ravished

“with its crystal face,
The mirrors where the stars and mountains view
The stillness of their aspect in each trace
Its clear depths yield of their fair height and hue.”

Unbroken silence reigns in this solitude; we turn away reluctantly, believing that art may not rival, nature cannot surpass it. It lingers in the memory like a beni-

son, and it seemed a fitting type of the glory which is to be revealed.

On Sunday morning, August 1, 1869, I rose earlier than my companions, and, taking a horse from the corral, rode out to see the effect of the sunrise upon this Eden. I have worshiped God in the poor quarters of the wretched slaves, in the rude huts of our frontiers, in the more stately edifices of our cities, and in grand cathedrals and historic minsters of the Old World, but no one service of them all stands out so clearly as having brought me face to face with God. I reached the lake in the gray light of early dawn, lifting my eyes in meditation and prayer. I saw the sun's first rays rest on the Dome in benediction. "The moon, with breath all incense and with cheek all bloom," was kissing the dew-damp from the giant's brow. I looked below and saw the crystal waters lighted with a glory not their own; pale pink and crimson hues were tinting the depths, rich purple flashes revealed themselves, and soon the golden glory of the sun flashed light into the darkness. With head uncovered and with heart overfull, I could think only of apocalyptic visions, and of the "sea of glass mingled with fire" on which the redeemed are to stand when they harp with the harps of God.

We recover from our fatigue, arrange our plans, and start out to trace up the path by which the Merced River makes its way into the valley. The distance is not more than three linear miles, but the water descends two thousand feet in running it, and forms falls, cascades, and every conceivable variety of rapids and lakelets. We start on horseback with a pack mule carrying our impedimenta, which consists of lunch baskets, waterproof clothing, and such matters as may be needed in case of accidents.

The river sweeps placidly through the level meadows, and its waters are clear and translucent, revealing many a glimpse of pebbly bottom or of deep wells wherein the flash of the trout might be seen as he rose for the fly upon the surface. As we ascend the stream begins to roar and tremble, and the rugged and dizzy hills close in around us. The horses pick their way carefully among the rocks; climb, dive, dip, and twist themselves around the bowlders which have been swirled by the spring floods from out their last year's graves. Sometimes they lie so closely wedged together that to pass between them seems impossible; but the sagacious beasts have taken thinner persons through, and so you must make experiment, and you can know your exact dimensions by measuring the space, if attention to your wounds and bruises does not wholly engross your time!

We leave our horses in the keeping of an enterprising youth who has erected a refreshment booth at the end of the bridle path, and after ascending a half mile we come into the spray of the Vernal Falls. The ground is wet and slippery; the rocks are dripping with moisture; we must move with caution, for a fall would be most perilous. Rounding a promontory of rocks, we enter the dell of the falls. The water comes down four or five hundred feet, and its rush occasions a vibration of the air over the pool and drives the spray into the hillsides and covers all things with the beautiful but evanescent tints of purple, yellow, scarlet, while it moistens the gray granite with manifold rainbow scuds.

Looking up to see the water, it justifies its Indian name, "Pic-way-ack" (sparkling water). It looks as though all the gems of the earth had been gathered and rolled out of bounty's hand. It is a cataract of diamonds

and rubies. You look up again, and the waterfall seems to flow from out a cloud of white fleecy wool or snow, which is the condensed vapor which has risen to the upper air. You look again, and above the cloud you see beautiful stripes of white and green, in which garniture the water chooses to leap from the upper level. As you turn to exchange greetings with your companions they seem to be clothed with rainbows, and from the spot whereon you stand all round the rim of the deep pool there floats that curious and rare phenomenon, a circular rainbow, which seems almost alive by reason of the tremulously floating spray.

We make our way up the slope, soggy with moisture, drenched with vapor, pursued by the shrieking, blinding wind, that whirls up the canyon, until we reach the wall of the falls. Then we must scale the rock face by mounting ladders. When we reach the top we find a natural parapet, breast-high, from which we view the water plunging, whiter than milk, with broad stripes of apple green, shooting innumerable rockets as it falls two and a half times deeper than Niagara, through the corruscations of beauty with which the sun flecks it, until it drops boiling and seething at the bottom, as though the fires of another world were concentrated beneath it.

"Then mounts in spray the skies,
And thence again returns in an unceasing shower,
Which round with its unemptied cloud of gentle rain
Is an eternal April to the ground, making
It all one emerald."

Turning to look beyond us, we observe a little lake formed by the enlargement of the river, which seems as though it were a resting-place where the tired waters might gather strength before they took the plunge.

Around it stand, as though on guard to shelter them, the tall straight forms of pines and firs whose trunks are ringed with yellow, greenish moss. But further on we catch a glimpse of the greater cataract, and leaving this embodiment of peace and quietness we hasten forward. But we must pause, if it be only for a moment, to note the water sweeping in the arc of a great circle, over an apparently smooth rock, whose inclination is such that each drop of water seems to be parted from its companions and to roll separately, that the sun may transform it into a gem, which, intoxicated with its own sense of beauty, "leaps with delirious bound." Nothing can be more beautiful.

But soon the river narrows, the rocks close up, but fifteen feet are left through which the whole volume of the stream must pass. Mounting the safe, rude bridge which spans this narrow channel, we see the agony of the water as in three mighty bursts which seem to throw it bodily into the air it precipitates itself against the black and jagged rocks, "forever shattered, yet the same forever." There is probably no stream of water in the world that does so much smashing and gets so thoroughly smashed in the space of two miles as does the Merced.

The path on the south side now takes us some distance from the stream; it is rough walking, but the view of the Nevada Fall is said to overpay one for all fatigues. And truly when we reach it we know why the Indians called it "Yo-wi-ye" (twisted water), for it does not descend perpendicularly, but with many a curve. It comes over the precipice entirely white, and after a brief descent strikes a ledge of rocks hidden from view, which, deflecting to the right, expands it into double the width

it had above. From this point it comes down in millions of white rockets and jets three hundred and fifty feet, where another hidden ledge catches that portion which is nearest the rocks and throws it up and out through the main sheet of foam, lifting its crest in sudden surprise, as the angry archangels of Milton do; then, darting down two hundred and fifty feet further, it strikes the water below at such an angle and with such a force that the whole column, instead of mingling with its kindred element, ricochets with the velocity of a cannon ball a distance of fifty feet or more, where, striking a cordon of rocks, it is quieted at last.

This twisted water has no rival; it lacks somewhat of impressiveness from the fact that there is so little depth behind the falling flood; but in your recollection of it there come as adjuncts of its glory the wild, precipitous pass near by; at the left, the Titanic mass of rocks, further away, solid, isolated, almost perpendicular, rising two thousand feet into the "Cap of Liberty." On the right stands the rock-ribbed slope a thousand feet above the fall, so distant that enormous pines growing upon the gray declivity look like mere shrubs.

In springtime, they tell us, the whole canyon is filled with blinding spray, but in midsummer you can lie on the rocks, as we did, a few rods from the base and watch the fall, following out the fantastic tricks which are played with the descending water, until its roar seems to modulate into a murmur and you sink into forgetfulness. And then come fancies which in your dreamy ruminations shape themselves into the fashion of old myths and legends, and you begin to wonder whether this was always as beautiful as now; how long these beauties lingered before man saw them, known only to

the circling eagle in the cloud or to the hissing serpent in the grass. You become curious to know if the rock now covered by the fall was ever dry and looked just like the other granite faces that shut in the chasm, and, if this be so, whether the virgin waters when first set free from their imprisoning snow fetters were not affrighted as, after joyously rippling in harmonious measure, they came down to the edge of this great cliff. And if you really dream you may see them start back as though unwilling to achieve their destiny at such great risk, when, lo! there rises in your fancy the ruler of the realm, who, to encourage them, bids his angel lead the way. With form of peerless beauty the messenger, pausing but an instant to divest himself of his rainbow robe, glides down the steep, and the glad waters, knowing no more fear, catch up his robe, and, waving it in gladness, are swift to follow; and you fancy that ever since that tinted banner has been borne over them in grateful recognition of their guide!

So much for dreams, so much for visions. But your waking thoughts are not of sprites or nymphs, but of Him who laid his hand upon these granite hills and so depressed them; who carpeted the valley with its emerald green and studded it with flowers; who gave the waterfalls their dash, their fury, their unceasing power and foam; who gave them rest in quiet nooks to mirror his own goodness; who hemmed these treasures of beauty in with rocks unscalable, affirming by his signet that "in his hand are the deep places of the earth; the strength of the hills is his also."

"Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!

Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven

Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun

Clothe you with rainbows? Who with living flowers
Of loveliest blue spread garlands at your feet?
“God!” let the torrents, like the shout of nations,
Answer; and let the ice plains echo—“God!”

.

Thou, too, hoar mount, with thy sky-pointing peaks,
That as I raise my head, awhile bowed low
In adoration, upward from thy base
Slow traveling with dim eyes suffused with tears,
Solemnly seemest, like a vapory cloud,
To rise before me—rise, O ever rise,
Rise like a cloud of incense, from the earth!
Thou kingly spirit throned among the hills,
Thou dread ambassador from earth to heaven
Great Hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God.”

THE END.



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